THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Theodate Geoffrey—Henry Milner Rideout—William Liepse—Sam Hellman
James J. Corbett—Arthur Stringer—Kenneth L. Roberts—Octavus Roy Cohen

Thirty years ago Chauncey Depew told men how to keep fit

Today—still robust at ninety-one—he has proved how right he was

Thirty years ago Chauncey Depew, speaking at a banquet in New York, put a new maxim in our proverb books.

"Most people," he said, "dig their own graves with their teeth."

In that he summed up the first principle of his philosophy on keeping fit—*right diet.*

Today—enjoying sound health at ninety-one—he is himself living proof of his assertion. And today he reiterates the same principle he laid down thirty years ago:

"Whatever in the way of foods you like best, if it does not like you, drop it."

Mr. Depew's advice applies with special force to persons of sedentary habits. If you sit at a desk all day, your food requirements are not those of the manual laborer.

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Much depends on getting the right start in the morning. Your body throughout the night has been inactive, it has been rested by sleep, and there is neither need nor hunger for heavy food.

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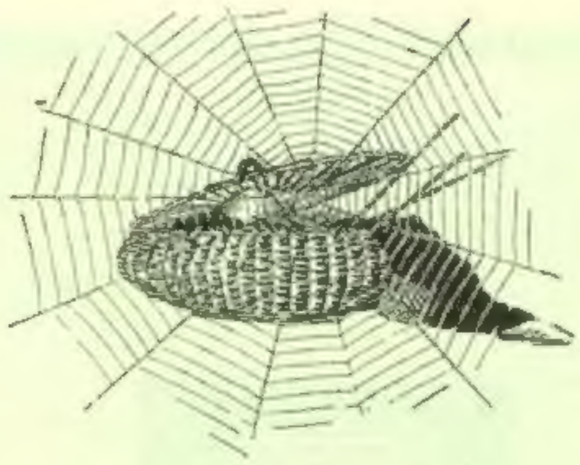

For your wife's sake

try this remarkable, new-type silk hose

It's smart and sheer, yet gives 3 to 4 times the wear of ordinary kinds! That means well-dressed ankles for you, and less darning for her . . . The reinforcement is hidden in this unique way.

HERE is a new-type hosiery—different from any you have ever known.

It's smart, sheer and rich. When the trousers to your dinner coat reveal a bit of ankle, it will be *correct*.

Yet . . . you'll find it hard to wear out.

The secret is a unique reinforcement that is *hidden*.

This special reinforcement is at the tip and over the top of the toe—the one spot, where holes are common.

That's where the idea of the *Ex Toe* started.

Old-time, "long-wear" hosiery cried out its secret to the world. It *looked* the part . . . heavy and cumbersome.

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AND—the price will delight you. 50c—75c to $1 for the silk. Other materials, too.

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Holeproof Hosiery

with the new, long-wear Ex Toe
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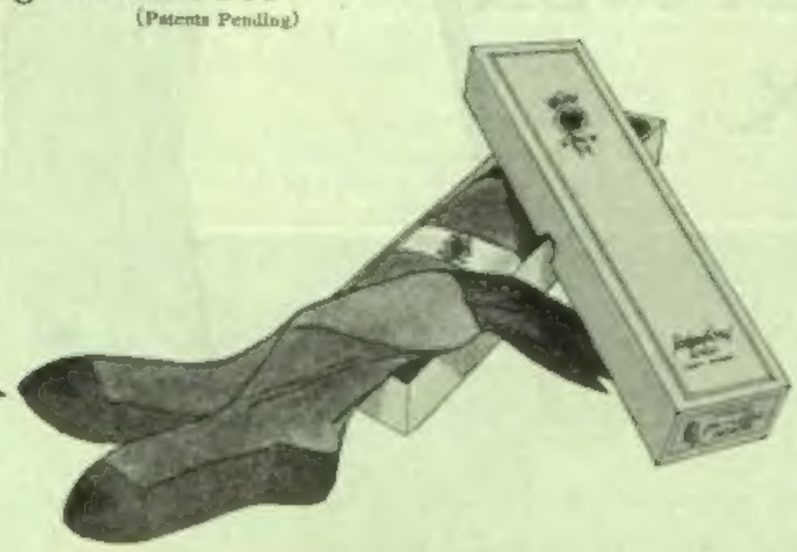

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An American Immigrant in Japan

By Theodate Geoffrey

A THICK, warm, drizzling mist enveloped us. My cabin was stifling, so I rose to open the porthole. Out of the gray background, not twenty feet from the ship, suddenly materialized a sampan. Pale golden wood with a stitching of brown where the nails had been driven home; high prow; single great oar set at the stern for a rudder; and oblong sail of white striped with patches of Vandyke brown swung crosswise of the one spar. It was a ghost ship manned by three bronze fishermen whose bristling black hair was bound with blue kerchiefs twisted into coronets, while their raincoats, fashioned from long stalks of yellow straw, turned them into animated hayricks.

An instant, before the mist closed in curling wreaths around the picture, I saw the three fishermen; but in that moment my mental concept of picturesque Japan was realized.

The next afternoon the Katori Maru tied up to the wharf in Yokohama Harbor, and I began my career as an American immigrant to Japan. I did not travel out in the steerage, to be sure. However, as I was neither a diplomat, missionary nor tourist, but an individual who intended to take up a residence in Japan, immigrant was my status, according to the dictionary. My husband had been engaged in business in Japan for a year already, and my neatly bound green passport from Washington stated that I was en route to join my husband, accompanied by my two minor children. The whole affair was precisely like Tony Spaghetti coming to America, setting up a little business and sending back to the old country for his wife and family.

The Yokohama Bund

A LIKENESS of myself, taken in a studio reeking with blue lights which specialized in passport pictures delivered in an hour, adorned my passport. That photograph would have convinced anyone that I was a poignantly mournful-visaged mulatto, but it bore across it the official stamp of the United States Government asserting it to be a picture of me, and the Japanese immigration authorities tacitly insulted me by accepting it as a faithful likeness.

After the port doctor, from a fleeting view snatched as I filed past with the other passengers, certified that he found no evidences of trachoma, leprosy or measles on my physiognomy, my passport was visaed and I was free to land.

At Seattle I had spent more than an hour in a drafty shed while the American customs officials poked through my trunks, so I expected an even longer session in Yokohama. It was during the war, consequently the American official had been much upset over finding some Braille leaflets in my baggage. Apparently he had never heard of work for blinded soldiers, for he seemed to think the mysteriously dotted papers a sinister code, and their owner some sort of boche spy.

Accordingly it now occurred to me that since I knew no Japanese, I was in for a bad time explaining Braille to the Yokohama authorities. I began to wish that I had had the forethought to throw the fatal papers overboard before reaching Yokohama. Just as I was wondering if it were too late to dispose of them now, a portly Japanese in blue uniform lavishly braided with gold came to my cabin, calling my name.

"Police!" I thought wildly. "Here's where I get arrested!"

"I am Martin, the porter of the Grand Hotel," he announced. "Your husband sent me to get the keys of your trunks so that I can put them through the customs."

It seemed absurdly trusting to hand over to a strange man the keys of twenty-three pieces of luggage with all my worldly goods contained therein; but Martin had a compelling eye, a hypnotizing eye, an eye that spoke more eloquently even than his suave lips. I found myself obediently passing to him my bunch of keys and a five-yen note, which his eye had indicated as a suitable wrapper for the keys.

Martin disappeared with a pervasive smile which seemed to linger in the cabins after him. I marshaled my minor children, tipped the smiling stewards lined up in the passage, walked to the gangway and took my first step on Japanese soil.

A most disappointing experience; but purely my own fault, of course. I had built up in my mind a composite picture of Columbus falling gracefully to his knees under the folds of a huge banner—garnered from the Third Reader of my school days—and welcoming ranks of dainty maidens in bright kimonos, with a snow-covered Fuji as a back drop.

The reality was a long wharf, practically the same as the one I had left in Seattle, slippery from the fine rain, dull hued with low-hanging clouds which concealed Fuji entirely. The few men on the wharf wore tailor-made business suits; the majority were Europeans and the only bit of color was a long line of waiting rickshas.

They Drink in Japan, Too

Forbidden Tobacco

MY HUSBAND had a motor car waiting but I begged to ride in a ricksha; I had not traveled across the Pacific for the sake of a ride in an American motor car. Seeing my gesture toward them, three coolies trotted up, pulling their two-wheeled, hooded vehicles, and in an instant we were securely fastened up inside. Later I learned to enjoy rickshas, but that first ride was no pleasure. On account of the rain the black hood was pulled far over the seat and an apron of oilcloth buttoned across the front, so that I was entirely extinguished in a dark, airless, viewless coop.

Down the long wharf the coolies trotted, the rickshas bumping over uneven planks, to halt at the gate, where the aprons were unbuttoned to allow another set of officials to search for tobacco. The weed is a government monopoly in Japan—private importing forbidden. I learned later that the duty is so high that a package of cigarettes worth fifteen cents in America costs sixty-five in Japan. Naturally there is a temptation for petty smuggling, such as buying a couple of packages at the bar of an American steamer while meeting or seeing off friends, so everyone leaving the wharf is examined at the tiny office by the gate.

I had heard my husband direct the coolies to goup the Bund; so, after the inspection, I insisted that the apron on my ricksha be left down. I felt that I could put up with the rain for the sake of seeing a Bund. The colorful Oriental sound of the word "Bund" had always fascinated my imagination.

The Bund at Yokohama was not worth a wetting to see. It was merely a wide unpaved street with stone sea wall on the left, confining the waters of the harbor, where rode steamers such as I could have seen any day from a New York ferryboat, while on the right stretched a long line of steamship offices and hotels.

With a swoop that nearly brought me out on my nose, my coolie checked his run and lowered the shafts to the ground, mopping his streaming face with a very damp towel while the rest of the party alighted.

The Grand Hotel was another disappointment to my romantic conception of Japan, for the lobby was filled with men and women of every nationality except Japanese, and even the clerk at the desk was a dapper young American.

Upstairs in my rooms, typical of hotel rooms the world over, with brass beds, red carpets and shiny furniture, I found my new baby nurse waiting. She had been engaged

on the recommendation of a friend of my husband. Black silk trousers, shuffling slippers, high-buttoned blouse of blue silk, yellow face with a thousand wrinkles—that was Ah Ching. She beamed at me and took the smallest baby with a practiced hand.

"How-do, missy. You b'long ship side long time; you velly tired?"

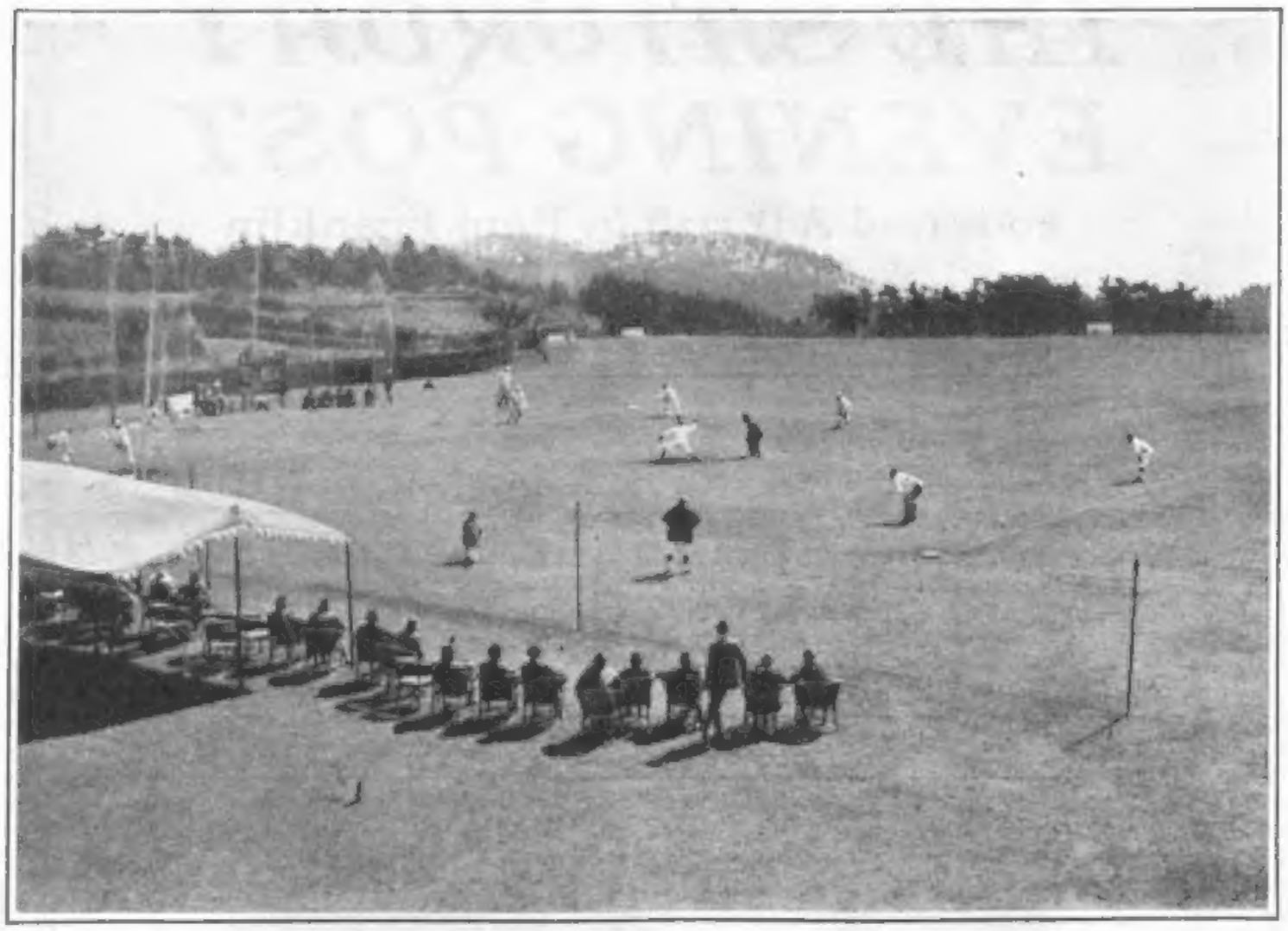
I looked at my husband in dismay.

"I thought I was coming to Japan!" I cried.

Laughingly he reassured me; it was all right. One had Chinese servants because they were the very best; spoke English and were more used to foreign ways. I would find Ah Ching a treasure.

She was the most ingratiating old soul. Her pidgin English was cheery and quaint; her devotion to the baby most convincing. She had a manner of carrying him high in her arms, trailing after me through the hotel as though he were the heir apparent at an imperial christening. I accepted her promptly at face value, which only goes to show how little a green foreigner can judge of Oriental nature. More of Ah Ching anon.

Meanwhile the gloom of the rainy day was brightened by the arrival of immense baskets of flowers—roses, lilies, iris—sent to me by friends of my husband as yet unknown to me. Flowers are cheap in Japan, and the Japanese excel at arranging them tastefully. A basket of roses, lilies, carnations, as large as a bushel measure, costs the sender only a dollar and a half, so the pretty custom of remembering friends on every possible occasion is widespread.



An American Baseball Game in Yokohama, Fourth of July

But Where Was Japan?

TO ME, fresh from a land where violets were six dollars a bunch, such a profusion of flowers was overwhelming. I decided secretly that my husband's friends must all be millionaires. I was doomed to more disillusionment.

Within an hour my trunks arrived, with the keys, as neatly packed as when I left them on the steamer. I never knew whether Martin possessed a magic sesame that brought them through the customs unopened, or whether the Japanese customs officials were so expert that they could search a trunk without disarranging a ruffle. That was Martin's secret and he grew fat on it for years. You left everything to Martin, asking no questions; for if you were too inquisitive it would somehow develop that Martin most regrettably was too busy to attend to your trunks.

Ah Ching put the babies to bed skillfully, while I dressed for dinner and went down to the long glass lounge. There I met the people whose cards had been attached to my flowers upstairs—the handsome fair Dutchman, the tall Englishman and his rangy wife, the Russian naval officer and a number of Americans. After dinner we danced to the music of an American jazz band.

I went to bed rather discouraged. Five thousand miles I had journeyed, but where was Japan?

Early the next morning, drawing up the shades, I looked out of my window at a canal which separated the Settlement, where stood the Grand Hotel, from the Bluff, with its steep heights crowned by European houses. Down the calm surface of the canal moved a procession of sampans putting out to sea for the day's work, with brown, half-naked coolies standing in the stern, swinging the single long oar rhythmically back and forth.

Somewhere, I knew, must be a shore from which the sampans set forth; somewhere up that canal lay the Japan I had journeyed far to see. Already I had realized that to find it I must escape from the jazzing, bridge-playing crowd I had met the night before. I resolved to make an opportunity somehow to follow the beckoning canal inland.

All through the "home-side" breakfast of oatmeal, bacon and eggs, I listened sedately to my husband's injunctions not to go out of the hotel without a guide or ricksha engaged from the desk, and saw him depart for his office. Then, declining an invitation from the Englishwoman to make a fourth at bridge, I seized a sunshade and purseful of heavy Japanese coins and walked through the garden court of the hotel onto the street.

Adventures

ACROSS the stone bridge over the canal, along a road that bordered it under the overhanging bluff, I went till a sharp left-hand turn led into a street that was almost Japan. On either side stood rows of little low houses with tiled roofs and straw-matted floors, each house a shop tended by Japanese in kimonos. But the wares were meant for tourist trade—lacquer, pearls and porcelain. The clerks hailed me in fluent English, and the other customers were Americans or Europeans bent on collecting trunkfuls of curios to take home. I must go farther to find Japan.

Presently a tram line cut across the street on which I walked, to cross the canal again a block on my right. Seeing no foreigners in the crowded cars that passed, I guessed that the tram would take me to Japan, and boarded the next car that came.

It was a small yellow car with a sign in queer Japanese characters. The long seats on either side were filled, the aisle packed to suffocation with Japanese carrying bundles of all sizes, from a hamper as large as a wardrobe trunk to a dainty little parcel like a book, invariably wrapped in squares of colored silk or cotton. The streets were muddy after yesterday's rain, so the passengers were shod with wooden clogs three inches high. As the car lurched, gathering speed, the man beside me staggered and planted his *geta* squarely on my white linen pump. The agony of the knife-edged blade's impact was exquisite. *Geta* are terrible weapons in a swaying crowded tram; not even the courteous bow and murmured apology which the offender proffered could reconcile me to the prospect of further assaults upon my poor feet. Fortunately, a Japanese man sitting near now rose and offered me his seat, with a bow, to which I responded with real gratitude, although conscious that my bow was a feeble thing compared with his. Japanese backbones

(Continued on Page 100)

Foreigners at Play on "The Bluff"

DULCARNON

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

GRAY light, diffused over the plain and the gulf, made all outdoors a mystery. The veiled horizon of land and sea, the great breadth of sky overcast, the mild air, the hidden brightness, changed a cloudy afternoon in spring to a part of time without measure or motion, that seemed haunted. Even the crowd, gabbling and shuffling, made no more noise than an undercurrent of expectancy along the road or from the mouths of little streets. Voices, laughter, creaking cart wheels, boots grating on cobblestones, ran subdued in quiet hubbub like that of brook water.

Leaning against the worn stone pillar that upholds a cross, a young man looked over the stream of heads.

"Not many changes," he thought.

Near the pillar, where the long Camargue road breaks off at the shore, a grass plot had been made and bordered with saplings. Each tree, an armful of green leaf on a spindle trunk contorted one way by the mistral, another way by Mediterranean gales, had the look of age in childhood, rickety. These were new. Past them, across the road on the corner, one weather-beaten front of masonry, for years a half-blind ruin, had sprung to life with windows, a porch, lime wash, and a painted sign covering the breadth of the gable—Gd. Hôtel de la Plage.

"Same old pushcarts hanging round though. And there's the Dean of the Bohemians, not a day older, in the same smock."

Neighboring roofs wore fresh tiles, bright pink; but beyond them slanted other roofs that kept their motley pattern of rose, lichen green and chestnut, above which, unchanged, grim as ever, heaved the fortress belfry of Les Saintes Maries de Provence.

"Not much altered. Now to find her, if you can find anybody in this crowd."

The season was drawing toward the twenty-fourth of May; and therefore all down through the Camargue, in wagon, omnibus, motor car, on bicycles, by train from Arles, on foot from the canal boats that disgorged them at Sylvéréal and the Little Rhône, came pilgrims drawing toward Les Saintes Maries. Out in the roadside brush, with horses tethered round them and smoke rising blue, lay camped the vans of the Romany who had come from all their crossroads to adore the relics of Sara in the crypt, as people tell, and no doubt for other purposes of their own.

The young man by the pillar, who had mounted the steps of its base for a view and taken his bearings, dropped easily into the crowd again. What his purpose was, an observer, had one been watching him, might have found it hard to guess. He had nothing of the air of a pilgrim, still less that of a gaping sight-seer; but made his way like a native who knew it well, quite at home, toward the Grand Hôtel de la Plage, and past, into a narrow street.

The afternoon though cloudy was warm; sea moisture deadened the air; and in this lane of old stonework the throng, tight-packed and slow-moving, sweltered.

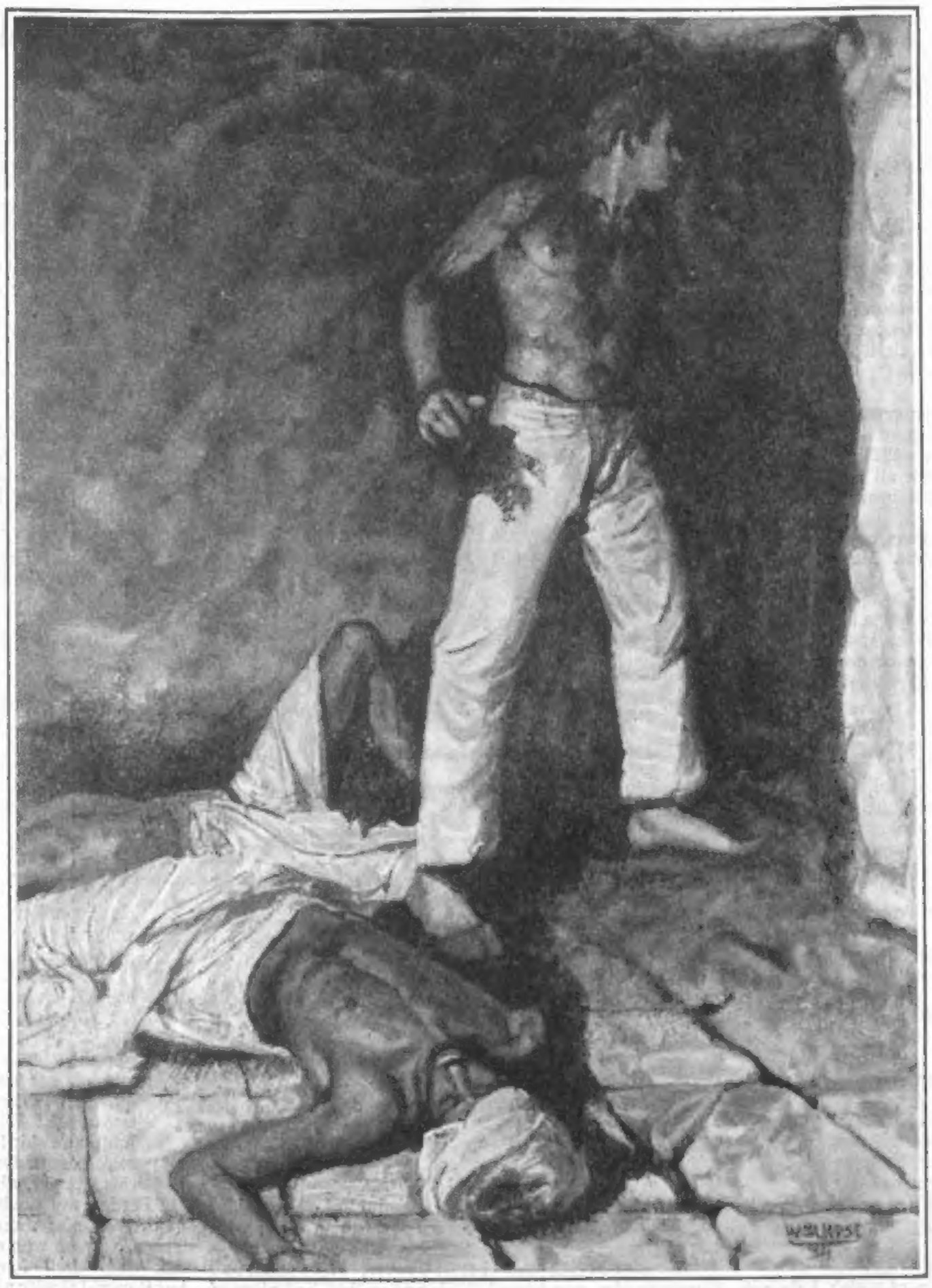
"We came all the way from Narbonne!" cried a voice. "And early! And behold!"

Talk resounded between the house walls; good-humored talk, but with some high notes of complaint.

"What then? I came from Cette!"

"And from Perpignan, I! You are not the only monsieur who has the habit of sleeping in a bed."

"And I from Philadelphia. Thou dost not know, thou, where it is that that is!"



Out of the Dark and the Rain a Voice Addressed Him. "Ten o'Clock," it Drawled in English

"Never mind, my brother. Our dear saints will know how to protect their friends."

"And I from St. Hippolyte de Kilkenny, which is quite as far, my old one!"

"Bah! And I from the bottomless pit, me!"

"Oh, fie! S-s-sh! Fie, for shame!"

Upon all this contention dropped like balm the blessed voice of the peacemaker. "One moment, sir. Be tranquil. When there are no lodgings, that is inconvenient. True. But what? Are we murdered? No. Go couch yourself *à la belle étoile*. The nights are very soft now."

Balm did not heal, for out broke the original grievance.

"We came all the way from Narbonne!" A fat little sire of a large family wiped his red forehead, glared and obtested his Creator. "Early! See us, how many! And there is not room in this town for the nose of a rat."

"Sleep? Rooms?" A jolly old vagabond, with a face of a bronze Buddha on a spree, laughed as he heaved his corpulent body through the press. He scented the air like a wine cask, and patted the youngest Narbonne baby on the head with a tipsy smile. "This is not the feast of nightcaps, *quoi, pays?* I have not slept for a week!"

He swayed on, roaring out a song:

"Per le lausa, Mistral, o grand felibre,
Avèn vougu leissa nòstis oustau;
D'escrèt bonur qu'au-jour-d'uei lou cor vibre,
Ounour à tu subre toun pedestau!"

Other voices caught up the words of the march, other feet moved in time to it, until half the crowd poured after him, singing. A back eddy of pilgrims, respectable husbands and wives in their Sunday clothes, rounded a corner, chanting a hymn to the air of Joseph Sold by His Brethren:

"Dans un bateau sans cordage
Au naufrage
On vous exposa soudain;
Mais de Dieu la Providence
En Provence
Vous fit trouver un chemin."

The march trampled right over this pious music, sent it to the wall and streamed on triumphant:

"—— gai troubadour, coume uno meraviho,
La seguiren dins li draio de Crau!"

The young man, smiling, let himself be carried with the tuneful majority for a while, then backed into a shallow doorway, stood flat and waited.

"How the little chap would enjoy all this," he mused. "Breath of life to him. But an odd place for her."

When the singers had passed and the alley grown quieter, he stepped down from the threshold, faced the door and knocked.

"Rather shabby quarters too. I'm afraid he can't have been doing very well."

A broad, bare door, much defaced by weather, it seemed the entrance to a warehouse, not a dwelling.

The wall rose blind to the third story, where four little windows, close together and all shut, reflected the gray southern light as if they had been so many cold eyes, disdaining to look down upon the festival.

No one answered his knock. He repeated it, with the crook of a stick that he carried, a handy length of gray-green ash.

"Rap-tap-tap!"

The house remained blind and deaf. At his back the crowd passed, now thinning to stragglers, now swelling with a new freshet.

"Rap-tap-tap! Rap-tap-tap!"

The man on the doorstep had patience. He was not to be denied. Quick tattoo, pause; tattoo, pause; his knocking continued with a dry humor, a woodpecker industry that if heard at all must bore through and break any human temper. Minutes went by.

"Rap-tap-tap!"

Suddenly the door flew ajar, not wider than to frame the nose, eyes and cheek bones of a raging woman.

"It is enough! Complete! Not a room left! *Assez!*"

Her words burst in his face like a cat spitting and scratching. Before she could slam the door on them, he had the point of his ash under, wedged. It was a trick so neat, a lightning stab so calm, that the woman almost forgot how to scold.

"Thank you, no. Another affair. Pardon. Does Madame la Flèche live here?"

The name spoken had a great effect at once. Her head vanished. The door, which had been trembling with her fight to close it, now trembled as a pair of brown hands tugged the opposite way, inward. He freed the ferrule of his ash, then lifted his hat as the woman appeared in a wider opening.

"Why does the gentleman wish to know?"

A neat, dark, ample matron, who wore her gown and dressed her hair somewhat in the old fashion of Arles, viewed him keenly from head to foot. She bore no trace of her late fury. Her black eyes were gentle as a dove's and wiser than a serpent's.

"Because Monsieur la Flèche, her husband, is a great friend of mine."

Those black eyes remained on watch. They studied him; a lean man, thirty years old, perhaps more, but with the air of one who would always look young; no man of Provence—too tall; not a Frenchman, though he spoke without any marked accent; and though his clothes might have come from England, not an Englishman, his freckled, sunburned face being too mobile. Here the black eyes found themselves outwatched by a gray pair, bright and ready to laugh. He must be a *grand diable* of an American!

"It is a pity," said the woman; "but Madame la Flèche went away yesterday."

"I am very sorry to hear that," replied the stranger; "very."

His regret rang true, his look really changed, as though brightness were turned off. With the shrug of a man well trained to disappointment, who finds his holiday at end, himself alone, misplaced in a merrymaking, he thanked her and moved to go. There was some engaging trait in his plain features.

"It may be," the guardian of the door confessed, relenting against her will—"it may be, sir, if you will call next week ——"

He smiled and shook his head.

"No; my ship leaves Marseilles tomorrow. I had only the day, madame, and ran over here hoping to find her and the children. They are well?"

This parting question threw down all barriers, cleared the air, melted suspicion and brought the dove out to conquer the serpent.

"Ah, those little ones!" cried the woman, her brown face glowing. "But yes, very well, both. How they are charming, those two!"

"Her boy's name is Daniel?"

"It is. You are right, sir. And what a boy, an angel of beauty, an imp; and what eyes, what a tongue, to steal away the heart with innocence! My house is empty as a gourd, sir, without him."

The stranger nodded thoughtfully.

"I was his *parrain*, madame, and have never seen him since. About four years old."

"No; five. What? You?" Suddenly enlightened with horror and joy, the matron flung her door wide open. "And here I was turning you away! You are—it is—of course, of course you are Monsieur Dintours the American?"

The young man laughed.

"Yes, madame," said he; "Dan Towers is my name."

At the moment he winced, for her arms opened like the door, and her whole black-gowned breadth hung ready to fall, to hug him in the lane, before pilgrims, priests, horses, carters, fortune tellers and gaudy standards of parishes borne waving by on many a pole.

A man's voice from this background rescued him in time.

"Hallo, there! Madame la Flèche at home?"

A loud voice, putting the question without ceremony, it drove the householder back on guard. She folded her arms primly across her stomach, drew her chin hard up and met this new assault with cold black eyes where all the serpent woke.

"No."

"Where has she gone?"

"To London, at a hotel, the name of which I do not know, for she never said, and her letters are no longer brought here. Good day, sir."

The answer followed so pat, and the eyes glittered so untruthful, that Mr. Towers, glancing down to see who copied his errand, perhaps did not keep an entirely straight face. He found another stranger grinning.

"Well put."

The second stranger winked. He was a broad, muscular man who let the crowd go jostling by as a rock lets the foam of a torrent, and who seemed to have paused there from idle curiosity. With elbows poked outward, both fists crammed into the pockets of a grimy Norfolk coat, he stood quiet and enjoyed himself.

"Prompt, prompt! A handy speech, madame. What is truth? said Pilate; and who am I that you should waste it on me?"

His face was round and brick-red. An old rake of a hat, cocked over one ear, had a rusty fishhook hanging forgotten in the band, which was pricked full of rusty holes. His eyes, bright china-blue and wide open, shone skeptical. They took in Mr. Towers from head to foot, then challenged the woman of the house again.

"I have not the honor to know who you are, sir," she replied gently. "But for your manner, it smells of the holiday, or Saturday night out of turn. Good-by, sir."

The man laughed and raised his hat magnificently.

"No harm," said he. "But it's a pity. My luck, all over. Tell the lady she might have heard something to her advantage."

"Well, Well! It's Our Young Master Runa Again, Eh?" He Murmured

He eyed Mr. Towers again, briefly but thoroughly, cocked his hat worse than before and swung along with the pilgrims.

"We were saying ——" began Towers. The woman had forgotten him, and leaned staring after that bad piece of headgear in the crowd. "You were saying, her little boy?"

She roused with a jump.

"Enter, enter!" Plucking him by the arm, she hauled him in and slammed the door. "Tell me, was that *le Petit Oiseau?*"

The darkness and quiet of her house, after the noise in the thoroughfare, were uncanny. A transom overhead gave light, but no more than to measure the depth of dusk, glimmer on some old brown giant of wardrobe or other furniture and shine threadlike up the handrail of tall stairs. Not even a clock ticked. The obscurity had the clean smell of good housework, with a background hint that might have been cedar, lavender or camphorwood.

"Was it *le Petit Oiseau?*"

"He did not look at all like one," said Towers. "I never saw him before."

"Ah!" The stout woman wagged her head in anxiety. "But a bad subject. We have many others than the saints in our town this week. . . . Come, if you will, sir."

Up the narrow stairs, through darkness on a landing, then up a second flight she led the way, with chatter that never stopped, though it grew breathless. Those children and their mother; what a pity it was not to see them; how dead the house was, now they were gone. To Antibes only, for a fortnight, until this feast and pilgrimage should end and the crowd clear away. Not to London—oh, never! No more than to the moon, sir. That was a *coq-à-l'âne*. But what? Strangers at the door, who inquire that which does not concern them; well, we give them a little fish of April, do we not? And that stranger—no, no! He is a flat-foot. Only to see him, you know he pulls the devil by the tail for a living. You mark him easily, his kind. She might, he said, have heard something to her advantage. Ah, ah! When the fox preaches, we begin to keep an eye on our geese.

Panting out this final maxim, she unlocked a door and set it open.

"Here, sir, are their lodgings."

The room into which they came was long, bright, with four southern windows overlooking housetops across the way. A few pictures, a shelf or two of books, gay chintz hangings and covers, a gilt clock on the mantel standing in a little parade of many-colored toys, a clean tile hearth, brass andirons gloriously polished, a bundle of fagots laid as though each twig had been put right by hand; these, and everything else, the tall young man seemed to approve with a glance and a nod.

"Madame Chassefière, I think?" he said, bowing.

"Yes, sir."

"It would be a great pleasure to tell my friend how comfortable his wife and children are in your house, and what good care you take of them."

"Thank you."

"A sight of this room and our talk together, madame, are all the proof needed. But I do not know where he may be."

"No?"

"No. La Flèche is about my best friend, therefore, as the world goes, we never meet any more. Tomorrow I'm sailing for the Far East. What chance of finding him there? Do you know? Let us be frank."

Madame Chassefière considered.

"If I thought you a flatterer ——" she began. "But wait! A moment!"

She waddled from the room, into shadow, and away with a clack of sole leather on tiles. When she returned, carrying a brass tray that upheld a bottle and a tumbler, the young man did not regard her. He was busy. From one pocket of his loose clothes after another he drew many small white bags and parcels, odd in form, neatly tied, with which he built a mound on the table.

"*Marrons glacés,*" he muttered. "The squeakers. Two ducks. . . . Oh, yes, nearly forgot."

He topped the white paper mound with a gray cloth monkey that wore a red cap, and a doll that wailed before opening her eyes and sitting erect. This pair he made to embrace each other.

"From Uncle Dan," said he. "Tell them when they come home, will you?"

"*Magnifique!*" Putting down the tray, Madame Chassefière clasped her hands to admire this joyful pyramid. The last cloud of suspicion rolled away and left her face beaming. "Now I know it is you in truth!" she cried. "For no one else —— Ah, the two angels! What a happy surprise! How they will jump and skip!" She went bustling to the mantel, took from under the gilt clock an envelope, and from this a paper, which she unfolded.

"Pardon my doubts of you, sir. But distrust is the mother of safety, and I had sworn to give no addresses. There is a man who calls himself Byrrh, Barroquin, Buridan—some droll of an English name, it breaks my tongue, but it would signify a little bird. How could I tell, sir, that you might not be *le Petit Oiseau* himself? He would get no word from me, black or white, not until you can draw oil from a wall!"

She gave him the paper.

"There! A schedule for his letters. Perhaps it will help you to find your friend."

Her caller, studying it with care, shook his head. The written page contained only a few names and dates: Monaco, till such a time, last winter; Algiers, till such another; Malta, for a week; Saloniki, two days; Port Said, an office on Quai François Joseph, one day; after that, until further notice, Calcutta.

"The trail of a flea, madame," said the reader. "Here and there by long jumps, and much more there than here."

"*Malheur!*" The stout woman sighed. "I grieve for you. It is all I have or know."

"Just like the little chap. Runa la Flèche is a hard man to follow. But I may overtake him yet. With your permission ——"

Having jotted a few marks in a notebook, Towers gave her back the paper. She hid it under the clock at once; then, returning to her tray and bottle, poured out a glass of pale-red wine, some nameless vintage of the Camargue, and offered this with a deprecatory air.

"A finger of wine, sir. It is not good, but harmless."

Her guest received it, she found, as though honored. His manner pleased her. He was gentle, after all, this *grand diable* who crammed his pockets with toys and did not complain of failure.

"Your health, madame." He waved his tumbler, smiling, to include those who were not in the room. "And the health of our absent friends who live here so well with you."

She thanked him, and while he stood drinking—slowly, for the finger was a handbreadth and a half—she watched with a sly maternal gleam in her black eyes.

"Madame la Flèche is very charming, do you not think so?"

"Always was," he agreed heartily. "A thin word for her."

"And well married?"

"She couldn't have chosen a better fellow."

Whatever snakelike wriggle was lurking at the back of Madame Chassefère's mind, she killed with a nod. The man rang sound.

"I knew them both out in the East." He put down his tumbler to sing their praise. "When Leda's father was killed out there, it happened she had no one but me to look after her. The loveliest young creature. Then Runa came along ——"

The talk thus rising, flew so, with question and reply, that the gray afternoon had begun to close and twilight to creep through the room before they broke off. Neither of them had found time to sit in a chair. The story of Parimban's daughter and her husband, René la Flèche, from Chandernagor, was nowhere nearly done as they went downstairs and parted in the black hallway.

"Ah, my son Daniel!" The broad little matron seized his finger tips and pressed them hard. "Whether your friend makes for her the fortune of which he dreams or not, what difference? They have you. To them you have been—you ——"

"Nonsense, mother! Give her and the children my love. *Au revoir.*"

He was opening the front door, when she did a thing to confound him.

"The world seldom permits *au revoir* to come true. I am an old woman who does not buy a cat in the pocket, but —— There, my dear! Good-by."

She had kissed his hand in the dark. As he went with the crowd again, he wondered what on earth had moved her to do that, and to be crying meanwhile. He did not wonder long. To him the ways of women were like time and space to Charles Lamb; nothing puzzled him more, and yet nothing puzzled him less, for he never thought about them. What soon occupied his mind was the echo of a chance phrase—"your friend . . . the fortune of which he dreams"—and its meaning, if any. What fortune, where? No doubt some general rosy vision; but unless a few years, and marriage, had wrought a transformation beyond belief, young Runa la Flèche was not the man to entertain visions, wherever he might be. No, the little hound of transgressors, the keen little terror to the budmash, he would not stop to dream, but would tackle a given project, something tough, shrewd, definite, far from rose-colored, and then worry its heart out. That was his method. Still, he might have picked up such another bone of contention lately and smelled fortune perhaps in the marrow.

"I hope so," thought Dan. "If Leda and the children live upstairs, out of the way in a little town like this, it must be to save money. I hope the old body meant he's on the track of something good."

Evening, in this dull weather, came early and thick. Mediterranean Sea mist that had hung all day over the Gulf of Lyons, invading now the Gulf of Beauduc and stealing landward up the mouths of the Rhône, began to veil these narrow streets where pilgrims chattered in a swarm. Lamps, just lighting here and there, burned with foggy halos. To pass the time before his train should leave, Dan wandered in the current of men and women, whose voices made a running music and filled the air with idle expectancy, like talk in a theater before the rise of the curtain. He enjoyed their hum, all their good-humored jostling; but when he had been carried round the east end of the church, stumbled through a blockade of vans, horses, carts, bales and families camping, had coasted below the saints' battlements, pressed under the arch of the old tree and emerged from an elbowing whirlpool, he was content to steer for the open again, to go clear. The whirlpool, as if sucked into a cavern in a crag, was drawn through the western door where a hazy magic of candle shine fluttered on the farthest background of darkness and aged stone.

He turned away, choosing no direction, but going at random to stretch his legs.

"Good people, and all happy."

A trace of wanderer's melancholy veined his thought, perhaps because he had left a crowd for solitude, perhaps because his afternoon here was labor in vain. He had nothing to show for it but three or four words in his pocketbook—old addresses, outlawed by time.

"Probably never catch him."

So doubting, Dan halted and filled his pipe. He had roamed along by the shore, nearly to the hour of his train. A brown beach, the dreariest of margins, lay flat in twilight to receive a listless pounding from waves that died and gave no spray; brindle waves, yellow with Rhône water, turbid with sand. "A haley old *plage*," he thought. "And Leda brings the kids here, I dare say. Well, it may look better when the sun shines."

A few dory-like boats lay hauled up; the bathhouse, with twelve small pointed gables in a row, stood bleak between dunes and dike near by; and above these, frail, thin, lined as with pen and ink, latticework spires of the South France telegraph soared into the last grayness of upper air with faint triangulation, wire-drawn patterns, like a fairy problem in geometry.

Dan struck a match, bent down his head and was lighting the pipe.

"Aha, well met!" hailed a loud voice. "If you're a chum of Runa's, give him that, will you?"

By the flaring match he saw a burly pair of shoulders in tweed, a red face and a broad brown hand that offered him something.

"Here you are."

The match blew out. The hand stuffed into his own a bit of pasteboard.

"Excuse haste and all that. I've an appointment. No hard feeling. Chin-chin."

The speaker was gone up the beach as quickly as he had come, and as quietly, hurrying with a light-footed swing remarkable in one of such heavy build. He put a hand on the top of the dike and vaulted over.

Dan struck another match, but not for his pipe. The bit of pasteboard given him was an old playing card, the five of diamonds, very dirty, with its corners gnawed off. Among its red lozenges a blunt pencil had written:

"Runa my lad it is I.47, and I wish you joy of that proposition. Yr. old enemy, BIRDEKIN."

There was time for the reading, time to look at his watch, but no more.

"Drat! My train leaving. My boat sailing. All gone wrong today."

The second match burned out, its momentary brightness leaving the shore darker. Beyond the dunes and the bank which the stranger had vaulted, off where there was no time to follow him, a lonely camp fire blazed orange, with half a wheel rimmed and spoked in black against its color. The tiny shadow of a horse dropped its head and sneezed. A fiddle whined like a gnat.

II

TO SEEK a lost friend who wrote no letters and abided nowhere might have been fun had Mr. Towers been a rich man with nothing else to do. Being busy and rather lean in the purse, he could not undertake more than to follow his own affairs and hope for a chance encounter some day. He was bound out to the Far East, direct, while his friend, if Madame Chassefière's guarded paper told the truth, went hither and yon and back again.

"Skipping the Mediterranean," thought Dan, aboard ship, "like a man crossing a bog. One foot in Turkey and the next in Africa. The Highland fling. Catch him at Port Said, if anywhere."

(Continued on Page 116)

The Afternoon Though Cloudy Was Warm; Sea Moisture Deadened the Air; and in This Lane of Old Stone-Work the Throng, Tight-Packed and Slow-Moving, Sweltered

IF I HAD A SON

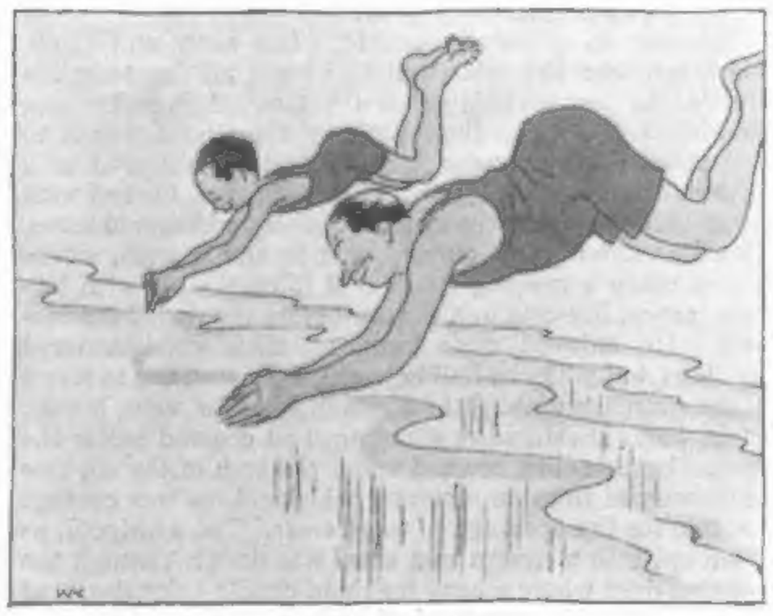
By James J. Corbett

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

SOMEHOW I hate to write that line above. It comes so near home. In certain ways, I suppose, I may be said to have had my share of what the world calls success—more than I deserve. But had it been fifty times as great as it is, it would never make up for the thing we have missed—the presence of children in the home. Thirty years we have been married, my wife and I, and I do not mean to imply that time hasn't brought us some of the better things, those that count, too, and with them much of happiness and content. Still, to this one lack we never grow quite reconciled.

But it never pays to brood over any unhappiness, and I think it is up to a man and a woman who have been denied children to do as much as they can for, and to be as much as possible with, the children of others; not only for reasons of unselfishness but because it keeps them young.

I know I try, on the train, when I am traveling from city to city fulfilling my lecture engagements, to get acquainted with the children who race up and down the aisles; when I used to be backstage in my old profession I always tried to make friends with the stage children; and at my home in Bayside, Long Island, I spend all the time I can with the neighbors' youngsters. In fact, I am quite proud that the mothers believe I have some influence with their boys—that little chap, for instance, who was rather puny and whom doctors and parents and nurses tried in vain to make do the things and eat the foods that would build him up. At last they brought him to me. Now he had heard that I was strong; and, of course, being six feet one, I looked big and impressive to him. And knowing that in his heart of hearts the little fellow, like most boys, really admired health and strength, I told him of my own boyhood—how I had been frail, the weakest, in fact, of ten children, and that I determined early in life to overcome this handicap. And I related to him stories of what I did—how I used to go down to the seashore on every possible occasion, how I kept in the air, drank milk and all that, and how pleased I was when I jumped on the scales and saw I had gained a pound or looked in a mirror and swelled my biceps. He took it all in; then I shot it home.



A Victory

"HARRY," said I, "you think I am big and strong, don't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Corbett," he said.

"And you would like to be like me?" Here suddenly I crossed my fingers, remembering all my faults, but of course I couldn't tell him of those; and he nodded shyly. "Well then," I told him, "you'll do the things and eat the things the doctor tells you." He gulped a moment and dug his toe in the lawn, thinking, I suppose, of all he didn't like. "For the doctor is right," I said as slowly and impressively as I could, "and I want you to do it for me. Promise?"

A minute he hesitated, then a smile broke over his face.

"All right, Jim," he said, and they tell me he has kept that promise.

I am prouder of that victory, I think, than any I ever had before.

It is funny, unmarried women and childless fellows like myself telling other folks how to bring up their children, and I hope I have too much of a sense of humor to attempt quite that. Still, maybe once in a while we do have a good idea and a detached viewpoint, perhaps, that an anxious and worried parent who is close to his youngsters cannot have. Anyway, since I have been asked by the editors to state my views, I will endeavor to tell—remembering always that in no job, even that of fatherhood, can we be 100 per cent—what I would try to do and be if I had a boy of my own.

One naturally expects a man whose life was at one time based so much on the body to speak first about diet and physical exercise. These things are of importance, of course; still, I do not think they get down to bed rock. For it is the spirit behind that counts, and one must first have the spirit of sympathy with the boy, the wish to help him to be first the boy, then the man he ought to be.

If a man only has that, sincerely, then will follow the wisdom, the intelligence, the knowledge of what to do and how to act, as situations present themselves.

And it always seems to me that a man cannot begin too early in life to win the affection of his boy. For as a rule you have got to work to hold the love of anyone, except perhaps a mother; and to a certain extent it is true even of her. You cannot expect in any relationship to be indifferent and passive and have friend, parent or child shower his or her love on you forever. And just giving a boy money now and then for a baseball bat, a glove or a ticket to the movies isn't enough. Sometimes that in itself isn't wise; but what I want to emphasize most is that you must give more than your money; you must give him freely of your time.

It takes more of real unselfishness to do that. It is so easy to dismiss a boy's questions, to refuse his invitations to enter one of his games. At night a man usually would rather bury himself in the evening paper behind a fat cigar or go out to the lodge, and on Saturday afternoons drive out in the car or take on a round of golf.

Now boys—that is, the best of them—are often shy, and do not display their feelings or show what they are really thinking.

Those that have the real stuff in them do not plead or beg when they are repulsed, but swallow their disappointment and walk away. I know this because in other homes I have watched them many a time. And this has only to happen a few times before they make up their minds that you are not interested, that you do not care to play with them; and they go on their way. And you yourself, safe behind your paper and that cigar, do not realize that a crisis has come and gone; and that things will never be the same.

Dad and the Boy at Play

AND what a real privilege it is, if one looks at it rightly, to play with them, to have a boy want to have his dad play with him. And it is not only during his boyhood days that you are missing something well worth while, for remember this: As I figure it out from observation, you cannot expect a boy, when he is grown up and has a family of his own, to want to come back to the old folks, unless there is that strong tie of companionship started while he was still a boy. He will have too many distractions, too many new friends of his own age, to say nothing of his wife and children. He may once in a while show up on a holiday or make a hasty call when you are sick, yes, but merely for reasons of duty; and most of the time he will forget even these.

How much finer it would be if he would come back often, bringing his own youngster with him, and because he wanted to; because the memories of the old home, of how you played and "palled" with him so long ago, call him. And it is then that you will need his companionship most—when you are getting along; when you have retired from business or can't go down every day; when golf is not what it used to be, and friends are few, and so many have passed away. Yes, it is then that you will want his companionship; and you cannot have it unless you earn it with yours now.

And in the meantime, before those gray days come, it is a splendid investment from a selfish standpoint, to enter into games and sports and all sorts of recreation with the young. Swing a bat with him once in a while; or go fishing. Go to the circus when it comes to Madison Square Garden or to the town lot. Under the big top you will shake off the years, enter his youth and renew your own. And attend the ball games with him, those between the village boys or up at the Polo Grounds; and root, darn you, root for the Giants or the Cubs! You don't have to root for the same team, you know, for he may enjoy competition and an argument. And follow the box scores, too, with him, from day to day; and the batting averages. It is fine to know that Lincoln chopped so many rails when he was a kid, but it is good, too, to learn that Babe Ruth has beaten his old home-run record; that Dazzy Vance has pitched a shut-out or that Walter Johnson's arm is coming round all right in training camp.

You cannot begin to play with him too young, either, for soon he will get beyond you and do things well that you cannot even begin to do, if you don't watch out.

When he is five he will like to have a catch

with you after the 5:27 is in and you have shed your coat. That daylight saving law is a child-saving law, too, if you'll only make it so. His hands, of course, at that age are tender; but a tennis ball will do until he is ready for a harder baseball. Vary your style a little; after he has gained a little confidence throw him a curve or two, and watch his face when he catches a fly. That smile of pride will reward you, or I miss my guess.

A little later the games of two-o'-cat will commence, with the neighboring boys. Get their dad, too, into the game. To blazes with dignity! For that matter, I think a man is never really so dignified or so much of a man as when he gets down on all fours on the living-room rug to turn himself into a bear for a three-year-old daughter, or lines 'em out on the old back lot and runs, rather stiffly perhaps, toward the rock that marks first base. And he won't be stiff long if he only keeps it up. Besides being good for his soul, it will help corporation and wind—digestion, too—all that fresh air and exercise.

And play as hard as you can. You know, a boy is rather proud of his dad, to start with, and always will keep that pride unless you kill it yourself. For a long time he will think you are better and finer and perhaps can lick any other dad in the neighborhood. Of course you don't have to prove the latter; and his admiration will soon turn into other forms. But in the meantime try to catch as well as you can, and sock it out. The youngster will thrill with pride. And if, through lack of practice, you don't do so very well, he'll make all allowances for you and be tickled to death that you're willing to play with him anyway. If you're an expert athlete you can show him how to hold his hands properly for catching, how to step up to the plate, the proper swing. If you're not good at these things, let him show you a few tricks. He may be a little paternal about it himself; but you should get a laugh out of that; and besides, he'll think a lot of you.

Swimming

THEN there's swimming. Don't be ashamed if your bathing suit betrays a little more of corporation than does your business suit. Dive in with him. Get him familiar with the water and not afraid of it. Show him how he can with comfort keep his eyes open under the surface, once he is used to it, and thus grow friendly with water, river or sea, which should be a friend and a pal to us all, boys or men.

Then explain a little about breathing with your strokes when the head is out of water; and if you remember only the old breast stroke or hand-over-hand, get some neighbor—there's sure to be one—to show him the new trudgeon and the crawl, which are swifter and more efficient.

But don't let him stay in too long. Moderation is the first principle of health and long life; so persuade him to leave the water—the table, too—while he still has a zest for it; and before he grows too tired or full. So you will prevent not only stomach troubles, the dangerous chill, but instill him into the principle of stopping not only when one has had enough but, if possible, just a little before that. It is a good thing to learn.

I would not worry much about boxing in his early years. The muscles then are pliant and he hasn't his full strength. The ordinary exercise gained from boyhood's sports is enough. A little later—say, when he is fourteen—he can try a round or two with big soft gloves. But even then he must be careful not to overdo; let him hit smart hard cracks while he is at it; but don't let him stay at it too long. And place an emphasis on taking without complaint good hard cracks in return; and on control, not only of muscle but of temper. Never let him cherish a grudge against a playmate; and if he sometimes, as all boys will, gets in a scrap, make the two gamecocks shake hands afterward and respect each other. Of course, before he is through with his school life he will engage in some fray through sheer temper or cussedness; and there will be at least one occasion when the fault is all on his side; but you can make him ashamed of that. A little conversation, as from father to son or, better still, man to man, will impress on him the fact that fights must not be started through sheer pugnacity, but only undertaken when there is really something at stake—manly resentment of an insult, a case of bullying or the defense of the helpless.

Above all, teach him to be square; not to lie or squirm and sneak out of things; and when in the wrong, to take his medicine like a man.

One of the most important reasons for your trying to win his sympathy from the start is so that he will confide in you and bring his problems to you instead of leaving them to other people to solve for him. And there will be problems of all sorts. Sometimes it will be in algebra and arithmetic. If you pay any attention at all to his studies you will notice that occasionally he shows evidence of discouragement, a tendency to give up and throw the hard problem aside. Nip that at the start. Perhaps you still know enough of the subject to go over the trying example with him. Don't work it out for him, but guide him, ask him questions that will lead him to see the correct way for himself. Act as an encourager, not a crutch; and all in the spirit that no hard jobs, whether of the schoolroom or the ball field, can be shirked if one would be successful later in life; and by success we do not mean that of the bank book, but of being a man.

And This Has Only to Happen a Few Times Before They Make Up Their Minds That You are Not Interested, That You Do Not Care to Play With Them; and They Go on Their Way

One of the most difficult problems that will confront him, and with him yourself, is that of nastiness. He is going to hear a lot of things that it would be better if he did not hear, but that is the way of the world. And these, if he is a sensitive boy, will shock him, and are apt to lead boys of certain types into bad habits of mind or body. Of course, if he is normally wholesome and sound he will forget much of this muck. He will absorb some of it without harm, as poultry do gravel with their corn. But a parent, I should say, should watch out for the signs. Here is where you will be rewarded if you have won his confidence. By all means in your power get him to feel that he can always talk to you about things that trouble him, as man to man, and not in a shamefaced way. As a matter of fact, one need not be ashamed to talk of anything that is natural—in the right way. And if he has learned that he can talk freely and frankly with his dad maybe he will also bring his problems of the body to you. And he should be able to learn about them from you with greater safety than he can from the boys at the corner. He will, of course, hear a lot from them, no matter what you do or how carefully you may guard him. But there is where the careful building up in his earliest years will come in. It is not so much what he hears as how he takes it that counts. And his best defense and safeguard are the standards you have given him, not by direct preaching but by unconscious influence and in indirect ways. And when the times come for such talks, such questions and answers, you will probably be pleasantly surprised and relieved by the way he responds, if you have gradually built up these standards and if you have kept constantly in his mind the truth that only respect for and care of his body can make the sort of man he admires and himself wants to be.

If he turns out wrong you have done your best anyway; and the chances are fifty to one that he will turn out right; and if not 100 per cent—for no boys are angels and will necessarily show some streaks of coarseness—his average will be pretty good, sufficiently high to give him a good start in the world. And you will have paved the way, too, for these discussions of what some people consider more delicate subjects, when they will come up, if you have made him acquainted a little and in a simple way with the natural processes of the body—of circulation, breathing and digestion.

Nothing in Nature is really unclean; and if he knows how his stomach and intestines function, the other process can be treated with wisdom and sanity.

Good Habits

RIGHT here, for a detail, it should be said that too much stress cannot be laid on such things as avoidance of constipation, of eating a balanced diet, of mixing in fruits and green vegetables with all the starches and meats, of which he may be a little too fond. It is a wise thing, too, not to make his meals too hurried. Have enough good conversation and friendly talk about things he is interested in around the table to keep the meal leisurely enough. If he gets, like yourself, into the habit of eating like a commuter, and bolts his food at every meal, he will pay the penalty later on.

It is perhaps almost too obvious a thing to speak of the care of the teeth. But even the simplest rules must be repeated; and a good dentist should be visited twice a year. And proper cleansing with the brush and cold water after meals must be made a rule early in life.

Signs of eyestrain should be watched for, and if they present themselves an oculist should be visited. Another part of the small frame that should be examined is the foot. It is surprising how many Americans are weak of arch and flat of foot; and to guard against this structural defect great care should be exercised in getting the proper shoes.

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WOMAN-HANDLED

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

Baran Shouted Without Knowing It as He Caught Up His Whip. He Shouted Again as He Laid the Leather on His Startled Team

YOU 'RE having a terrible time, aren't you?" murmured the clear-eyed girl in the chinchilla coat.

The guest of honor stopped short at that question. There was mockery in it, and an obvious touch of scorn. And it caused shock—shock like that of a stately craft suddenly striking ground.

"Yes, rather awful," Baran Bowerman managed to answer, with a shrug that was meant to be self-derogatory.

"Poor man!" murmured the girl with the mocking eyes; and her ironic little laugh once more brought that sense of shock, as arresting as a gayly floating yacht scraping bottom.

"You don't believe me?" demanded the author of The Passionate Year, quick to resent that intrusive note of hostility. But he still held her hand and at the same time held up the waiting line behind her. For already forty rapt-eyed women had told him how wonderful his reading had been and another forty were waiting to thank him for the thoughts, the precious thoughts, he had left with them.

"Why, you're eating it up!" proclaimed the girl with the eyes as clear as timber-line air. "You love it! And if I don't get out of the way of this adoring army they're going to trample me down."

"But I want to see you," he said as he bent lower. "I must see you."

"Yes, your Majesty," she said, with the ironic note still in her voice.

"But this is important," he proclaimed, following a step or two after her as the pressure from the ineluctable line made itself felt. "Won't you please wait?"

"Yes, your Majesty," repeated the girl; and he was not sure as he turned back to the business of the day and bowed his thanks for the warming words, the helpful words that were being murmured into his ear, whether the imperious-looking young woman in the chinchilla coat was going to wait or not. He was not even sure why he wanted her to wait. It was based, he concluded, on his sensitiveness to hostility. And during his reading, he remembered, he had been vaguely conscious of that note of antagonism in her intent yet unparticipating eyes. She had remained disconcertingly uncaptured, uncontrolled, and that marked her off from the others.

But he saw, to his relief, after shaking the last small hand and receiving his last thanks for a message so spiritual, that the girl in the chinchilla coat was still there, waiting beside the chairman's table, meditatively pulling one of the Thought and Craft Club's pink carnations to pieces.

"Let's get out of here," he said, with a disdainful sniff at the residuary odors of warm furs and hothouse violets.

"Let's," said the waiting girl, with a listless matter-of-factness.

"Could we walk up the Avenue?" asked Baran, as he stopped to retrieve his hat and coat.

"There's nothing saner than sun and air," agreed the other, a small frown of thought showing between her level brows.

"After this—this insanity?" suggested Baran. He was able to smile; but it was a rueful smile.

There was no response on her part to his probe. She walked along beside him, in fact, for a full minute of silence.

"Why did you ask me to wait?" she finally demanded.

"Because you're different from all the others," he averred; and the old look of scorn swept up into her face.

"I imagine we're all different from all the others," she said, with a laugh which impressed him as disappointingly flippant. Yet he found himself with no response for that parry, preoccupied as he was in trying to place this insurrectionary young woman with the arresting eyes. He was at a disadvantage, he remembered, in not knowing her name.

"You've met me before?" he suggested.

"Yes, O King!" she said, with her ironic ripple of laughter; and he colored perceptibly as he realized the source of her merriment.

"I mean I've met you before," he amended, "but I can't quite remember where. They come rather fast and furious, you know, on these lecture tours, and it's like trying to get acquainted with the Louvre in one afternoon."

"Then I wasn't so different from the others, after all?" she challenged, not unconscious of his discomfiture.

"Oh, yes; tremendously different," he proclaimed as he finally succeeded in placing her. She was the Van Gelder girl, the daughter of old Gerald Van Gelder, of the Seaboard National. She had come in late at the third Waldorf reading and had helped at the tea table. She had passed him the macaroons with the rather impertinent observation, "Even a lion must eat, mustn't he?" She was with a tired-eyed young cake eater who had called her Glenna, and on that occasion she had worn sables, which made her look older than she really was.

"Have you pinned me down?" she surprised him by inquiring.

"You're not the kind to be pinned down," he was adroit enough to retort. "I know you're Glenna Van Gelder, and I know you pretty well set the pace for that Piping Rock crowd of yours, and that you rode your own hunter at the horse show. But those aren't the things I really want to know."

"What are the things you want to know?" was her half-diffident query.

"The first thing is, just why you happen to hate me," he found the courage to suggest.

"Leave me my one claim to distinction," she mocked; and again she had the satisfaction of noting his deepening color. "But I don't hate you," she corrected. "I feel rather sorry for you."

"Why?" he asked, meeting her sobering eyes with a forced smile.

"Because you're smothered in women," was her unexpected reply. "You're drowned in them. You're like that Duke of Clarence who tumbled right into his vat of wine. You're so tangled up with petticoats you can't breathe."

The handsome young author laughed, but his laugh was a defensive one.

"Oh, I can still breathe," he protested, with barricading lightness. "And there's always safety, remember, in numbers."

"Is there?" asked the solemn-eyed girl at his side. "Isn't there danger of getting your soul clogged up with talcum powder?"

"I can't see that it's left any knock in the engine," averred the pink-cheeked author. "I still have my two-hour work-out with my trainer every day."

"I know stout ladies who do the same."

He winced, though he laughed as he flexed his arm muscles.

"But I don't know that I'm so drained away," he protested. "And if this wasn't Fifth Avenue I'd make you stop and feel my biceps."

"I'm naturally not arguing about your physique," explained the other, her color slightly heightened. "What I'm thinking about is the mental side of the thing. The female of the species, you see, is so much more deadly than the male, where the real artist is concerned."

"Then you admit I am a real artist?"

"I think you are. But you're being effeminized, without knowing it."

"On the contrary," he proclaimed, "I'm as free as the wind. Whatever I may be, I've at least kept clear of these entangling alliances you're so afraid of."

"Yes, you'd probably see to that," she quietly agreed. "You'd naturally watch your step and guard every move and be a human eel where you saw your freedom threatened. You'd probably never forget yourself. But ——"

"Aren't you being rather brutally frank?" he interrupted, realizing that life held no bitterer draught than the open disdain of a beautiful woman.

"No, generously so," she amended, "when I think of what the others must have been handing out to you. And there's something insidious about this adoring-woman stuff that blights the bigness out of a man. It leaves him vain and vapid. It makes him petty and mincing and more and more like—well, like the gentlemen milliners."

Baran stopped short at that and stood staring down at her.

"You're being remarkably frank," was his acidulated retort as they moved on again up the Avenue. "And I'm going to be equally frank with you. When I first came to this city I wanted to be known as a poet—as a real poet and I nearly starved to death. Then I switched to story writing and, as you probably know, I did a novel or two. It was hard work and it was lonely work, until my Rack of the World kicked up enough dust to have a bureau send me out on a lecture tour."

"Then you once really had a hard time of it?" she ruminated aloud.

"Why should you doubt it?"

"Because you give such an enduring impression of smoothness," said the girl at his side, "that I never thought of the process involved in the polishing."

"Isn't that a bit cruel?" he said after a moment of silence.

"No, it's only candid. But go on about your lecture tour."

"Well, that tour taught me quite a number of things. It knocked some of the timidity out of me and gave me poise. It provided me with the human response that I'd been hungering for. It made me better known. It ——"

"But the right sort of work shouldn't need that sort of tub thumping," interrupted the other.

"On the contrary," contended the author of The Rack of the World, "the better it is, the more it seems to need the brass band to announce it. But my lecturing taught me still another thing. It showed me that as a writer my fate lay in the hands of women, that it was women who paid to hear me speak and women who bought my books. I don't mention this as a virtue or a vice, but as a fact"

"And knowing you had that something which appeals to women, you promptly proceeded to capitalize it."

"I don't seem overweighted with anything that appeals to you," was the young author's slightly embittered response.

"That isn't the point," contended the girl, with the timberline gaze. "I'm not one of the women who happen to be making fools of themselves over you. I'd prefer being one who'd rather not see you making a fool of yourself."

"Why?" challenged the object of her solicitude; and it was the other's turn to show a stronger tinge of color in her cheek.

"Because I know your work," was her slightly retarded answer. "I've followed it from the first."

"And you disapprove of it?"

"No; I like a great deal of it. I was thinking more about you than your product."

"But if I manage to produce the right sort of work does the rest matter? If it's the sick oyster that makes the pearl, shouldn't we be satisfied with getting the pearl?"

"Books aren't pearls and authors aren't oysters," she reminded him.

"Sometimes they're clams," interpolated the none too happy Baran.

"Well, you're anything but that," acceded the other, viewing him with a studiously impersonal gaze. "Yet I don't think a man can climb very high on a ladder of hairpins."

"Perhaps not," admitted her companion. "But I've been long enough in this game to have mighty few illusions left. And those lean years of mine rather taught me the need of feathering my own nest, of making hay while the sun shone."

"Ah, then it's the others you're deluding, and not yourself?" she was merciless enough to demand.

"What would you prefer seeing me do?" he asked, making an effort to keep the rancor out of his voice.

"Real women love a real man," was her sententious retort.

"And how am I to make myself more of a man?" he inquired, with his repeated defensive laugh.

"That's not for me to say," she replied; "but I don't think Tarzans come out of teacups."

"Thank you!" he said, with his jaw set. "You're doing me a lot of good. In fact, you're almost making me hate myself."

"I could never do that," she retorted, with what seemed deliberated malice. "About all I've done is make you hate me."

"On the contrary," he contended, "you're proving that I was right, after all, when I said you were different from the others. There'd be some hope for me, I imagine, if I could see more of you."

"It's not a thing to be jocular over," she reproved.

"What isn't?" he inquired.

"One's immortal soul."

"I wasn't sure I had one left," he said as she came to a stop before the broad white house steps presided over by two sandstone griffins. "But whatever it is, you've helped it a lot. Couldn't I possibly see you again?"

She turned on the step as he stood hat in hand, and studied him long and intently. She let her narrowed gaze rest on the smoothly chiseled brow, on the Apollo-like face with the melancholy seal-brown eyes, on the oversensitive mouth with the heat-lightning quiver of misery about the smiling lips.

"I ride every morning in the park," she said, with an achieved matter-of-factness. "You ride, of course?"

"I was never on a horse in my life," he acknowledged, watching for her smile of triumph; but her face remained solemn.

"You ought to learn," she quietly suggested

"I intend to," he said, with an answering quietness. "In fact, I think I'm going to start tomorrow."

"Why?" she asked, looking down at him from the second step.

"It may help to complete the cure," he reminded her. And he wondered why she smiled as she turned to press a gloved finger against the mother-of-pearl bell button.

II

BARAN'S sense of well-being after his punching-bag work-out and shower and rubdown the next morning was clouded by a shadow which he could not clearly define. Even after his frugal breakfast of grapefruit and toast and coffee, he wandered about the Orientalized big studio, hitching at his rose-colored dressing gown and passing a morose eye over the photographs that adorned his walls. They were all photographs of women, he noticed; there were Valkyr-like opera stars with opulent slashes of ink across their metaled bosoms; there were gazelle-eyed debutantes looking over timid audacities in picket-fence script; there were bolder-eyed ladies with bare shoulders and somewhat inflammatory dedications inscribed across the corners of their silver-framed sepia prints.

Baran's moroseness deepened as he stood before a photograph of Mavis Voeltner with its over-disturbing inscription of "Sincerely—and more." And his eye clouded as it passed on to a second picture of the same lady so foolishly proclaiming itself as "From your permanent friend, Mavis." Such friendships, Baran remembered, never were and never could be permanent, even though Mavis had shown more endurance and more patience than the others. But some day he would have to be frank with Mavis, brutally frank. He would have to be frank with her, he repeated as his gaze moved on to the next ardent young face in its oval of chased sterling, as frank as he had been with Shirley Cranston. Shirley had been his secretary for nearly three months and had fallen into the habit of calling him the *maestro*. She was a bright girl and she had believed in his work, and her belief had been a great help to him. But Shirley had begun to presume on her privileges. The fatal personal element had in some way obtruded itself and the girl with the overardent eyes had grown too openly resentful of Baran's phone calls and his lady visitors. She had even pitched Mrs. Chatellier's violets out of the window and had been rude to Mavis Voeltner and surrendered to tears in the midst of a morning's work, and creative effort demanded quietude. So the *maestro* had been compelled to inform the impetuous Shirley that they could no longer labor together.

After that Baran had reverted to a male typist, a hard-eyed youth halfway through Columbia, who recorded his master's purple passages as impersonally as a ticker emits its tape. But this had been a mistake, for Baran had found those hard eyes with the unsympathetic light in their depths in some way cramping to his style. The man held him down and made him uncomfortable, and it wasn't until the self-obliterating Miss Teetzel took his place that Baran swung back to his earlier stride. For he knew that Miss Teetzel, with all her quietness, believed

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He Quoted Browning and Casually Inquired If He Might Make One Last Ride Together With Her

LET 'EM HIT 'EM

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

Woods Slaps the First Pitch on the Nose Down Short

EVEN if he is the owner of the team, it's my idea that young Marlowe never would have booked the Earl Selden act with the Blue Sox had Bull Grogan been on the job. The chief's not the kind of hen that'll let anybody pick his nest eggs for him. However, he's down South trying to shoo the flu and I'm in charge of the layout temporary, which gives the boss the chance to let his brains play hooky with his property.

Scouting's my line and the manager spot's none of my picking. In fact I'd refused to sit in and would have kept refusing if Marlowe hadn't begged it as a favor, with the clinching argument that the Sox were concreted in fifth place and nothing that I did or didn't the rest of the season could do 'em any more good than harm. Besides, Bull himself had suggested me and I couldn't very well turn down a side-kicker.

I'd been handling the works about a week when Marlowe asks me to drop into his office downtown. When I gets there he's chinning with a slim lad wearing haroldlloyds and looking like a cross between a peddler of uplift books and an afternoon-tea inhaler.

"Meet Mr. Selden," says the boss, "a college friend. He's coming with us."

"Player?" I inquires. "Or in the office?"

"Neither," returns Marlowe. "Earl's a system engineer. He's got a plan to revolutionize baseball."

"Which one?" I asks.

Both of 'em look puzzled

"Well," I explains, "there are at least forty-four of 'em sprung every season, ranging from playing the game without a ball to having the pitching done by a machine. What's yours?"

"My scheme," says Selden, "has a number of details, but the main point is—let 'em hit 'em."

"Too late," I tells him. "It was put into effect in the game with the Tigers this afternoon. We let 'em and they hit 'em. There isn't a whole window outside the ball yard for blocks around."

"I saw the game," comes back Earl. "How many hits did the Tigers make?"

"Seventeen," says I.

"And runs?" he goes on.

"Eight," I answers.

"Correct," snaps Selden, taking a memorandum book from his pocket. "Now listen carefully. Of the hits made, three were home runs, four triples and six doubles, making with the singles a total of forty base hits. For my purposes, we will call everything that advances a man one base a hit. Follow me?"

"I can't tell," says I, "till I've seen my lawyers, but go on."

"Four of the Tigers walked," continued Selden, "two more were hit by pitched balls, two more advanced on passed balls and five bases were stolen. In other words, figuring every movement from base to base a hit for the present, it required fifty-three hits to score eight runs, or an average of more than six bingles for each run."

"Not to mention the bungles," I suggests, sarcastic.

"I am not taking errors into consideration," returns the system engineer, "since even my plan does not as yet do away with them. You see, don't you, when you figure it out, that hitting is not an important factor in winning ball games?"

"No more important," I growls, "than a one in front of a row of zeros."

"Look back on that game this afternoon," urges Selden. "If your mind is clear on it, you will remember that three of the Tigers' runs resulted from bases on balls and men being hit by the pitcher. That leaves them five runs. The Sox scored six. Under my system you would have won today."

"You know what he's talking about?" I asks Marlowe.

"I do," says he. "Under Earl's plan there wouldn't have been any bases on balls, nobody would have been beaned by the pitcher and no bags would have been swiped. The Tigers would have collected only on their clean hits."

"Ever play ball?" I inquires of Selden.

"Never," he comes back; "but I've made a deep study of the game, especially in this league. Do you know that out of one hundred men who get walked to first, either by being hit or by letting four bad ones go by, twenty-seven reach second, thirteen get to third and seven score?"

"No," I grumbles, getting kind of fidgety, "and I don't know what percentage of 'em had their tonsils taken out, either. What does that make me—a prominent society girl?"

"But," goes on Earl, waving a stiff finger, "out of a hundred who get to first on hits, only twenty-one ever reach second, eleven third and five home."

"How do you explain it?" I inquires.

"Facts," says Selden, curt, "don't call for explanations. Those are five-year averages. Don't they prove that batting is not such an important factor in scoring as it is supposed to be?"

"Not to me they don't prove anything of the sort," I shoots back. "After a lad gets to first it takes willow work to weave a run out of him. He can't get around the bases on his girlish figure and he can't sled in on statistics. Anyways, hitting is what the patrons fork up their piasters for."

"Precisely," smiles the engineer, "and that's why I'm going to let them see more of it."

"More of it!" I repeats. "I thought your ——"

"More hitting," cuts in Selden, "more hitting, but less scoring. Understand?"

"Fewer and better runs, eh?" I remarks, with a sneer.

"That's it exactly," comes back Earl. "Eighty per cent of the runs that are made today are a mixture of errors, hit batsmen, bases on balls and wild throws to second."

"And," I adds, "you're going to make 'em pure. This country's sure gone cuckoo on censorship."

"Under my system," continues Earl, "the pitcher will throw the ball over the plate reasonably fast, without curves, breaks or shoots, with the idea in mind of making it an easy matter for the batter to hit it."

"All wet," says I. "We can't do that on account of our contract with the sign company."

"How's that?" asks Marlowe.

"Well," says I, "you don't think those boys are going to paint up a fence every morning just to have it knocked into toothpicks every afternoon, do you?"

"Eight out of every ten balls that are hit," goes on Selden, "will go into the hands of fielders."

"Behave yourself!" I yelps, beginning to get peevish. "With the pitches coming straight over, the binglers'll place the pill wherever they want to, and that'll be where the fielders ain't."

"Think so?" smiles Earl. "How many players do you know that can place a hit?"

"Willie Keeler could," I tells him.

"The fact that you mention one name," comes back Selden, "proves that it's not a general habit at any rate. As a matter of fact, placing hits is piffle. It's just a baseball fable. If a ball was just lobbed up, a batter might be able to; but my pitchers are not going to lob them. A man's habitual stance, inability to time a fast moving object and the ordinary laws of action and reaction would prevent placing."

"Maybe," says I, "but we got a flock of fences in the ball yard and what's going to stop the opposish from placing the old onion over a selection of walls?"

"Many reasons," says the engineer; "the chief one being that I haven't been studying the batters of this league and the Sox pitchers for nothing."

"How?" I inquires.

"I can show you better on the field," replies Selden. "Suppose there is more safe hitting. Won't that be more than balanced by the fact that there will be no bases on balls, no hit batters and a whole lot less stealing, not to

And the Next Thing

mention the added pleasure the fans'll get from a free-slugging game?"

"How do you figure base stealing's going to be cut down?" I wants to know.

"That's simple," says Earl. "When a catcher has to reach for a wide curve or a high or low pitch it takes time for him to get back into the proper position for an accurate throw to second. With such balls as are not hit ——"

"If any," I cuts in.

"If any," he agrees. "—— coming direct into his glove he's all set for a snap to the bag. My statistics show that more games are actually lost by such stunts as trying to catch men off base, walking players on purpose and trying to cut plate edges than through being outhit."

"I'm for trying this scheme out," suggests Marlowe. "What do you think about it, Jim?"

"I got too much respect for my brain," I growls, "even to let it toy with a blah like that. Outside of its being wild-eyed, Selden's plan would take all the science out of baseball."

"On the contrary," interrupts Kid Statistics, "you'll be surprised how much it'll put into the game."

"What's the difference?" urges the young boss. "The season's about over as far as we're concerned and we can't lose anything on the experiment."

"No," I admits, we can't lose anything; "but there's a bevy of thin batting averages in this man's league that'll take on a lot of fat."

"They can't be so thin now," sniffs Marlowe, "on a diet of seventeen hits a day."

II

THE next afternoon before the game I gathers the boys together in the dressing room and breaks the news over their ears.

"We're going to play a hit-and-run game from now on," I finishes. "The visiting girls hit 'em and you run to the fence."

"You mean to say," wails Lefty Finnegan, "that I can't use my fade-away any more?"

"Nope," I tells him. "All you do is play a fast game of catch with the backstop. Pretty soft."

"It may be soft going," returns Finnegan, "but it won't be coming back. I'll be ducking cannon balls all day."

"As a ball player," says I, "you might have a kick coming, but you're a scientific experiment."

"My mother didn't bring me up to be one of them things," growls Lefty. "I've got half a mind ——"

"Fair enough," I cuts in, "for a southpaw. Don't worry, lads," I goes on. "I figure a couple of days'll cure Marlowe and his college chump; and the best way for us to make that sure is to do exactly as he says. If Selden orders you to fill your pockets with eggs before sliding, do it without a peep. Get me? Don't give him a chance to alibi and drag the act along."

"That's all right," grumbles Skippy Carlson, the shortstop, "but we ought to be rigged out in sheet-iron shin guards if we're going to lay 'em over for the sluggers."

"What we'll need worse than that," remarks Grayson, the center fielder, "is an expert splinter picker. I expect to bring most of the fence back in my skin after an afternoon's work."

"How about a rocking-chair for me?" grins Wills, the catcher. "This system ought to give me a swell chance to get ahead with my tat work."

Selden shows up a few minutes before game time, brisk and businesslike.

"Who's slated to pitch?" he asks, snappy.

"Feeney," I tells him. "A youngster we just got from ——"

"Won't do," cuts in Earl. "Use Howell. I know his rate."

"His who?" I asks.

"Rate of average speed per second with wind allowance," answers the engineer tersely. "That's Howell warming up over there, isn't it?"

It is, and we both walk over to where the big right-hander's working out. I slips him a wink.

"A little faster," orders Selden, and after a couple of heaves—"That's it. Can you hold that pace?"

"All day," comes back the pitcher. "Want more smoke?"

"No," says Earl, "nor less. No change of speed and straight across the plate between the neck and the knees. No curves, no spitters, nothing on the ball. Now throw five and I'll time you." With which he drags a split-second stop watch from his pocket. "Good!" exclaims Selden, after the pitches. "Not a shade difference between them. I'll arrange to signal you if your pace changes or the wind varies."

"Do I understand," I asks, after we moves away, "that you want Howell to throw the same to each of the Tigers?"

I Pipes the Ball Rolling Away

"He's not throwing to each of the Tigers," explains Earl. "He's throwing to an average Tiger."

"What," I remarks, "couldn't be clearer!"

"It ought to be plain enough," says the system baby. "From my studies of the team, I have ascertained its mean bat force—that is to say, I know the average amount of power put behind each Tiger swing. Having these data, all I have to do is to regulate Howell's pitch force."

"What then?" I inquires.

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I Sees He's Lying Flat on the Ground

COCKATOOS AND OTHERS

Ruffled Feathers and Affronted Dignity

By Kenneth L. Roberts

A LARGE sulphur-crested cockatoo drew himself along the top of the cockatoo cage in the National Zoological Park with the assistance of his beak, cleverly transferred himself to one of the upright iron rods that support the roof, elevated his sulphur-colored crest in a sternly dignified manner, and slid gravely down the rod, emitting wild and ear-splitting shrieks for no apparent reason.

The other cockatoos in the cage gazed meditatively and silently at the sky or thoughtfully scratched the backs of their heads with their claws, and were obviously uninterested in the raucous and heart-rending shrieks of the cockatoo who so proudly utilized the rod as an elevator.

David Augustus Flack, big-game hunter, former United States Minister to Bessarabia and author of that scholarly and illuminating scientific treatise, Why Widows Winter in Washington, leaned against the iron rail surrounding the cage and viewed the screeching cockatoo with a cold and unsympathetic eye.

"You have doubtless been told," said Mr. Flack, raising his voice so that it could be heard above the cockatoo's strident clamor, "that almost every human being bears a striking facial or physical resemblance to some bird or animal or fish. It is possible that this is true; but it seems to me that any such resemblance is a minor detail. If someone announces importantly that the Secretary of Education or the Prosecutor General looks like a gnu or a kippered herring, the natural comment should be 'What of it?'

"If, however, somebody is able to announce that the actions of the Prosecutor General are strikingly similar to those of the common white jellyfish, which, as is well known, uncomplainingly acts as shelter and shade provider to vast numbers of young codfish soon after their emergence from the egg or roe, then the world has received some valuable information concerning the Prosecutor General and is better able to decide what attitude it shall take toward him.

"Out of the thousands and thousands of persons who toil for the War Department and the Department of Commerce and the Department of State and the Department of the Interior and all the other government departments, there are probably many who are supposed to resemble lions and many who resemble weasels and many who resemble owls, and so on; but unfortunately their actions bear little resemblance to the animals they are supposed to resemble. They aren't allowed to vote, because they live in the District of Columbia; and they aren't allowed to take part in politics; and although there are no rules which forbid them to speak their minds on subjects connected with their departments, they usually shake all over at the very thought of ever doing such a rash thing."

The Vice President and Mrs. Dawes, March 4, 1925

The Habits of the Cockatoo

"ONCE in a while an independent spirit like Gen. Billy Mitchell emerges from a department in a violent rage and makes a terrific and care-free yell against something that he conceives to be unjust and improper; and as a result there is trembling in other Washington departments at the thought of his insubordination and recklessness."

Mr. Flack drew from his pocket the jeweled cigarette case presented to him by the King of Montenegro in return for his kind offices in teaching the young princesses how to talk the language of the galloping ivories, and extracted therefrom one of his private brand of cigarettes, made from pure Bessarabian tobacco, which, though it is one of the rarest and finest of tobaccos, throws off when ignited an effluvium that is occasionally mistaken for a case of incipient spontaneous combustion in a feather mattress.

When he had lighted it he blew a mouthful of smoke toward the now quiet occupants of the cockatoo cage, whereupon they raised their crests angrily and burst into furious and deafening screams.

"The United States Senate," said Mr. Flack, shaking his head despairingly at the furious squallings of the cockatoos, "is a proud and leonine body in the minds of many of its own members; but I have made a close and dispassionate study of that more or less impressive aggregation of loud-speakers; and in the interests of science and truth I am obliged to state that it is at times little like a gathering of lions, but very similar indeed to a cageful of sulphur-crested cockatoos.

"The lion does very little roaring except at mealtimes, whereas the cockatoo is squalling and screaming all day long, off and on. The cockatoo screams just to hear itself scream; and it does its most prolific screaming when its cage is surrounded by a large crowd of amused but suffering spectators. When one cockatoo is busy screaming all the other cockatoos sit with blank, beady black eyes that are busy only with their own affairs, or waddle around the cage taking mean nips at each other in a singularly stupid and unreasonable manner. They hurry from one side of the cage to the other, land with a great thump and fluffing out of feathers, stick out their chests importantly, and then rush back to the other side of the cage and go through the same edifying and enlightening program.

"I mention this fact because of the loud and discordant screams of anguish that arose from some of the most cockatooish members of the United States Senate when Vice President Dawes shook his fist at them on Inauguration Day and told them in a hard-boiled voice some things about the Senate rules, and clearly indicated that the good old Senate custom that permits any and all senators to speak on any old subject at any old time should be—and would be, if he had his way about it—gently but firmly pushed out of the picture and tossed in the boneyard along with silk mantelpiece covers, bident corsets, herdics, wooden battleships and zinc bathtubs."

The Most Famous Pipe in the Country

Senatorial Indictments

MR. FLACK blew another mouthful of smoke toward the cockatoo cage, and three of the cockatoos promptly burst into deafening shrieks, two more hung by their beaks from one of the crossbars and writhed in apparent agony, another bit himself venomously on the foot, and all the others stared at each other and at nothing in particular with an expression in their eyes that could be interpreted as apprehension, disgust, malevolence or despair, depending on the state of mind of the interpreter.

"I have made a careful compilation of the reasons that caused some senators to break the long-distance screaming record after General Dawes had so tersely and vivaciously pointed out a few things to them on the fourth of March. Briefly they are as follows:

"First, they claimed that General Dawes' speech was an affront to the dignity of the greatest deliberative body in the world.

"Second, that it was in very bad taste.

"Third, that it was delivered at a most inappropriate and inauspicious time.

"Fourth, that he had no right to criticize the rules of the Senate until he had presided over that body for a proper length of time and familiarized himself with the rules.

"Fifth, that by attacking the Senate's procedure he antagonized so many senators that they will refuse to change the rules during his incumbency.

"Sixth, that it wasn't his business to try to change the rules.

"Seventh, that if the Senate rules are changed the only remaining stronghold of free speech will be destroyed and many bad laws will be rushed through in a hurry."

Mr. Flack lighted another cigarette and gazed contemplatively at a cockatoo that stood on the ground emitting wild shrieks for no apparent reason except its own amusement. "Surely," said he, "it ought to be possible for anyone

to see the similarity between that bird and a senator conducting a one-man filibuster.

"It ought to be equally apparent that the Senate's seven reasons for objecting to General Dawes' cheery little speech of greeting and admonition are about as worthless as a tonsil—and for the following reasons:

"First, it wasn't an affront to the dignity of the Senate, because the Senate, by its own acts, has ceased to be dignified. Later I shall have a little more to say on the subject of senatorial dignity.

"Second, the Senate is not competent to decide whether it was or was not in bad taste, any more than a naughty boy is competent to decide whether or not a parent or a teacher has been guilty of bad taste in telling him to stop being naughty.

"Third, it was delivered at the most appropriate and auspicious moment that could have been selected, provided that the Vice President made his speech for the purpose of getting results, and not for the purpose—which actuates so many senators in their speechmaking—of listening to his own mellifluous voice. He picked the moment when he couldn't be interrupted; when practically every senator was not only present, but anchored to his seat and forced to listen whether he wanted to or not—a condition that he won't encounter again until his term of office is finished; when every great newspaper in America was represented in the press gallery by a correspondent who was aching for something to write about—and who received the Dawesian observations with eager gurgles of delight and gratitude; when the presence of the President, the Supreme Court, the diplomatic corps, the Cabinet, the heads of the Army and the Navy and the full membership of the House of Representatives gave assurance to the country that the changes demanded by the Vice President were of the utmost importance. And furthermore—though this reason has little weight with his critics—he selected the only occasion when a Vice President is entitled to address the Senate on a subject of his own choosing."

Will He Get Away With It?

"FOURTH, no man has to be a member of the United States Senate to know that that body is hampered by the most archaic set of rules under which any modern deliberative body attempts to do business—a set of rules which is as out of place in the Senate as a one-cylinder automobile engine of 1902 vintage would be in a modern airplane.

"Fifth, it is true that his speech antagonized some senators to such an extent that they will refuse to change the rules. Many of them know that the rules ought to be changed, and they have been refusing to change them for years past. Hitherto they have merely refused without giving a reason; now they will refuse because they don't like Dawes. This is one of the reasons why at times the Senate gives the people of the United States such a long poignant pain.

"Sixth, Dawes was elected to preside over the Senate; so it would seem to be as much his business to try to get the Senate rules changed as it is anybody's. Various senators of distinction and judgment have attempted in the past few years to put an end to the state of affairs which permits a loose-tongued senator to rise to his feet day after day and stop all proceedings by ranting about nothing in particular; but they have never been successful. The object of trying to change rules is to change rules. If senators of ability and high standing are unable to change Senate rules when they try to do so, then somebody who can get away with it should be permitted to make the attempt. Whether Dawes will get away with it is something that nobody can say; but those who are familiar with his experiences in getting supplies for the American Army in France, resisting partisan investigations into his war expenditures and fighting the political attacks that were made on the budget system when he was installing it, will be glad to lay a number of small bets that by the time he gets through fighting the Senate there will be an enormous number of contusions and torn nether garments.

"Seventh, neither Dawes nor any of the sensible senators who have been trying to change the Senate rules in the past are trying to interfere with free speech. They are trying to stop fool speech—the interminable yawping by licensed senatorial bores and malcontents on every imaginable subject under the sun. The outbreaks of fool talk have become so frequent and so continuous in the past few years that sensible senators desert the Senate Chamber in disgust and hesitate to utilize for purposes of serious debate the few precious moments that remain when the bores and malcontents have stopped.

"By far the most serious charge that was brought against Dawes by insulted senators after he had expressed himself on the subject of Senate rules was the one to the effect that 'it wasn't so much what he said as the way he said it.'

"The inference that must be drawn from this particular objection is that the Senate wouldn't have minded being told by General Dawes that it was a body with rules so ancient that Noah wouldn't have permitted them to be used in the Ark Debating Society, but that when he shook his fist at them and raised his voice above the conversational tones sanctioned by polite society in Chicago, Indianapolis, Des Moines, St. Louis and other highly elevated centers of civilization, they at once were deeply pained and grossly insulted.

"Fortunately for Dawes and the rest of the country, but unfortunately for the persons who protest against the Dawesian objectives in government, he has never been able to attack boneheadedness, pettiness and narrow-mindedness in the same dulcet tones that are used by the pretty little flower girls in our best restaurants.

"Until Charles Gates Dawes came along and set his Budget Bureau to work, the opponents of the old government custom of loosely appropriating the taxpayers' money had been content to stand timidly on the edges of Washington assemblages and say politely to senators and representatives and cabinet officers: 'Oh, please, sir! Do not spend so much money! Really, sir! You are spending too much money; and everyone would be very much better off if you wouldn't be so inefficient and extravagant!'

"That, however, was before the arrival of Charles Gates Dawes. When Charles Gates Dawes arrived he did not, to any noticeable extent, stand timidly on the edges of assemblages and gently ask cabinet officers and senators and representatives to economize.

"He leaped abruptly and passionately into their midst, dealt the nearest table top a series of death blows with his clenched fist, pulled his head down into his collar like a large pale stork, and instantly began to announce precisely what he wanted in a loud, mean, rasping, penetrating voice."

The Vice President in His Work Room at the Capitol

No Lisping

"WHY it was that he didn't lisp and speak in a falsetto voice can probably be understood by everyone except those senators and others who don't like his voice. He wanted economy—bang—and efficiency—bang—and more teamwork—bang—and less waste—bang, bang, bang! Any pinhead that wasn't willing to give it to him—bang—could get out! Any blankety-blanked pinhead that wanted to argue the point—bang—could start cleaning out his

(Continued on Page 125)

The Presidential Party Reviews the Inaugural Parade From the Stand at the White House

LIGHT REFRESHMENTS

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

The Most Powerful Medicine Ever Invented, Plain Anno Domini

THE first fiat of the Creator was "Let there be light." The beautiful Hymn of Creation, which opens the book of Genesis runs:

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.

"And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. . . .

"And God said, Let there be light, and there was light."

Poetry in which, like most Oriental verse, there is a rime, or echoing refrain, of ideas instead of words, of thoughts instead of sounds. As again:

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

Quite like our modern free verse, except that it's poetry.

From the day that we first open our eyes to the light, to the evening when with dropped lids "into the night go one and all," we are every hour literally turning to the light and its great source for ourselves and for our children; for our health, for our crops, for our flocks and herds; for the path of our ships on the trackless seas, for guidance, for the hours of our toil or travel, in worship and in sacrifice.

But with all this we have had the feeling that this empire of glorious light was outside us, that it played only upon the surface of our bodies, and never soaked into us or reached the marrow of our bones. It literally left us cold.

Life-Giving Processes

WE KNEW, of course, in an abstract impersonal way, that all our foods were literally bottled sunshine, caught and canned by our clever hard-working little country cousins, the plants. For these, by countless ages of patient labor and experiment, have bred and trained the magic green converter, or catalyst, chlorophyll—Greek for "green plant"—to harness the limitless power of the sun to their task. With this green wizard, whose verdant hue supplies all the flood of green which fills valley and field and forest, their leaves can build up carbon dioxide from the air—popularly called carbonic acid, the well-known fizz of our soda fountains—and water from the soil into our great white fuel food and staff of life, starch, the original light bread, with apologies for the play on words.

Then we eat their aerated bread, their solidified soda water, with relish and gusto, and release its imprisoned sunshine to turn our body mill. Every scrap of our food is canned sunshine at second hand from plants, or at third hand from animals which have eaten the plants. But even this clear demonstration that it is sunlight by which we live and move and have our being doesn't illuminate us much. It may be chemically true, and clearly visible to the inward eye of faith of the biophysicist, that we are literally a pillar of fire by day and a pillow of down by night; but there's nothing visible to the naked eye about it, no sign of fire from our internal volcano, or even of smoke. All these miraculous and life-giving processes are carried out the wet way, as the chemists say, and there are no more fireworks displays in our bodies than in a bowl of mush and milk.

Even when we are informed that these clever little chlorophyll wizards, in building the smoke of the volcano and the salt spray of the sea into starch, sugar, nuts, honey, wood, fruits, cotton, the beauty of the grass, the glory of the flower and the grandeur of the forest, produce chemical changes, all absolutely in the cold, which, outside of the living cell, would require fierce temperatures of 1500 degrees Fahrenheit and pressures of many atmospheres, we utterly fail to be impressed. Any miracle which is repeated twenty times a day is no longer a miracle.

A Plucky Experiment

INDEED, it was only a few decades ago that we began to take the light rays seriously and try to make use of them directly for our own benefit. Of course, we had known for scores of centuries that a certain amount of exposure to the sun, a brief daily bath in the light stream, was good for our health. As the Italians pithily put it, "Where the sun never comes, the doctor often comes"—and a score of other languages echo the sentiment. But we paid little practical attention to the matter until after we were sick, and went calmly on making our homes—first of all in holes in the ground called caves, or in temples of the gods, which were really tombs, or in houses, most of which until about half a century ago, showed unmistakable signs of their origin and bred most damnably true to ancestral type. Rosy cheeks among the fashionable were considered bad form; a becoming pallor was the proper mode.

And we doctors were just as bad as the rest up to half a century ago; nothing was farther from our thoughts than any serious or systematic use of the life-giving rays of the sun in the cure of disease. Our textbooks of materia medica were crammed with poisons, emetics and purges, with preposterous and nauseating magic charms and potions and blisterings and bleedings to exhaustion, but not one gleam of sunshine to lighten the gloom for our luckless patients.

Incredible as it may seem, it was less than a century ago, when Dr. George Boddington, of Sutton Coldfield, near Birmingham, England, greatly daring, began to put his consumptive patients out-of-doors and keep them there day and night, with the result that the first cures in 2000 years were effected, that light and open air were formally and definitely applied to the treatment of disease. It was our first resort, our earliest appeal for aid to the great elemental forces of Nature; and how nobly and triumphantly she responded is on every tongue and on the pages of every handbook of health. It would be meaningless to say that more progress had been made toward wiping out tuberculosis in the years since Doctor Boddington's plucky experiment than in all the history of the world before, because up to that time no progress whatever had been made, except like a crab—backward. But his defiance of ancient precedent was so startling and his shocking success, dead against all the rules of the game, so scandalized his medical brethren that they practically put him out of business; and the open-air cure had to wait long years till it was again "invented" by Walther and carried to its world triumph.

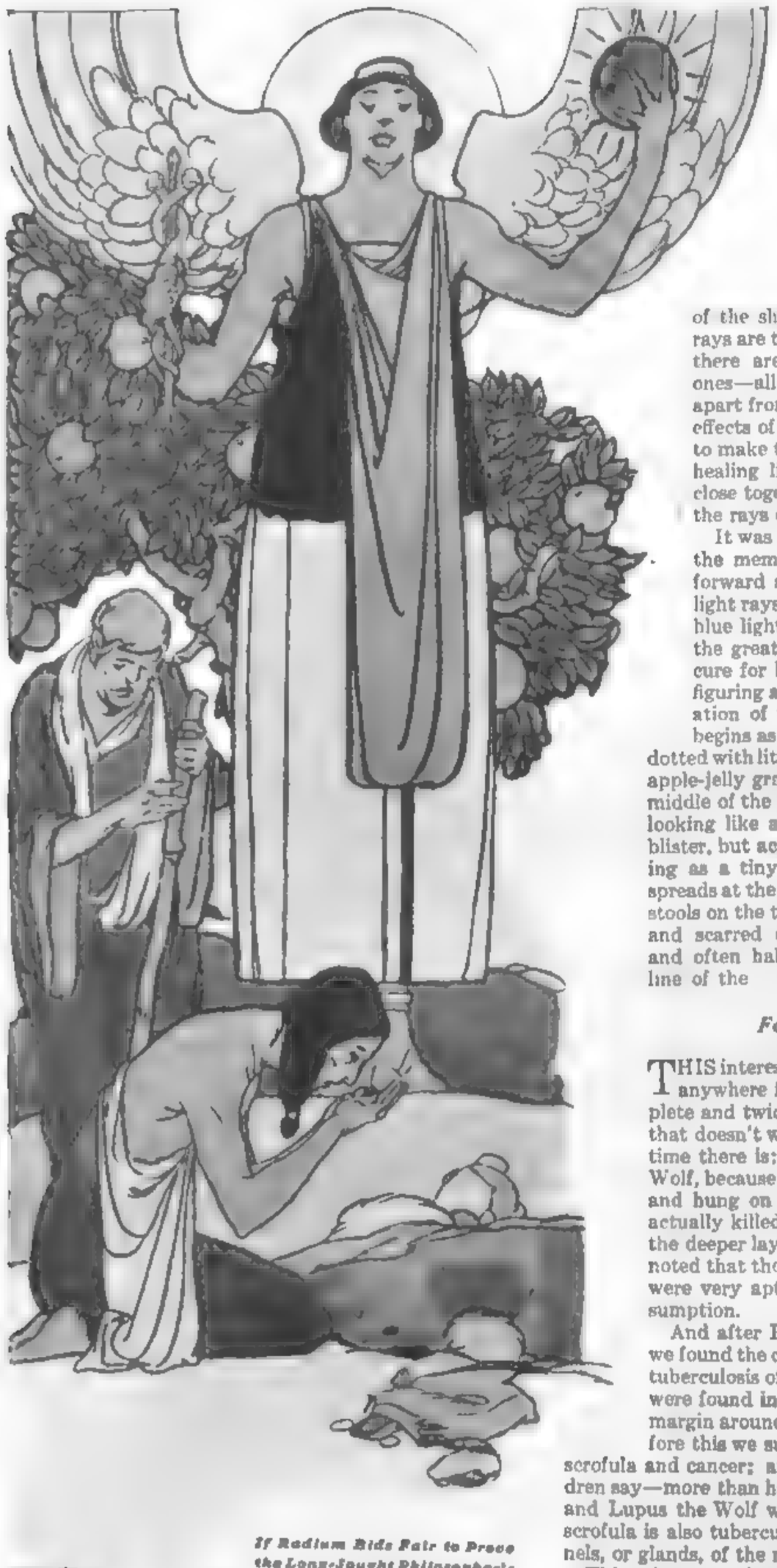
Dr. Boddington's simple, brave, straightforward move was like President Roosevelt's masterly recognition of the embryo republic of Panama the moment it cracked the shell. As he himself put it, we had had 300 years of polite, diplomatic and senatorial conversation, but no canal. Our day of action and a canal within a year.

As everyone knows, the white plague, in the past three decades, has been three-quarters wiped out, degraded from the rank of Captain of the Men of Death to a mere corporal in the fourth or fifth file, while grave and reverend insurance-company statisticians, with the sternest and most hard-boiled disregard of everything save the cold dead figures on the paper before them, are talking of the passing of tuberculosis.

If this be the result of the application of light to the cure of disease, or phototherapy, as we term it in our pompous Greek, that is practically hail and farewell to "that dire disease whose ruthless power withers beauty's transient flower." Small wonder we are eager to apply the same method to other plagues and that our therapeutic cry today is "Light! More light!"

This now famous and familiar method is commonly known as the open-air treatment of consumption, but the open part is quite as important as the air. Certain it is that we cannot secure anything like such rapid improvement in even the most superbly ventilated of rooms, within four walls and under a roof, as upon open-air porches; or, better still, where storms permit, under awnings or tent flaps; and we have long noted that patients gain most rapidly and substantially when they acquire a good coat of tan.

On the other hand, we have long been puzzled by the apparent contradiction that consumptives do not thrive so well upon closed sun porches, surrounded on all sides and often roofed by glass, where they could get all the sunlight there was, as on ordinary, open, unglazed sleeping porches with wooden or other opaque roofs. But this puzzle has now been solved by the recent strange paradoxic discovery that the curative rays or parts of sunlight are completely cut off or filtered out by ordinary window glass. Incredible as it may sound, the most perfectly transparent of plate glass is still opaque. For "transparent" only



If Radium Bids Fair to Prove the Long-Sought Philosopher's Stone, Transmuting Base Metals Into Gold, May Not the Dark Glow of the Violet Rays Guide Our Feet to the Fabled Fountain of Eternal Youth?

means letting through all the light rays, and this curative light is dark—that is to say, it is not visible to our eyes, cannot be detected by our retinas.

It is not strictly true that the only light of the body is the eye; and even though the light that is in us be darkness, it may still cure us of tuberculosis or rickets. There is actually more curative power in the gray light of a cloudy day out-of-doors than in the air of a glazed sun parlor facing full south and flooded with sunshine.

On the other hand, we have been caught upon the opposite horn of the dilemma by finding that when, on the familiar principle "if a little is good, more's better," we have arranged regular, full sun baths for our patients on roofs or mountain tops, where they can bask in the sunlight almost in a state of Nature, we get little better results than at sea level and in ordinary clothing. Indeed, unless very carefully watched, not a few patients were made distinctly worse by prolonged exposure, and they complained of headache, eye ache, dizziness, rise of temperature to fever heat, depression and loss of appetite—mild forms of sunstroke in fact, even though the air was cold and snow on the ground and the sunlight just pleasantly warm.

But of late years this riddle has been solved by the discovery that literally even "that glorious light of heaven, the sun," has spots on it, and that some of the shining arrows in its quiver of light rays are tipped with poison. In other words, there are bad light rays as well as good ones—all this, of course, in addition to and apart from the painfully familiar heat-stroke effects of the heat rays of the sunlight. And to make the situation more perplexing, these healing light rays and the hurtful ones are close together in the spread, or spectrum, of the rays of sunlight.

It was not until twenty years later, within the memory of many of us, that the next forward step was made in the utilization of light rays in medicine. This was the famous blue light of Finsen, of Copenhagen, which the great Danish scientist put forward as a cure for lupus. Lupus is an extremely disfiguring and annoying form of shallow ulceration of the skin of the face and neck. It begins as a small sore spot with raised edges, dotted with little clear brown sagolike seeds, called apple-jelly granules. It appears generally on the middle of the cheek, or round the lips or nostrils, looking like a common little cold sore or fever blister, but acting like a devil unchained. Starting as a tiny patch, it heals in the center but spreads at the edges, just like a fairy ring of toadstools on the turf of a meadow, until it has seared and scarred over the whole side of the face and often half the neck as well, below the line of the

Four Main Types

THIS interesting colonization process takes anywhere from one to five years to complete and twice as many more to cure. But that doesn't worry the disease; it has all the time there is; and it was called Lupus the Wolf, because it locked its teeth in the throat and hung on till kingdom come. It never actually killed, because it never ate through the deeper layer of the skin, but we long ago noted that those whose necks it had gripped were very apt to develop and die of consumption.

And after Pasteur and Koch came along we found the clew—lupus was tuberculosis—tuberculosis of the skin, and the deadly bugs were found in abundance on the advancing margin around the apple-jelly granules. Before this we supposed it something between scrofula and cancer; and we were warm, as the children say—more than half right—for Cancer the Crab and Lupus the Wolf were a well-matched pair, and scrofula is also tuberculosis—tuberculosis of the kernels, or glands, of the neck.

This gives us the four main types of the great white plague in the order of their increasing deadliness. These types are:

Tuberculosis of the skin, lupus;

Tuberculosis of the kernels—glands—scrofula, or struma;

Tuberculosis of the bones, hunchback, hip-joint disease, white swelling of the knee and other joints;

Tuberculosis of the lungs, consumption.

And all of them curable by sunlight!

Of all diseases of the skin, lupus was one of the most obstinate, and was well-nigh incurable. In fact, it belonged in the third and last class of skin affections, according to the historic classification which divided them into three groups—"those that sulphur would cure, those that mercury would cure, and those that the devil himself couldn't cure."

It was more chronic than the seven-year itch and the methods used against it were radical and desperate in proportion. Burning with red-hot irons, painting with pure carbolic acid or with vitriol, coating with eroding arsenical zinc and other caustic pastes, curetting, or scraping away with a sharp-edged surgical spoon—everything in fact short of musketry and hand grenades.

The Finsen Light for Lupus

WHEN we were invited to throw down our deadly weapons and attack this ravening wolf with a few rays of diluted sunlight, from which not only all the heat but all the colors which even looked like heat—red, orange and yellow—had been filtered out by passing through blue glass, our astonishment bordered upon derision. Surely this was trying to kill it with kindness, to treat it by moral suasion and mental impression and appeal to its better nature. But Finsen was so modestly confident, so quietly convincing, and could show such beautiful results, quick healing, no pain, no disfiguring scars, that we were soon converted to his method, and lupus was put on the toboggan slide. Today it has well-nigh disappeared from our more intelligent and fortunate social strata and survives chiefly among the foreign-born dwellers in the slums of our great cities and factory towns and in remote country and mountain districts or in fishing villages or on Indian reservations.

The reason why we have been able to make such a gratifying sweep of lupus is that all the guilty bugs lay right on the surface, just barely covered by the outermost layer of the skin, so that they had no more privacy than a goldfish in a bowl, and we could turn the deadly violet rays upon them

(Continued on Page 51)

In the Days When the More Abominably a Remedy Tasted and Smelled the Bigger Medicine It Was

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

The Seas Ran Heavier and Less Sparkling. Under Her Lofty Canvas the Ship Stormed Through Them With a Dizzy Reeling Lurch

"It was on a Blackwaller I first served my time;
Way-hay, blow the man down!
'Twas on a Blackwaller I wasted my prime,
Oh, give us some time, we'll blow the man down!"

By Captain Dingle

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"THAT'S well, m'lads. Now the fore t'gallant," shouted Dick Buckley, new chief mate of the Leander, piling the sail on after dropping the tug outside Port Phillip.

The ship was bound home around the Horn, and Buckley was full of ardor. He had a right to be. After a spell of hard luck in Australia, through accident and no fault of his own, he had landed his first berth as chief mate. In a good ship too. He had seen that at first, while she still lay in the Yarra-Yarra. She more than justified his judgment as soon as she felt the pull of her canvas.

He had heard tales about the Old Man, of course. Every shipmaster in the trade was subject for tales. But Captain Truefit seemed all right. A bit over urbane, perhaps; oily possibly; but civil enough, and pleasant to talk to when talk was proper. Even if he turned out to be saint ashore and devil at sea, like many a sailing-ship commander, Dick Buckley didn't mean to let that worry him. He was a step nearer a command; and that meant a step nearer the day when he meant to ask an important question of the girl he had left behind him at home. He had no misgivings regarding her answer.

"When a Blackwaller she comes into dock;
Way-hay, blow the man down!
The lads and the lasses all down to her flock,
Give us some time, we'll blow the man down!"

"That'll do. Belay that. Now a small pull on the braces all round." The mate led his men, and the ship responded like a live creature to the added sail and the improved trim. Stowed well with a wool cargo, sound and tight, clean under water and able to carry sail with the best, the Leander started out on her long passage leaning briskly to a bold breeze which sent the sprays high about her bows and kept the seas roaring along her lee side.

There was a passenger aft—a Mr. Forman, who was making the trip home in a sailing ship for his health, he said. He looked pretty healthy too; and he looked on at the business of taking the ship to sea with an interest quite keen for a landsman. It was interest, not curiosity; there is a difference. Mr. Forman gave polite replies to the smiling chat of Captain Truefit, but it was upon the sailors, and Dick Buckley, and Mr. Snow, the second mate, that his eye fastened. At times, when the captain stepped to scan the compass, checking bearings as the land slid by, the passenger glanced after him as if watching for something. But his gaze always flashed to the sailorly work again. Perhaps he, too, had heard gossip about the Old Man.

"Mr. Forman, will you step below for a moment?" the captain smiled presently. The ship was clothed in gleaming sail to the trucks; men were coiling up the gear and putting all about the decks shipshape. The mate was on the poop, and the ship had sea room. The passenger followed the skipper down the companionway. "I have a custom, sir, a pleasant little habit if you prefer, of drinking a glass to the success of the passage," Truefit said. "Just one. I never take more. And I don't touch the bottle again until next sailing day. I'd be honored to have you join me, mister."

Forman nodded. It was a pleasant little touch, and fitted the occasion and his mood. He drank a glass of good brandy, and looked into the skipper's eyes over the rim

"A very good custom, captain," he agreed. "Very good. If all shipmasters confined their drinking to a harmless glass on sailing day, the service would be the better for it My wishes for a splendid passage, sir."

Buckley walked on air. He stood his watch with all the enthusiasm of a youngster first permitted to take charge. His pacing to and fro was punctuated only by two periods. At the wheel he paused, scanning the nicety with which the course was steered; at the forward rail of the poop he stood an instant with hands gripping the teak while he scrutinized every clew and leech. Mr. Forman stood inside the companion house on the first night out, smoking his after-supper cigar, watching the figure of the mate as it eclipsed the reeling stars in passing back and forth. Buckley spoke to the helmsman, very softly, and the man gave the helm a spoke or two. Buckley himself slacked off two feet of the spanker sheet, then stood upright and scanned the ship's wake. Forman stepped outside and joined him.

"You seem to know the ship pretty well, Mr. Buckley."

Buckley laughed pleasantly. "A sailor ought to know his ship, sir."

"But I thought you had just joined."

"I have. But a lot can be learned about a ship in a couple of watches if a fellow cares to learn."

"I suppose so," said Forman, puffing fragrant smoke down the wind, looking away from the mate. "About men, too, eh?"

"Men are not so easy," laughed Buckley softly. "Men have a brain, where a ship has only a soul."

"You're quite a philosopher, aren't you?" Forman chuckled, with a keen glance. "I expect you know men pretty well, too, eh?"

"Some."

"How about your crew, then? They looked to average up fairly well, I thought. I've heard so much about the rotten crews you get in sailing ships, that ——"

"The men are not to blame, sir. It isn't much of a life to attract high-grade men."

"Whose is the fault, Mr. Buckley? Masters? Owners?"

"Both at times," returned the mate shortly.

Forman puffed away for a moment, and Buckley walked aft. When he returned the passenger asked quietly, "Do you think Captain Truefit a capable man? There were some funny stories about him in Melbourne."

"I have no opinions about my superior officer, Mr. Forman, and I have heard no tales," retorted Buckley shortly, and walked away again and remained away.

Forman chuckled as he tossed his cigar butt into the boiling wake and went down to his bunk.

Just for a moment after the passenger left the deck Dick Buckley let his mind wander. He recalled some of the tales about the skipper of the Leander; how he never kept a mate more than a voyage, and many times not that long; of how more than one man with a fine record before joining the Leander had dropped out of sight afterward, his career ruined. All these things he had been told, and all were laid at the door of Captain Truefit. But the ship was a flier, the food was reasonably good in port, and so far as could be seen the Old Man left things pretty much to the mate. It was funny, though, that Mr. Forman had broached the question of those tales about him.

"Passenger's curiosity," Buckley decided. "That's the worst of passengers in a windjammer. Not enough to do. Too much time for tattling. Ship's all right. I've been in worse"

Days of brilliant weather and spanking breezes sped the ship along her lonely way. Days so much alike that the regular sequence of tranquillity wore upon the nerves of the passenger until he begged the skipper to permit him to stand a trick at the wheel.

"I was at sea a bit, and I can steer," he asserted.

It was in the mate's watch that Mr. Forman stood his first trick; and Dick Buckley watched him closely and a bit impatiently, for he was tender on the subject of steering. He had fallen in love with his new ship, and knew how much difference good or indifferent helmsmanship could make.

One had only to compare the log readings in his watch with those in the second mate's to see that. But after five minutes of watching, the mate relaxed his attention with a soft slow smile and nodded at Forman.

"Any time you go broke, sir, you can ship with me," he said, and Forman laughed.

"You'd be surprised if I took you up, Mr. Buckley. I can think of lots of things less pleasant."

The passenger seemed, in fact, very well impressed with the Leander's chief mate. Not that Dick Buckley allowed that to influence his attitude while on watch. For the four hours of the regular watches, or the two hours of whichever dogwatch he stood, Buckley was every inch the ship's officer, and permitted no advance from Mr. Forman which would in any way usurp his attention from his duty. But sometimes, while the ship drove steadily forward under all plain sail, leaving a foaming wake astern and requiring no care other than a close attention to the steering, Dick Buckley would spend his rest hours with the passenger, snug in the corner of the weather bulwarks and the poop ladder, smoking a good cigar, chatting freely of his hopes and ambitions. Mr. Forman was keenly interested in all phases of the sea, it appeared. He claimed he was making a study of men and conditions, in the hope that some day he might use the knowledge so gained to good advantage. Dick told him about his girl, Jean, so proudly waiting for him. Boyishly, he brought her picture out one dogwatch

"No wonder you're happy," smiled the passenger. "There's a girl to tie to, indeed. I wish you luck and happiness without end, Buckley."

"I think my luck's in at last," laughed Buckley. "Those who had yarns to spin about the ship in Melbourne must have been in want of something to cackle about."

"You're satisfied? Nothing the matter with anything?"

"You can see for yourself, sir. Have you seen anything out of the way? I've seen smarter crews, but a crew, after all, is pretty much what a mate makes 'em."

"Second mate?"

"He's young. Can't expect everything. He might be a bit more lively on the relief, but take him by and large ——"

"He's all right, eh?" chuckled Forman.

He was watching the mate closely without seeming to do so, and there was a warm glow in his eyes. It was refreshing to come across a young fellow so full of enthusiasm for his work, so unwilling to find fault. He recalled that first day out, and the reply he had received when fishing for an opinion regarding Captain Truefit. Truefit had not appeared on deck for two days, pleading sickness, leaving the navigation to the mate, who had been glad of the opening.

"You don't believe there might have been something in the tales about the Old Man either? Don't think his sickness is "

"Captain Truefit has every right to remain in his berth when he's indisposed, Mr. Forman, and it is no business of mine to discuss him," returned Buckley shortly, and took himself off with a curt nod.

Another day dawned under a sky of slaty heaviness, and there was a bite in the air. The men turned out wearing sea boots; a few wore jerseys. The seas ran heavier and less sparkling. Under her lofty canvas the ship stormed through them with a dizzy reeling lurch which every now and then dipped her high rail and filled the main deck with foaming water.

The second mate had called Buckley an hour before his time, uneasy about the ship, fearful to take in sail, afraid to carry it. The mate glanced aloft and all around the sea. He was well satisfied with the ship's behavior.

"Ought to take in the royals," the second mate muttered.

"She'll carry them for hours yet. Is that what you roused me out for? Good Lord!"

Captain Truefit appeared, with a dressing gown wrapped about him over his bedclothes, and sent a rolling eye all about him. He was highly colored, and bore himself with tremendous dignity. When he spoke he uttered ponderous and precise sentences.

"The ship is overpressed. I was thrown from my bed. Who has the watch?"

"I'm on watch, sir," replied Mr. Snow eagerly. "I called the mate because I thought the royals ought to come in, but he says let her carry 'em, sir."

A knot of men with the boson were securing the booby hatch against the growing weight of the boarding seas. They were immediately beneath the poop rail. Mr. Forman came from below and stood in the companionway door, peering into the vague dawn before venturing outside. He, too, had sensed something out of the usual in the ship's motion. But his eyes sparkled with pleasure at the change. Only when he heard the second mate speaking did

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He Could See Every Face Now on the Berg. There Were Ten Men and a Woman. And Every Face Was Alight With High Hope

COME, BAY BEE

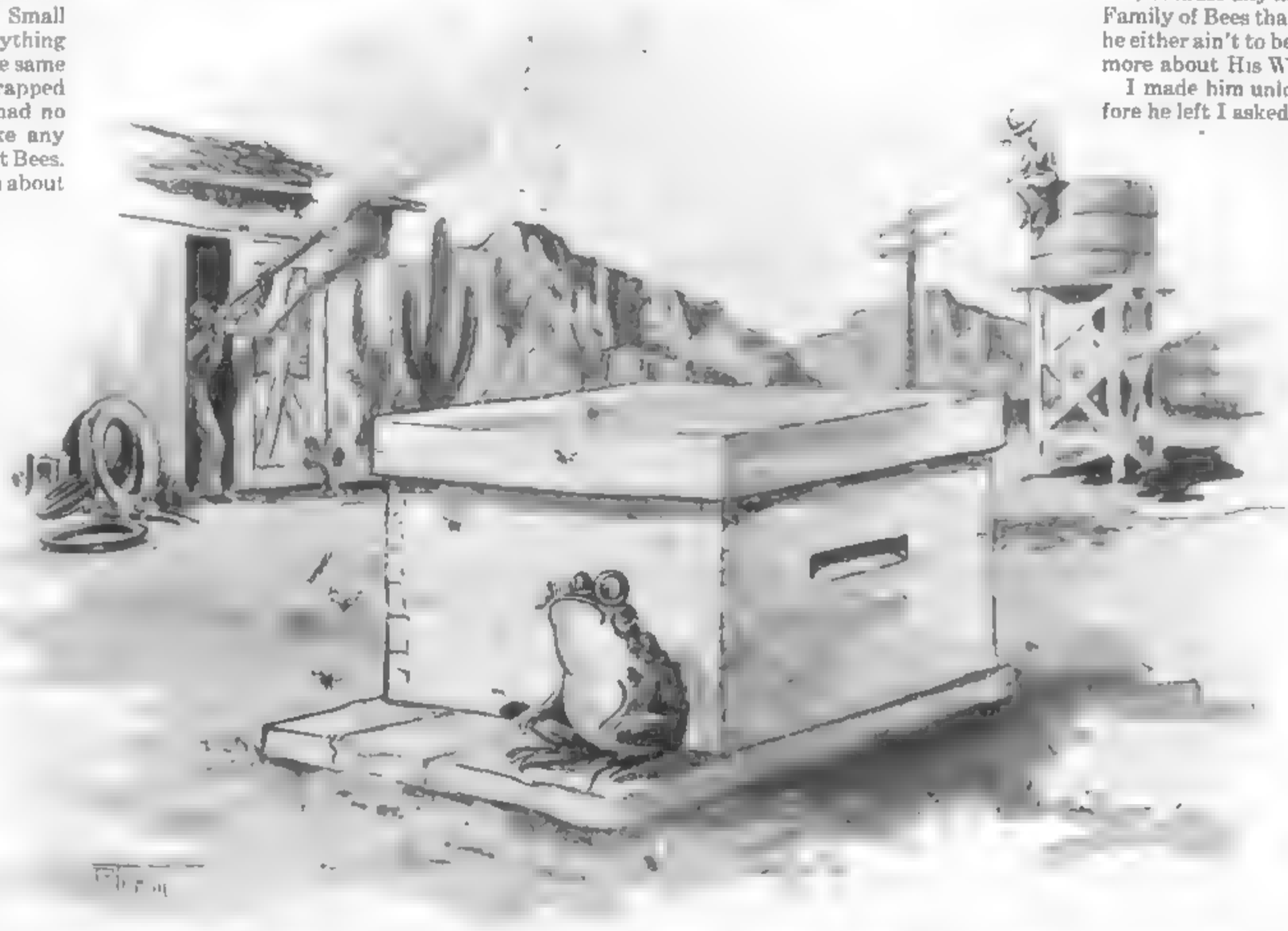
By Dick Wick Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY CLAUDE G. PUTNAM

I'VE often heard tell and Wondered how anything as Small as a Bee could make anything So Sweet as Honey and at the same time have So Much Hell wrapped up in him, because I never had no chance until lately to make any personal investigations about Bees. How Come I learned so much about Bees was this way:

Another Tourist on his way to California broke down a little ways out of Town a while back and we had to Tow him in, and after we had got him Took Apart we had to send to Phoenix for some New Insides for him, where he was Busted, and which took a couple of days to get. Meantime him and his Family had to camp out on Our Free Camp Grounds back of the Garage until they could get Fixed Up and go on to the Land of Orange Blossoms, Subdivisions and Dreams.

He had a couple of Sticky-Faced Kids and his Wife was one of these Fussing and Worrying Kind of Women that when they ain't got Nothing Else to Worry about will Fuss about That. She kicked about everything and was Scared to Sleep on the Ground on account of the Centipedes and Scorpions and Gila Monsters and other Arizona Bugs she had heard about, and which we never pay no attention to, except to Answer Questions about and keep out of their Way. They didn't have enough money to sleep at the Blue Rock Inne, so they had to sleep on Our Free Camp Grounds—and then she Got Mad because they couldn't find No Centipedes or Scorpions and acted like she thought we had Cheated Them out of something. I could of Told Her that No Arizona Centipede had ever bothered Nobody like Her unless they was Cornered or Crippled and couldn't Get Away; but I hadn't collected my Bill yet, and it Don't Pay to Argue with Nobody's Wife about Nothing.



The Reptyle Kid Stuck His Head Out of the Garage Door With a Double-Barreled Shot Gun and Let Loose With Both Barrels

After we had got him All Fixed Up so as he could Limp on into California and the End of His Dreams, and I had give him his Bill—which almost Woke him Up before he got to California—he wanted to give me a Check on some Bank in some place called New Hamp Shire, which no one around here had Ever Heard Of, except the School-Teacher, and she wasn't very Sure about it; and he didn't even have no Blank Checks left, because he had used up all his Cash Money sooner than he expected to on account of it being Farther to California than it Looked on the Map when he left home. This often happens to Tourists.

We are used to Tourists being Broke, and when they don't have No More Money, we take anything they have got; if we didn't we would soon have a Big Town Here and have to be Feeding them the rest of their lives, so we take what we can and send them on to Los Angeles or to the Next Town towards Home, whichever way they are going. I asked him didn't he have no Gold Watch or Guns or a Set of False Teeth or some Carpenter Tools or a Glass Eye or a Wooden Leg that he could give us for his bill or as Security, or maybe a Suit of clothes that would fit some of us; but he didn't have Nothing, he said; he had been on the Road so long and had stopped at so many Garages on the way.

Outside of Real Money, False Teeth is about the Best Security to get from Tourists for 5 Gallons of Laughing Gas or a Garage Bill, because Most Folks don't like to have to Gum It, especially the Women, and if you can get a Good Set of False Teeth from a Woman you are Sure of Getting your money back, because She will always make the Old Man dig it up from Some of the Relatives as soon as they get There, and send and Pay the Bill and get her Teeth Back. Wigs is Good, because Most Folks seems to be ashamed of the Tops of their Heads, no matter what their Faces look like. I remember one Girl come through here Broke and Traded me her Wig for some Gas to go on with, and she said she would rather be Bald-Headed in California than have enough Hair to Stuff a Mattress with in Salome. She hadn't been to California Yet, and I am Saving her Wig for her until she comes back through on Her Way Home. I have been trying for two years to get a Wooden Leg for a One-Legged Man here, but the only one I have got so far Didn't Fit.

This New Hamp Shire man didn't seem to have Nothing Much; but when I come to look over his Outfit I found a big Wooden Box that looked like a Tool Chest and I asks him What was That and he says a Swarm of New Hamp Shire Bees he was taking to California to Go into the Bee Business with. I felt kind of Sorry for him. All in the World he had was an old worn-out Car and a Worrying Wife and two sticky-faced Kids, a Swarm of Bees and the Ambition to Get to California—and he said I could Take My Choice of Anything he had for my Bill, which amounted to $37.45 all Told, including the Towing In and the Garage Bill and what they had Eat, and I could keep whatever I had took until he could Earn the money to send for it. I know about How Long it takes these Tourists to earn any money after they get to California to send back for something they have Left along the road, because it has took me several years and cost me Thousands of Gallons of Laughing Gas to Earn my Education, to say nothing of the big adobe building I have had to build to keep the 2nd Hand Store in, of Goods and Bads I have Took in like this and been Took In for by Tourists on their way to California. If it hadn't of been for Me, Los Angeles wouldn't have had anywhere near a Million people Yet.

The New Hamp Shire man said if I would let him take the Bees and his Car and go on to California, I could Keep his Family until he could get the money to pay the Bill and send for them; but I told him I was Keeping One Family now and from what I had Seen and Heard of his Family the two days they was on Our Free Camp Grounds I thought maybe I had better go into the Bee Business myself instead of him and let him Take His Family on with him. She didn't look much Like Honey to me and I figured I stood Less Chance of Getting Stung if I took the Bees—which I didn't know Nothing a-tall about except what I had Read somewhere, something about their Making Honey and you Take It Away from them.

That's how I got into the Bee Business. I have tried Most Everything Else during the last 30 or 40 Years and never been able to Keep Anything, and I thought Maybe I might be able to Keep a Bee, so I told the Tourist I would take the Coop of Bees for my Bill and Keep them until he sent the Money he Owed me—which he didn't seem to like very Much, but I didn't care whether he did or not, because any man that thinks more of his Family of Bees than he does of his Own Wife, he either ain't to be Trusted or else he Knows more about His Wife than he Lets on.

I made him unload the Bee Coop and before he left I asked him How Many Bees was there in the Coop and What did they Eat and was there any Young Ones that wasn't Weaned Yet and How did I Feed them, Etc. He said it Took Time to Learn the Bee Business and I told him we had More Time here than any Other Place in the World. He said there was a Whole Family of Bees in the Coop and the Queen laying more eggs all the time, and they made Honey out of Flowers and in between Seasons when there wasn't any Flowers and in Dry Years you had to Feed them Sugar or Sirup, whichever I liked the Best, and when they got Cross for me to Blow Smoke in their Faces; but he forgot to tell me What Kind of Tobacco they liked the Best, or how to feed them the Sugar or Sirup, with a Spoon or out of a Bottle. I told him the Seasons between Flowers was pretty long around Salome and it hadn't Rained much for five or six years and Flowers was Scarce, and it might be five or six years more before we had a Good Rain, and he said I would have to Feed them until it Did Rain or he Sent for them, which I would rather take a Chance on the Weather than on Him. I didn't find out No More about Keeping Bees, because his Wife she kept Worrying him so much, so he started on again for California or Bust, and like Lots of Others with the same Ambition, Busted before he Got There.

I didn't want to Open up the Coop to look at My Bees until he was Out of Sight, for fear they might see him and try to Follow him if they saw him going on to California and leaving them behind, so I waited until he was Gone a Plenty and then I called the Reptyle Kid and Simple Slim out behind the Garage to see what I had Got. I don't think neither one of them ever saw No Bees before, the Same as Me; but all of us Likes Honey and was tickled to Death to think that we had Some Bees that would make it for us out of Sugar.

Simple Slim says as he has heard that Bees Sting and How Do we Get the Honey after they have made it, and the Reptyle Kid says you get the Honey when their Backs is Turned or they are away Visiting, or else you call them all out in Front of the Coop and Blow Smoke in their Faces while you are getting the Honey out of the Back End, which would be Easy; and while the boys was talking and thinking of How Good the Honey was Going to Be, I sold them a Half Interest in the Coop Full of Bees for Forty Dollars ($40.00) and kept the Other Half for My Trouble. I wish now I had sold them the Whole Coop Full for the $37.45 and Forgot my Troubles.

Thinking about the Honey made the Boys Hungry for Some, and the Reptyle Kid says Lets Feed them some Sugar and Start them to Work and not have them Laying around Loafing on the Job when they might as well be Doing Something. So we carried the Coop into the Camp Ground Shade that is built over a Table and Simple Slim went up to the Laughing Gas Station and got a bowl of Sugar and a Bottle and a Couple of Spoons so as we could feed them, Sugar or Sirup, whichever they seemed to like the best after we had Tried Both.

Just about then I Got a Good Idea. I remembered an old Seed Catalogue that was in the Garage with a lot of Pretty Pictures in it of All Colored Flowers of all kinds, more Natural than Life, so I went and got it and we cut the Pretty Pictures of the Flowers out of the Catalogue and pasted them on a Board and set it up in front of the Bee Coop, and the Reptyle Kid went to the Barber Shop in the

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ASSMER OR TIZZICK

By Henry A. Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

FEBRUARY 25, 186— brite and fair gosh i dont know what i wood do without Beany. it is weaks before vacation and it seams as if it wood never go. the skating is spoiled and slaying neerly gone and it is slopy all the time. bimeby i will heer the ferst robin or the blewbird and that maiks a feller feel good even if there aint mutch to do. it dont seam as if it wood ever be vacation. everybody is kind of nervus at this time and jest befoar vacation. old Francis gets mad quicker than ever and slams fellers round wirse and puts more fellers in the wood box offener and slams the cover down harder, sumtimes befoar a feller can get his hed out of the way, and he nales a peace of board over the hole that Tricky Moses cut with his gnife and there aint no fun in being in the box enny moar.

Well Beany never gets sollum and cant stay mad moar than a minit or 2, and he is always doing things in school to get licked for and about 2 times a day he gets caugt and licked and he yells funnier than enny feller i know and when Beany is licked we all have a good time xcept of coarse Beany whitch dont injoy it as mutch as we do.

FEBRUARY 26, 186— brite and fair and slopy. Beanys granmother Baxter has came to live in Beanys house. She looks like the base drum in the Exeter silver cornet band only she aint painted, and hasent got her name painted on her stummick in gold letters like the base drum has got.

FEBRUARY 27, 186— Beanys granmother calls Beany Elbridge insted of Elly whitch is what his folks call him xcept when his father and mother is mad with him when they calls him Elbridge two and when they does that he xpects a bat in the ear and gets it two you bet. so Beany he thinks his granmother is going to give him a bat in the ear two but she aint hit hum moar than 3 or 4 times yet and 2 of them hits Beany dodged so that they diddent count.

FEBRUARY 28, 186— brite and fair. when a feller dodges a lick that ennybody has let ding at him it dont count, but when a feller named Beany is called Elbridge he has got to be ready to dod-e.

FEBRUARY 29, 186— no i ment March 1. this aint leep-year. March 1. rany and cold. Beanys granmother has got the tizzick. she breetha like when a feller is sawing wood and sawa a nale. she dont have it all the time but only when it is damp or rany. she had the doctor today and he sed it was assmer but she sed it was the tizzick. Beany asted me and Pewt to come over this afternoon and hear her. we never herd ennything like it befoar, we think it is tizzick becaus she keps roleing her eys and saying tizzickee tissickaw o lodymassy tizzickee tissickaw o my soul and body, tizzickaw pass me a cup tizzickee of tea tizzickaw and she kep saying it. it sounded so funny that we got laffing and teeheed rite out and when Beanys granmother herd us she gumped up and hit Beany 2 bats in the ear and chased me and Pewt way acros the road. so i gess she aint very bad. we think it is the tizzick becaus it sounded so. enny way she had augt to know.

MARCH 2, 186— Beanys granmother is better becaus the sun has came out. perhaps the 2 bats she gave Beany in the ear helped her. they diddent help Beany mutch. he said his ear sung like a dorbugg all nite. he sed he is better today and his ear only sounds like a muskeeter now. he sed his granmother can hit a old ring taled peeler of a lick.

MARCH 3, 186— Beanys granmother was wirse today. Beany come over for me and Pewt to go and lissen. Beany has bet me 7 marbles, a peewee and a ally agenst 2 glas agits that she has the tizzick. i bet she has the asmer. Pewt wont bet so he is to be the empire. Pewt coodent deside becaus this time she kep saying squeehaw squeehaw lodymassy give me squeehaw my smeling squeehaw botle. so we dont beleve it is tizzick but we dont know what it is. if i had gnew enuf to bet it wassent tizzick i shood have beet Beany. but i bet it was assmer and it aint that ether. i asted father tonite what he thougt it was and he sed if they wood wet her feed it wood stop it. i am going over tomorow to tel them what to do. i wunder what a doctor gets. they aught to giv me a $1. doller or $.50 cents or at leest $.25 cents for saving her life.

MARCH 4, 186— brite and fair. Beanys granmother was all rite today so i dident say nothing. it will be jest my luck if she gets well befoar i get my $1. dollar or peraps $.50 cents or even $.25 cents.

MARCH 5, 186— brite and fair. today is saterday. it was so muddy that there wassent enny fun outside and i went in over my new rubber boots yesterday and it taiks a long time to dry them. so this afternoon me and Pewt and Beany made sum sweetfirn sigars. when we got throug i put my sweetfirn sigars in the oven to dry. tomorow they will jest be bully for smoaking. Beanys granmother is still all rite. sum fellers never have enny luck. i hope father wont tell enny one elce how to cure Beanys granmother, if he does i may lose my $1. dollar or perhaps my fifty $.50 cents or even my .25 cents. $.25 cents is the leest they cood give me for saving a old lady's life. i shall tell them she is wirth $5. dollars and if they offer me $1. dollar i shall take it and say i thank you and if they only offer me $.50 cents i shall take it and ask them if they want a receet and if they only offer me $.25 cents i shall take it and say well $.25 cents is better than nothing.

MARCH 6, 186— today is sunday. i forgot to get up erly to taik my sweetfern segars out of the oven and father got up and bilt a fire and mother dident see my sweetfern segars whitch i had put in one corner and she put in sum biskits to bake. when i got down the kitchen was full of smoak and father had opened the winders and mother was scraping what was left of my sweetfirn segars into a dust-pan. then after the smoak had blew out of the windows she baked sum biskits and we had breckfust. Everything taisted jest like sweetfirn segars smell and most of them dident like it very well but they was all eeting pretty good when i told them it wassent half as bad as when Mrs. Natt Weeks baked a old tomcat in her oven whitch had crawled in when she dident know it. when i told them that they all screemed and left the table and father left too holding his naptkin over his mouth and sum ran out of doors and sum ran up stairs to there rooms and father went out behind the barn. when father come back he said i was the biggest fool he ever see and i coodnt make enny moar sweetfirn segars. he dident say ennything about hayseed sigars or cornsilk or rattan or dride graipvine or tan bark. so i am all rite. sweetfirn are the best but all the others are prety good and i can swap with Pewt and get all the sweetfirn that i want. father he dident say nothing about my smoaking sweetfirn

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Then Father Jed How Sharper Than a Sirpents 9th it is to Have a Thinkless Child

JAEL

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

She Struck Out, Quick as a Snake, and Knocked the Pie Out of His Hand

A BLEAK and blustery morning in early March along the Cheyenne at Box Elder, with sleety rain driving viciously against the windowpanes of the stage station, as if every gust of wind had a personal animus that had brought it howling out of the northeast to effect an entry perforce and play hob and havoc within. The Hat Creek granger, Tip Yoakum, gave one of these furious assaults a half chance of success when he hurried from the adjoining barn, where he had just put up his team, and opened the door to the living quarters sufficiently to squeeze himself through. The resulting crash and clatter were merely of light tinware blown from the shelf behind the stove, but the stock tender regarded the newcomer with an expression of severe disapproval. His hospitable instinct was severely strained by Tip's arrival, or so he intimated.

"Here's Dave for star boarder," the stock tender complained, dramatically indicating the Bar T boy, his chuck-and-bunk winter help. "Never misses a meal or pays a cent, and he'd be getting more useless every day if he'd ever been any use a-tall. No improvement! He says his appetite is improving, but that's a joke. He was born with his legs holler and he never got up from a meal in his life with any waste space inside him. And here's Old Man Stegg—and he's here every so dog-gone often, the old famine breeder! And right on top of them, here you come! And I reckon you'll expect to be fed, too, as long as you're here."

"Boys," said Tip, in a hurt tone, "this small-souled, penurious peanut what I've come half a mile out of my way home through this here storm to tell him all about the latest scandal in Blueblanket and brighten his life, this Picayune Pete begrudges us a meal of his measly victuals and a shelter from the tempest. Let's quit him right here and now. Throw in another stick of wood, Sam, and give me the makin's and a match, Dave. A mouth I have."

"You told the truth for once in your life," said the stock tender. "Mouth is what a person notices about you, Tip. What-all is this here scandal?"

"Don't you tell him," urged the Bar T boy. "It's a-casting pearls afore swine, and all you get is he turns and rends you two days afore you're a-going to light out anyway. I've done all but grease his boots and wipe his nose for him ever since I was weak enough to let him talk me into keeping him company here. I could have stayed on at the ranch just as well as not and more than gladly welcome, with a good cook and refined society and not even dishes to wash; but he comes to me with tears a-rolling down his cheeks, telling me how lonesome he is and swearing up and down that he'd get up and light the fires if I'd only stay and give him a kind word and a smile now and then and play crib evenings. I ought to have made him plank down the wages he promised to pay me, but I didn't know him then. Like as not, he'll say he never agreed to pay me wages. Ask him and see what he'll say."

"What's this scandal you're talking so much about?" demanded the stock tender once more.

"You-all come over to my place and stay as long as you like, and the longer the better," invited Yoakum. "The woman will be tickled to death. We just killed a shoat and you can have spareribs and sauerkraut to start off with, and I don't see nothing to hinder punkin pie. We'll start right away—after dinner, when it lets up a little, eh, Sam?"

"As far's I'm concerned, I ain't right sure that I can bring myself to stay and eat here," said the old bull-whacker, "let alone darkening this here doorway ever again. I think if it wasn't the company's grub, after all, that it would choke me, after all the time I've wasted and the plugs of tobacco I've lavished—some of 'em skassly bitten into—on that unthankful yahoo, not to mention the money I've loaned him and the good advice I've give him outright. Well, he'll be sorry some day, and it won't do him no good. It's what a man gets. . . . Did you say something about a scandal you heard, Tip?"

It was not much of a scandal, after all. Just a marriage. That it was performed, rather than solemnized, by a justice of the peace duly authorized by territorial statute to join man and woman in plain matrimony without sacramental frills may have made some of the Baptists imagine that they were scandalized, the bride and her parents being of the Baptist persuasion; but the nub and gist of the thing was that the groom, Ed Corcoran, had been a complete surprise. If it had been Arthur Pinner and a church wedding, with the boys of Mr. Pinner's Sunday-school class bullied into strewing flowers, there would not have been a ripple of excitement outside the family and the Sunday-school class; but Ed was totally unsuspected. He had not even confided his honorable intention to Henry Field, the proprietor of the establishment over whose faro layout he presided nightly, and Dora had been equally reticent with her nearest and, presumably, dearest. Of course, a gambler, provided he is a square gambler, is as good as anybody, unless you are a church member and think otherwise; still and all —— And nobody knew that the couple were even acquainted, until it turned out that Ed met the girl at the last social the church give. Art Pinner was sure looking down his long nose about it.

They discussed the affair at length during dinner, which they admitted was not such a bad dinner, considering.

"And yet," said Tip, as he filled his pipe and tilted his chair back—"and yet I can't help but feel that we're imposing on Hank. I've half a notion to help Dave with them dishes, only he'd be offended. He'd say that he wasn't, of course, to be polite; but I guess I won't take no chances. Yes, Hank's too free-hearted and clever for his own good. Now dried apples would have been a-plenty for us, Hank; there wasn't no need of you opening up them luscious California peaches."

"It's a joy and a pleasure to give you the best I've got," declared the stock tender. "All is, I'm sorry I didn't have no humming birds, or I'd have made some toast and served 'em for a course. Dave and me et the last of 'em for breakfast though. Gosh! It's a treat to see you boys! I could have kissed you both when you come in. I don't deny but Dave has been a heap of comfort and help to me since he kindly consented to hole up here; but on a day like this you sort of realize that Dave's novelty's a considerable wore off. I don't never feel thataway about you and Sam. Did you happen to bring over a mess of them spareribs, or any other part of the hawg, or a pie or anything like that, Tip? Mis' Yoakum knew that you was stopping off here, didn't she? There's a lady that's a world beater when it comes to pies; or when it comes to anything, for the matter

of that. If I'd had your luck twenty years ago, I'd sure have thought twice about staying single."

"I'll tell her you said so," Yoakum told him. "That ought to be good for a pie or two, and maybe a crock of sausage meat. Got any socks you'd like to have darned?"

It might be a pious idea for you to think over that single-life proposition yet, Hank, observed the old bullwhacker. Rodney Gordon wasn't no more'n a few years younger than you when he thought better of it. You didn't none of you know Rodney, and you ain't likely to, but maybe you've passed by his place over beyond Point of Rocks. You wouldn't be apt to stop; not long anyway; but if you'd happened along ten years ago or thereabouts you'd have sure got the kind of welcome and invite that Tip extended to us all and sundry, and help yourself to the humming birds, stranger.

Rodney was a little on the sunny side of forty then, some stoop-shouldered, but husky and active and a right neat dresser, for a rancher. Kept his whiskers trimmed up and always wore a clean white handkerchief around his neck, and spoke soft and polite, as a general thing. He was a single man, and when I say that, I mean he was a single man first and foremost, owing to not having any use whatsoever for womenfolks, young or old or homely or handsome. What they ever done to him I don't know, and if you asked him he'd tell you that he never gave 'em no chance.

"They're flighty," says he, "that's what's the trouble with 'em, among other things. They don't never know their own minds, what there is of them that you could rightly call minds. One thing one day and something different the next—either that or set as a mule and won't listen to sense or reason. You take a woman and she wants to walk on you, and if you don't fill her up with taffy all the time, your name's Dennis, and likewise Mud. They're stuck on themselves when there ain't nothing in the world whatsoever to justify it, and they don't think of nothing only how to fix up and primp so's to get a man to make his life miserable and spend every cent he earns on fal-lals and foolishness; and they gab, gab, gab, morning, noon and night, and fuss and fret and fret and fuss and keep things stirred up from the cradle to the grave, so's there ain't no peace when they're around and no rest till you're shet of 'em.

"No," says he, "I ain't had no personal experience, and I don't aim to have. I've read about 'em in books and papers and I've talked with men that's courted 'em and been married to 'em and ought to know. That's enough and a-plenty for me. Honest and truthful men that wouldn't lie even when sober, and I'm willing to take their word for it. If a good, square, honorable sawmiller tells me that his buzz saw is moving and has got sharp teeth, I don't shove my fingers against it to find out if he's fooling me; I take his word for it, and the result is that I can scratch my head satisfactory with either hand. Similar, if I'm informed by anybody that I've got confidence in that a gun is loaded, I treat and handle that gun in all respects tender and careful and keep the bar'l turned away from me. One time I was on a coroner's jury where the subject of the debate had been reduced to that deplorable condition by a friend of his who testified that he didn't know the gun was loaded and nobody had told him, and the coroner says to him, 'Colonel,' he says, 'all guns is loaded all the time.' And that's the way I look at women—excepting that a gun is a handy and useful thing to have around at times."

You might think that Rodney was sort of grouchy and unsociable; but no. I've stopped at his place the many's the time and I wouldn't ask for pleasanter and agreeabler company, nor better grub nor a warmer welcome. And anybody, no matter who, got the same as long as they behaved. One time four Ogalala bucks come along on their way from the Limestone to the reservation and Rodney fed 'em all they could eat and helped 'em make camp by his corral and lost seven dollars to them playing monte—and paid 'em. It was only when he found that they'd rustled a couple of his horses that he took after them and got the money back. But he figured that they didn't have no use for money no more, and he didn't want no mix-up with surviving relatives. If they'd been afoot and needed horses, he'd have loaned 'em free and willing and thought himself disgraced if he hadn't. He come from some place in Georgia where anybody's house was your house as long as you wanted to use it, and he believed in keeping up old customs—like Hank does. All visitors was welcome.

Of course, neighbors wasn't none too thick in them days, and sometimes, he told me, it would be a week or more that he never seen a human soul; but he had his dog Mike to talk to, and there was always the Harper boys seven miles off, and he could ride into Custer in half a day if he wanted to, and what with the ranch and the little bunch of cows that he had, not to speak of his cooking and housework, which he wasn't never neglectful of, he didn't have a heap of time to get lonesome. He just liked to be hospitable, anyway—as long as you wasn't female and didn't have females with you. It was bred right in him.

Well, everything went along fine and dandy with Rodney until the winter that Almiron Pope died. Rodney studied quite a spell whether or not he'd go to the funeral. Almiron wasn't no friend of his, nor of anybody else's, as far as was known, and there was bound to be women at the function. Still, he was what might have been called a neighbor, and when a neighbor died in Georgia it was your bounden duty to attend the obsequious as a mark of respect, even if you had never had none; so he told Joe Harper he reckoned he'd be among them present.

"Which ain't apt to be none too numerous," he says.

"I ain't so sure about that," says Joe. "The Reverend Winchip is at a conference or something, and they say that the Reverend Hoplow has been asked to preach the funeral sermon. I heard Brother Hoplow twisting the devil's tail at the Ruby camp meeting, and he sure ain't got a heap of consideration for the feelings of sinners, dead or alive. Still, he ain't likely to hurt Mis' Pope's feelings by anything he says about Almiron. There's been rumors and caynards floating around that Almiron fell against a flatiron or a rolling pin that she held in her hand and that the mule was guiltless as a babe unborn. It prob'ly ain't so; but even if so, nobody wouldn't blame her. She sure ain't the woman his other two wives was, to take his lickings meek and unresisting. I judge so."

"A woman would do anything," says Rodney. "And nobody don't ever blame her, and well they know it. Look what this Jael woman done to Sisera! There was the woman of it—and women have been naming their girl babies after her ever since. That was a great note, wasn't it? Her guest too! Fed him up and made him feel at home and when he dozes off—biff with the hammer! And this Delilah was another one—a peach! And Cleopatra and Bloody Mary and all of 'em. . . . Well, I'll come, Joe. Poor old Almiron had his troubles, I guess; and however he got his release, it was prob'ly a happy one. I'll be there—and I'll bring flowers, by ginger!"

"Don't bring no Johnny-jump-ups," says Joe.

Rodney didn't bring no flowers, but he put on a boiled shirt and collar and black tie and his good black suit, out of respect and sympathy, and he certainly looked mighty fine and the Georgia gentleman that he was. The widow

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Presently Rodney Stopped and Glared at Her. "Was There Anything You Wanted?" He Asks Her

ON WITH THE LANCE

"Gosh!" He Murmured. "I Shely Does Feel Noble"

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

IT WAS the long tongue of Sis Callie Flukers which caused Nathaniel Grump to become aware of—and vitally interested in—the advent of one Magnolius Beezum, of Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Sis Callie emerged from the arduous labors of converting her very best front room into a guest chamber, to find the vast and impressive Nathaniel on the front porch.

"Guess who is gwine occupy that room?" she inquired.

"I ain't so good at guessin'," responded Nathaniel politely. Sis Callie's garrulousness always interested him.

"Magnolius Beezum!" announced the boarding-house proprietress.

"Who's him?"

"Fum Chattanooga. An' money is the only thing he ain't got nothin' else but. He's gwine pay me seven dollars a week just fo' that room an' ——" She rattled on and on interminably, but Nathaniel had fallen into thoughtful abstraction.

A stranger! A stranger possessed of much money! Nathaniel questioned.

"How come him to know about yo' boardin' house, Sis Callie?"

"Well, it's thisaway, Brother Grump: He's comin' down to see Freddy Wender about inwestin' some money in his grocery business."

Mr. Grump's eyes narrowed. This was most decidedly interesting.

"I didn't know Freddy needed no outside capital."

"Well, he does and he don't. He's makin' pretty good money now; but I heard him tellin' Florian Slappey that he's got options on two-th'ee stores an' aims to make a chain out of hisn so he can buy fo' times as much fo' two times the price and make five times the profit. An' that requiahs 'bout fifteen thousan' dollars outside money, an' so Mistuh Beezum is comin' down fum Chattanooga to look things over fo' hisse'f an' ——"

Nathaniel heard no more, save that Mr. Beezum was expected within the week. He bade Sis Callie a polite if impersonal adieu and strolled up Avenue F to Eighteenth, on which broad and rather unlovely thoroughfare he turned southward where he might give himself over to a long siege of very careful thought.

Things had not been going very well for Nathaniel. A recent era of unprecedented prosperity had caused him to try his wings beyond their strength and he was experiencing the horrid sensation of seeing a considerable sum of money slip away from him weekly.

More than once he had cursed himself soundly for digressing from his safe and sane twenty-five per cent profit in the money-lending profession, where excellent security made all loans safe. Of course the money had not come to him in floods, but during the passing years his accumulation of ready cash and negotiable securities had mounted steadily until he had become one of the wealthiest and most despised members of Birmingham's colored fraternity.

After all, Nathaniel was suffering from a disease which had plunged better men than himself into the pit of disaster. And he should have known enough to realize that the insurance game was very complicated and closely guarded by state laws. No chance there to evade obligations.

And with only twenty-five cents per week per policyholder coming in and accidents occurring with startling regularity, Mr. Grump shuddered at thought of the steady drainage, the equally steady but unimpressive income, and the impossibility of extricating himself except through the medium of selling his company to someone else.

It was that idea which keened his interest in the arrival of the colored financier from Chattanooga. If only he could convince Mr. Magnolius Beezum that the insurance business offered a chance for better investment than the retail grocery profession!

The idea that he might thus be doing the energetic Freddy Wender a somewhat scurvy trick did not bother Nathaniel in the slightest degree. According to his code it was a case of business being business and every man looking out for himself.

Nathaniel stopped at a street corner to light a handsomely gold-banded cigar. As he did so his eyes fell upon a gaudy yellow poster lettered in red which proclaimed to all the world that on the following Saturday night there was to be in Birmingham:

A GRAND MAGNIFICENT PAGENT

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE SONS & DAUGHTERS OF I WILL ARISE

AT BLUE LAKE PARK

COME ONE COME ALL

See Joan of Ark Leading Her Troops
See Knights in Full Armor Busting Each Other
See One Dozen Classical Dancers

INSTRUCTIVE EDUCATIONAL
HYSTORICAL

BIG TILTING CONTEST
BETWEEN TWO VALLANT KNIGHTS

All for the Price of
ONE DOLLAR
Ice Cream & Cake Extra

LAWYER EVANS CHEW, *Master of Ceremonies* — FLORIAN SLAPPEY, *Field Martial*

The big tilting contest! Nathaniel himself was one of the featured knights. Lot of foolishment, tha's what! Him an' this same Freddy Wender ridin' horses an' pretendin' that they was gwine bust each other with long sticks which Lawyer Chew called lances. There wan't no sense to it nohow—just ridin' up an' down the field an' ——

At the intersection of Eighteenth Street and Tenth Avenue Nathaniel Grump saw something. It was brief and dramatic, and the flivver got the worst of the collision. Mr. Grump became an instant and interested spectator and sighed with relief when he saw that the injured person was not of the colored persuasion.

"If he had of been cullud," mourned Nathaniel, "it's a two-to-one bet he would of been holdin' one of my accident policies."

Accidents—particularly to other folks—were a sore spot with Nathaniel just then. His plunge into the insurance

business had been blessed with entirely too much success But then there was no one to blame but himself—unless perhaps some small portion of culpability could be laid on the rather narrow and stooped shoulders of Christopher P. S. Shoots, editor of The Weekly Epoch.

It had all started when one of Birmingham's leading dailies, working in conjunction with a large insurance company, commenced to insure its subscribers against accident for the small sum of ten cents per week in addition to the subscription price. It seemed like so much for so little that Nathaniel investigated and learned that the insurance companies which dealt in such policies considered their revenue very satisfactory indeed.

Nathaniel discussed the matter at some length with Christopher P. S. Shoots. Mr. Shoots gave eager ear; recently things hadn't been going so well with The Weekly Epoch. The subscription list was dwindling and there seemed little hope of revival.

Nathaniel then eased his mammoth frame into the luxurious offices of Lawyer Evans Chew and demanded to know something about launching an insurance company, the amount and kind of bond required; and so after much labor and red tape and legal phraseology The Birmingham Colored Mutual Benefit Accident Protection Insurance Company was born. Mr. Nathaniel Grump was unanimously elected president and treasurer.

The process of becoming a policyholder in the Mutual was absurdly simple. All one had to do was to become a paid-in-advance yearly subscriber to The Weekly Epoch, to fill out his name on a coupon, mail it in to the offices of the Mutual, and thereafter keep up the two-bit weekly payments in advance. And from the outset colored Birmingham had responded in droves. The quarters poured into the company coffers, and Nathaniel was convinced that this was the best and wisest financial step he had ever taken.

And then the gargoyle head of disaster was raised to leer at him. First one and then another and another accident occurred. The accidentees were all policyholders in the Mutual, and each one took to his bed and demanded the twelve-fifty a week benefit from the company.

There seemed to be an epidemic of accidents, and none of the patients appeared to get well inside of two or three weeks. Sometimes they lay in bed even longer than that, and the profits of the Mutual gradually dwindled into liabilities. Plenty of income—but an outgo which was steadily increasing in volume.

The fact that the company was incorporated helped mighty little; there was the big bond on file at Montgomery, and long and serious conferences with Lawyer Evans Chew disclosed the ghastly fact that unless Mr. Grump could pass the buck he was in for a stormy career.

And now he was vitally interested in the arrival of Magnolius Beezum. If only he could get to Magnolius first; he was a large and impressive person and a fluent talker. Besides, there was a distinct dignity to the insurance game which the grocery business could not claim to possess. For ten thousand dollars Nathaniel would be glad to sell out; for even half of that if pressed hard enough. The details were simple. And then back to his slower but much surer task of lending little money on excellent security and large interest. He had become wealthy in that way, just as Semore Mashby had become even more wealthy by lending more money.

Nathaniel was desperate. And he swung immediately into action. He found Freddy Wender behind the counter of his neat little grocery store on lower Eighth Avenue, North. Freddy, of medium size and decidedly medium coloring, greeted his fellow knight affably:

"Evenin', Mistuh Grump."

"Howdye, Freddy. How's tricks?"

"Tol'able. An' how is they with you?"

"Oh, I ain't got no kick comin'! Business seems to be holdin' up pretty good. Small profits—but stiddy." Nathaniel cocked a speculative eye. "You ain't big enough fo' yo' own shoes, Freddy. What you need is expansion."

Mr. Wender was interested. "Ain't you talkin' sense with yo' mouf, Brother Grump? You know, I been thinkin' of that ve'y thing recently."

"Well, tickle my tonsils if that ain't a quincidence." Nathaniel leaned forward earnestly. "How'd you like to git a li'l' outside capital interested in yo' business, Freddy?"

Mr. Wender was a gullible gentleman. "You mean you?"

"I mean I."

"Golly!" Freddy went into detail regarding his options and his scheme for lengthening his business operations into a chain. "It'd take about ten or fifteen thousand dollars cash money."

Nathaniel snapped his fingers. "A mere nothin', Freddy—fo' somethin' as good as you has got. Now s'pose us goes into this together some evenin' the end of this week."

Freddy shook his head slowly. "Sorry. I cain't do it this week. You see, Nathaniel, I got somebody comin' to town We'nesday or Thu'sday about that ve'y thing—a cullud gemmun fum Chattanooga."

Nathaniel appeared to be surprised. Also he indicated that he was more than a trifle hurt; the idea that Freddy would permit an outsider to invest money in his grocery business when right here in Birmingham was a colored gentleman who fairly ached to help him make money.

Freddy was not sufficiently keen to penetrate the other's cunning. He even felt guilty—and he was apologetic.

"Maybe if Mistuh Beezum don't invest I'll be willin' to let you in. I just never thought you'd be int'rested in no grocery."

"Is you shuah when this feller Beezum gits to Bumminham?"

"We'nesday or Thu'sday; tha's all I know. But I'll let you heah the minute he makes up his mind one way or t'other."

Freddy was innocently as good as his word. The day following he came to the subtle Mr. Grump and notified

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Painfully Magnolius Explained. And as He Explained, Nathaniel's Eyes Grew Wider and Wider

EASY MONEY—By Newman Levy

THE epigram, usually attributed to the late P. T. Barnum, that "a sucker is born every minute" errs, if at all, on the side of understatement. After observing for many years the smooth and crafty working of the professional con men, and after reflecting upon the unfailing gullibility of the human race, it strikes me that sixty an hour scarcely does justice to the actual figures. One would have to examine the national birth rate to obtain accurate statistics on the subject.

There is a glamour that attaches to the gentleman who deftly and delicately removes your bank roll, a glamour akin to the allurement surrounding painless dentistry. The second-story man, the yegg, the strong-arm bandit—all these are open and avowed enemies of society. They look like crooks and they act like crooks. They are branded with the stigma of professionalism.

But the swindler is different. He often looks, talks and acts like a gentleman; he sometimes lives at expensive hotels, wears excellent clothes, and moves in good society—until he is caught.

And if he is clever enough to keep within the letter of the law, which is not always difficult, he is often rewarded for his smartness by the secret admiration of those he was shrewd enough to fleece.

The professional confidence man has existed since time immemorial, and will continue to exist until the end of time. His chief asset is the childlike credulity in most of us, but equal in importance is the cupidity, the avarice that exists in a regrettably large portion of the human race. Confront the average citizen with the lure of easy money, and his moral bulwarks will begin to creak and crack under the strain.

The first professional swindler I ever knew was a doctor. At present, I believe, he is a guest of one of our penal institutions, but at the time of which I write he had just made a killing in the West, and was at the height of his prosperity and affluence.

He was a tall handsome man, and there was that about his appearance that suggested millions. When I first met him he was living at one of the New York clubs, of which he was a member.

The doctor decided to go South for a vacation, and being naturally fastidious he determined to take his own automobile with him, rather than risk the doubtful accommodations that the resort afforded. So with his customary air of affluence and importance he entered the showroom of a large automobile concern and selected the finest and most luxurious limousine in the place.

What Worried the Doctor

"I'LL take this," he said, "if I can have immediate delivery."

The salesman said that he thought it could be arranged although the limousine was a sample car. The doctor thereupon paid a small deposit and gave the salesman three promissory notes for the balance of the price.

"I'll send my chauffeur over for it," he said.

The following morning the automobile company learned that the machine was on a steamer en route for the South. It dawned upon them then that there was something peculiar about the transaction, so they decided to investigate the doctor's antecedents. As a result of their inquiries they had him arrested.

The worthy physician was quite perturbed about his arrest. As he said to me when I visited him in the Tombs, "It isn't the arrest that I mind so much, but I understand that if a man is convicted of a crime he has to resign from all his clubs." Which naturally was quite distressing.

But the doctor did not remain long in the clutches of the law. The judge in discharging him said, "This may perhaps be a dishonest transaction, but there is nothing criminal about it. The complainants gave the defendant an automobile and accepted his notes in payment therefor. They thereby extended credit to him. The notes are not yet due, and there is nothing before the court to indicate that they will not be paid when they mature."

He Often Looks, Talks and Acts Like a Gentleman

The doctor did not have to resign from his clubs—at that time, at any rate.

There is an interesting gyp artist of my acquaintance who has acquired international fame in recent years, but who for a while managed to amass a considerable fortune and yet keep on the safe side of the penal law. Many of his schemes were quite elaborately planned and staged. He worked with a gang of accomplices, but the returns from their business activities were sufficiently large to compensate them all for their trouble.

One day he met by chance a wealthy gentleman who happened to be paying his first visit to New York. This man had, of course, read all about the wickedness of the great city and the dangers that lay in suave, affable accidental acquaintances. But being a shrewd hard-headed business man he felt confident that he was a match for any wily stranger who attempted to detach him from his bank roll. He knew all the tricks, and nobody could put anything over on him.

Our friend, the con man, was posing as a Wall Street broker at the time. In a few days his acquaintance with the cautious gentleman from out of town ripened into intimacy, so that it was quite natural that he should invite him to a dinner party that he was giving to some of his Wall Street friends.

The dinner was held in the private room of a large hotel. The business man, much to his delight, was introduced to those great financiers of whom he had heard and read for many years—Mr. Morton, the great international banker; Mr. Vandergriff, the financier; and others. The conversation over the expensive champagne and imported cigars sparkled with talk of mergers, pools, bonds and the jargon of high finance. The talk literally was drenched with millions.

"How is that W. X. & B. deal coming on?" Mr. Vandergriff asked.

"I'm afraid I'm up against it," said Morton. "There's a block of stock out somewhere that I can't locate. I need it to get control of the company."

"What is it worth?" someone asked.

"Well," said Morton, "the company's been dead for a couple of years, so the stock is valueless to anyone else. But I need it to complete the merger. It would be worth millions to me."

A few days after the come-on's introduction to the inner brotherhood of high finance he boarded a train to take a short trip up the state. A genial rural-looking old gentleman entered the smoker and sat down beside him. The come-on was engrossed in the financial section of his evening newspaper.

"Interested in Wall Street, I see," said the rural gentleman affably, glancing at his fellow-passenger's newspaper.

"Just a little bit," was the reply.

"It's a good place—to keep away from," said the farmer; "I was stung good and proper there once."

The Come-On Gets a Jolt

"HOW did that happen?" said the come-on, slightly amused at his simple companion's vehemence.

"I don't like to talk about it," said the farmer. "A fellow I knew once told me about some stock I ought to buy. Said it was bound to go way up."

"Well?"

"I put every cent I had in the world in that stock. And that's all there is to the story. They trimmed me. Those Wall Street fellows are a bunch of crooks."

"What was the stock?" said the come-on casually.

"W. X. & B.," said the farmer in disgust. "I couldn't sell it today for waste paper."

"W. X. & B.?" exclaimed the come-on.

"Yes, and take my advice ——"

"Where's the stock now?" said the come-on, trying to conceal his excitement.

"Oh, I don't know. Up in my garret somewhere, I suppose."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the come-on suddenly. "I'll buy that stock."

"Don't be absurd," said the farmer, laughing. "You don't suppose that I want to swindle you! The stock is worthless, I tell you."

"How many shares have you?" the come-on insisted.

"A thousand shares. And I paid twenty dollars a share for that worthless junk."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the come-on. "I'll buy it from you, and pay you what it cost you."

"Well, if you insist upon it," said the farmer rather reluctantly, "I certainly won't refuse. But I'm warning you that you are throwing your money away."

At a small station the business man and the farmer left the train. A wagon was waiting for them, and they drove several miles through the country until they arrived at a neat and attractive white-painted farmhouse. Chickens strolled complacently about the garden, and in the distance cows could be seen grazing in the fields.

"Here's where I live," said the farmer, ushering his companion into the modest living room. "Wait here and I'll go upstairs and see if I can find that stock."

After quite a while the farmer returned with a bundle of handsomely engraved certificates of the W. X. & B. Company. The come-on wrote out his check for twenty thousand dollars and received the certificates properly indorsed.

The next day the business man called at the banking office of Mr. Morton.

"Mr. Morton is in Europe," said the great man's secretary, "but I am thoroughly familiar with his affairs. I know nothing about any W. X. & B. Company."

The business man experienced a sudden sinking feeling.

"Why, Mr. Morton told me last week he would ——"

"Mr. Morton was in Europe last week. I'd suggest," said the secretary, "that you communicate with the police."

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Mr. Petrovitch From Russia

AMERICAN BUSINESS SEEN THROUGH OLD-WORLD SPECTACLES

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY SIGISMUND DE IVANOWSKI

INDISPUTABLY there was reason for irritation at the manner in which the young salesman with the eager face and assured manner came into Mr. Petrovitch's grocery store in the small New York State city. A delivery van had just called, leaving in the middle of the floor a great pile of packages, which Mr. Petrovitch was busily engaged in sorting and setting in place on his shelves. The eager young salesman feigned to ignore this activity on the part of his prospect. He plumped his sample case on the counter, opened it and took therefrom a large colored poster that he held up for the groceryman's attention.

Mr. Petrovitch moved away stolidly, continuing to stack the packages on his shelves. The eager young salesman followed, talking at him briskly. The young salesman's firm was putting a new brand of preserves on the market. Mr. Petrovitch had not heard of it? Well, he would soon. The advertising campaign would create a tremendous demand. Mr. Petrovitch must stock the line, say a half dozen cases as a trial order. Suddenly the young salesman dived again into his sample case, extracted a hammer and a box of tacks, leaped upon a barrel and tacked his gay advertising poster on the wall.

Mr. Petrovitch said no word until the last package had been put into its place on his shelves. Then he came from behind his counter, a sturdy man of forty, partly bald, with the typically round head of the Russian and queer thick spectacles that covered his blinking, nearsighted eyes. Striding over to the poster he regarded it indignantly for a moment, then tore it from the wall and shoved it back all crumpled to the eager young salesman. Mr. Petrovitch would not be bullied. He would have no poster tacked on his wall, irrespective of its artistic excellence or its sales lure. Neither would he buy anything from a salesman so insupportably pushing. In America, he said, there are far too many salesmen. Sometimes ten, twelve, even fifteen, come to his grocery store in a single day! How can a merchant attend his own affairs when so constantly pestered? It cannot be done. Surely the Government should regulate these things!

The eager young man realized that his sales prospects for the moment were negligible, and went out, after pressing his card into Mr. Petrovitch's unwilling hand and remarking that mail orders would be appreciated. Mr. Petrovitch threw the card on the floor, stamped on it, and continued his criticism of American business life as he views it.

A Gloomy Critic

MR. PETROVITCH is terribly pessimistic over certain American business methods, predicting the direst consequences if they are not remedied. Everywhere in America he sees waste! The salesmen with their big salaries! The great firms that manufacture things in one part of the country and by their salesmen and their advertising in journals try to force their products on the people in far-distant parts. Scientifically, each division should have its own factories that sell only to the people in near-by sections. The Government should enforce truer economy and put a stop to the mad competition that goes on everywhere. Mr. Petrovitch affirms that he is not alone in thinking this way. Right in his New York State city there is a society of Intelligentzia that meets every month and listens to papers on the menace of big business and the dangers of the deplorable commercialism rampant throughout America.

A lady with a shopping bag entered, interrupting Mr. Petrovitch's eloquence. Like others who learn a new language, Mr. Petrovitch speaks English better than he understands it, and he could not quite comprehend the lady's desires. Sensing his limitations the lady scanned his shelves until she discovered the desired article, recognizing it by a well-known trade-mark. Mr. Petrovitch handed it to her at her request. She even knew the price without asking, for she paid over the correct amount, put the package in her shopping bag and went out, the entire transaction taking place in a minute or two.

The incident seemed a bit to invalidate Mr. Petrovitch's expressed ideas, because it was doubtless owing to the efforts of eager salesmen and ambitious manufacturers that the lady had been educated to know precisely what she wanted and thus could buy it so quickly and with so little effort on the part of the grocer. But there was no chance to point this out, for Mr. Petrovitch rang up the sale without comment and hurried on with his gloomy arraignment of American business practices.

He believes, as do others in the Intelligentzia society, that America is heading straight for revolution, even as Russia did. How can it be otherwise when the country is so weighted down by useless expense of distribution? Just a few evenings previously a learned gentleman had read a paper to the society proving that all active efforts to sell things by putting advertisements in the journals and by sending out travelers are a wrongful expense and add to the burdens of the people. Things should be bought, not sold! The Government should see to it. If Mr. Petrovitch and the gentlemen in the Intelligentzia society had their way, each factory should be limited by law to a certain territory and should be told how many salesmen it might have, and the amount of money it should spend in pushing its product

Mr. Petrovitch is not Bolshevik. Far from it. He believes in a capitalistic society, but regulated. Yes, he has done well in the United States, considering that he has been here but two years, one half of which time he has had the grocery store in the New York State city. The people in the community have been cordial to him and quite willing to trade at his store, in spite of the fact that at first his knowledge of the language was so very limited. He and his wife have a comfortable apartment just around the corner Their two little girls are in school and are even beginning to ask for things they see advertised in the journals! If now, in the interest of efficiency, the Government would only regulate business a little more!

The Good Old Russian Way

MR. PETROVITCH feels he has a right to criticize because he has had business experience under three kinds of government—the old Czarist régime, the Soviets, and now under the Stars and Stripes. It is true that at present he is only a corner grocer in a small New York State city, but it has not always been thus. In former days he was a veritable big business man. For more than twelve years, beginning in 1908, he was the owner of a prosperous wholesale drug business in his Russian home city. It was not, he is careful to explain, the American kind of drug business, where one sells everything except drugs. Rather, it was a highly specialized enterprise, supplying the retail chemists with such products as quinine, aspirin, iodine and other ingredients for physicians' prescriptions. Besides the local chemists' patronage, Mr. Petrovitch's trade extended into territory for a hundred miles around. Big business? Surely it merited the name. If Mr. Petrovitch had such an enterprise in the United States today he could sell it any minute for a cool one hundred thousand dollars!

From the first day he opened this wholesale drug business until the last, Mr. Petrovitch prospered. And why, indeed, should he not? The old Russian Government was wise, and saw to it that business did not run away with itself as is so unfortunately the case in America today. It was believed the people could be better and more economically served if each province was self-sustaining. Business men were not encouraged to extend their operations throughout the whole country or to be overly energetic in selling. Too hectic selling, it was thought, created in the people an undue desire for luxuries and made them discontented. Surely this was better for everyone, even the business men. Mr. Petrovitch himself, for example, wasted no money in foolish American ways, such as putting advertisements in journals and hiring salesmen to go out on the road. Occasionally he would

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"Put On Your Hat and Coat. You Have Two Minutes to Leave This Place. If You Attempt to Carry Anything With You, You Will be Shot!"

THE SUN AT ST. MIHIEL

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

About an Hour After Daylight We Turned Off Near a Village With a Sign That Said, "Rupt-en-Woevre"

IT SEEMS to be the fashion lately to say that there ain't no glory to war. All the people that write in the papers is hollering for peace—which is perfectly right, and I'm all for 'em, and I say hooray for the League of Nations, and if there is another war I won't be a private in the artillery like I was in the last one; I will be either in the Home Guards or the Y. M. C. A. I hate war as much as anybody. And I hate the Army, especially such things as artillery horses, and also corporals, sergeants, first and second lieutenants, captains, majors, lieutenant colonels, colonels and all forms of generals.

But when these lady pacifists and others claim that war is all dirt and hard work and meanness, with no glory to it at all, they don't know what they are talking about, because I was in the war and I know. And once in a while in the war a feeling would come over a guy just the same as when the home football team makes a touchdown, or when Babe Ruth knocks a homer and the stands go crazy, or like when a great big whale of a brass band begins to play, and little hot and cold waves go up and down your back and you take off your hat and wave it around and holler and yell. Sometimes you would get a real kick out of the war—just like that, only more so. And that is what happened to me and Henry at the Battle of St. Mihiel.

I had been spending the month of August, 1918, in a swell hotel at Vichy after being hit by a small shell fragment at Chery-Chartreuve. The hotel had been fixed over for a hospital, and I had been having it pretty soft. At first, they was going to send me back to the United States, but I made the mistake of getting well too quick. So, early in September, they issued me a full pack, loaded me onto a train and sent me to a replacement camp near Paris. Then they sent me on another train to Bar-le-Duc, where I was supposed to rejoin the old battery. But the battery had moved on to a place called Souilly, so I found a truck that was going that way and climbed aboard.

Now all through the summer it had been fine weather, warm and pleasant, with pretty white clouds in the blue sky, or only once in a while a little rain—not enough to bother anybody. But now it seemed that the fall rains were starting. It began to rain about the time we left Bar-le-Duc, and all during that truck ride it kept raining harder and harder, until finally, when we skidded around the corner into Souilly, it was coming down like Niagara Falls.

I asked about the battery and heard it was just outside of town. So I put on my raincoat and steel helmet—an overseas cap is no good in the rain—and I took my pack and went out the road they showed me to a big grove of beech trees. There was a picket line stretched between a couple of the trees with a lot of horses all dripping wet and slick like a bunch of seals, and there was damp-looking soldiers moving around, and a lot of wagons and caissons, and four big 155 millimeter howitzers; and off to one side, a kitchen, smoking and spluttering in the rain. It looked like the old outfit, but I wasn't quite sure, because I hadn't seen any of the men yet that I recognized. Then I heard somebody blowing a whistle, and after that a voice like a motor horn:

"Hey, youse guys! Snap out of it! Line up!"

You couldn't miss that top sergeant's voice; I knew I was home again. I sneaked around the edge of the woods so he wouldn't see me, and behind some bushes—just where I might have expected it—was my old friend Henry Elton, and I sure was glad to see him. We looked through the bushes and saw that the top had been lining up the battery to take the horses down to water. As soon as they was safely out of the way, and no more danger they would grab us and give us a horse to lead, we went over by the kitchen, where there was a fire. And Jim Davis and some of the other fellers came over, and it was fine to see them again. Rain or no rain, I was glad I was back.

I asked them what they had been doing since I left the battery at Chery-Chartreuve a month before, and they said they fired at the Fritzies for about a week and the Fritzies fired back and a lot of men got killed and hurt, and then they got relieved and went back and they didn't know exactly whether they had licked the Fritzies or not. After they was relieved, they got pretty near worked to death for a week or so at a rest camp near Andelot, and then just about killed all over again by a hundred-mile hike up to Souilly.

I asked them where we was going next, and they said there was a rumor we was going to make a big attack—provided we didn't get drownded or washed away in the rain. And there was another rumor that we was going to Italy.

"That's the worst of this war," said Henry. "We never know where we're going or what we're trying to do, and when it's all over we don't know whether we've done it or not."

I passed around some cigarettes that I got at the hospital; they was a bit moist, but would still work. Then we heard hollering and yelling, and here come the men leading the horses back, slopping and splashing through the mud. I went over and I made the mistake of reporting myself back from the hospital, and right away I got grabbed and they gave me a wet old brush and a currycomb, and started me working on a horse, brushing away at his muddy old legs, rubbing the mud deeper and deeper into his fur.

We groomed for half an hour and then lined up for supper, and I sure enjoyed the hot food, even if my hands did smell like a livery stable. Still the rain pattered away on my helmet like on a tin roof.

After supper, just as it was getting dark, came the captain hollering, "Harness and hitch! March order!" The battery was moving out. Henry took me over and helped me get my pack onto one of the wagons. And there was the usual hollering and yelling and rushing around, and finally the battery was all lined up on the main road, facing east.

The four guns and the caissons was up front, with the cannoneers walking along behind. Then came the little telephone and instrument cart driven by a guy called Pete, and behind the cart was me and Henry and the rest of the signal detail. And behind us came the kitchen with the cooks, and then the escort wagons. Me and Henry, being privates, didn't have horses any more. So many horses had died off that nobody could ride except officers and drivers.

The captain rode up and down, yelling, "There will be no smoking on the line of march!"

By this time it was night, and we started on our way, slopping through the mud and slime that you always find on top of these French stone roads. It was as dark as it ever gets, and I never felt such rain—rattling off my tin roof, soaking through the back and shoulders of my raincoat, running off the bottom of my raincoat and wetting my knees, trickling down inside my spiral leggin's. I put my hand in my raincoat pocket, and the pocket was full of water and a useless mess of soggy paper and tobacco that had started out as a pack of cigarettes. Gradually the water got into my shoes until I could feel it squushing and bubbling through my toes every time I took a step.

And still the rain came down, steady and businesslike, with just enough wind to blow it into your face and ears and down your neck. Not much glory here; that all came later.

The road led through the woods, and all you could see ahead of you was a faint glistening of the wet road, now and then, with the dark forms of the guns and caissons moving along. Overhead was a dim whiteness where the sky showed between the trees on each side. It was so black dark you couldn't see the trees, but you could tell they were there by the noise of the wind and the rain in the leaves.

Not a pleasant evening—and me just out of the hospital.

After the usual fifty minutes' march came the usual ten minutes' rest. I began to realize how soft I was after a month of being sick. I was tired and sleepy already, at the very beginning of the night's march, and there was no place to lie down in all that mess of mud and water. So I just leaned myself up against the back of Pete's cart—and the next I knew I was all sprawled out in the mud. I had

gone to sleep, and Pete, the dirty crook, had started up the cart and let me drop. Henry pulled me up and we went on.

After a bit, Henry give a little sniff and said, "I smell a village!" Henry had a good nose all right, and a few minutes later we were passing through the main street of a small town, the black shapes of houses looming up on each side. Most of the windows were shaded, on account of German airplanes; but there were a few where the light leaked out, showing the steaming manure heaps in the front yards.

"Gosh!" said Henry. "On a night like this there is nothing in the world looks warmer or pleasanter or more cheerful than a light shining out through a window."

We give the lights a kind of a wistful look, but they was not for us, and in a couple of minutes we was past the town and winding along through the woods again.

At the second ten-minute halt I found a pile of crushed stone at the side of the road, long and flat and level on top like they always pile their stone along the French roads. I laid down and went to sleep on this rock pile, and it made a fine place to sleep, because the water drained right through. Any place else you tried to lie down on a night like that, you would find yourself in a puddle. Ten minutes' sleep that seemed like ten seconds, and it was "Forward, yo!" and we were moving along again through the rain.

I forget how long the hike was, or how many ten-minute rests we had. Almost every halt, I found a pile of rock to sleep on. People that have never been in the Army might think a feller couldn't go to sleep on a rock pile in a pouring rain, but when you get tired enough you can sleep anywhere.

After a while we came out of the woods, and the rain lessened a little and it got lighter. I think there was a moon behind the clouds.

All at once there came all kinds of shouting up by the First Section Gun. The column stopped and they took one of the wagons up there and lifted something in, and turned around and started back toward Souilly with it. Later we heard that Shorty Lipsky, one of the cannoneers, had got all tired out, had climbed on the gun, went to sleep and fell off. The gun wheel went over his chest. They took him to a hospital, but it was no use. The war was over for him.

We passed another village with lights in the windows.

"Damn them villages!" said Henry. "They look too cheerful."

We crossed a river on a bridge. Once in a while there would be a rumble or a few flashes ahead like firing. It was nothing like the big fireworks we had seen along the Marne. But we seemed to be getting to the front.

Gradually it got light, and it was the morning of September 10, 1918. The road was jammed with traffic. Batteries and supply trucks and infantry and machine-gun outfits filled the road as far as you could see, with a steady drizzle falling on them.

"You can't be sure of anything in this man's army," said Henry; "but from the number of troops going in, it looks like a big attack."

"Yes," I said, "and in one way it's lucky it's so rainy and cloudy. If it was a fair day so the Fritz airplanes could spot this traffic, they could get in a lot of dirty work with their artillery."

About an hour after daylight we turned off near a village with a sign that said, "Rupt-en-Woëvre," and we went along a little road through some low fields, to a hill all covered with woods. There were shell holes all around, and the woods were pretty well shot up, but that morning it was very peaceful and no shells coming over.

We ran out the picket line and tied it to the wet slippery tree trunks, and we parked the guns and the wagons in the woods. The kitchen got going and gave us some hot breakfast, after which the top sergeant grabbed us to lead the horses to water. You would of thought the brutes could of just stuck out their tongues in that rain and got enough water to quench any kind of thirst. But no, we had to lead 'em about a mile through the woods to a muddy little brook.

Then we had to daub at them with the wet muddy brushes, and after that we run out some telephone wire to connect up with the battalion P. C., and then it was lunch-time. And all the time, rain, rain, rain!

After lunch me and Henry got busy and tried to find a good place to put our pup tent. Down the road in the woods we found a lot of French soldiers living in nice dry dugouts. One of the Frenchmen came over and said, "Hello," and he had a black beard all over little glistening raindrops, and he could talk English, having once been a waiter in a hotel in Brooklyn. We gave him some cigarettes that I had in an inside pocket and that was still partly dry. And he gave us some wine and he told us we were in what he called the "Tranchée de Calonne" on the north side of the St. Mihiel salient. Henry had a map, so we looked it up and we could see right where we was.

The Frenchman said the front-line trenches were only a couple of kilometers away, but it was a quiet sector and very little firing just then. But he had heard we was going to make a big attack in a few days.

We gave him a couple more cigarettes and asked him if he knew a dry place where we could sneak off and get some rest; and he was a good guy and started to take us into his dugout. But along come some sort of an officer and seemed to be bawling him out very loud in French. So he couldn't get us in there, but he took us halfway up a little hill at the edge of the woods, where there was an old abandoned French gun position—four big gun pits dug into the wet clay, connected by trenches.

All the rain water that came down the hill drained into these pits. But the Frogs was wise and experienced mud hens, and they had made a little gutter running through the connecting trenches that drained all the pits into the lower one. And at the lowest corner of the lowest pit was the mouth of a drain pipe of about four-inch tile, with a merry little stream running into it, and gurgling away out of sight. And leading off the other side of this lowest gun pit was a nice dry dugout with a board floor.

We thanked the Frog with the beard and gave him a couple more cigarettes, and he went back to where he belonged. Henry and I went and got our packs, took them in the dugout and spread out the blankets on the floor and lit a candle that I had. We was soaking wet and we was gently dripping all over, and we felt chilly and uncomfortable and mean; but at least we was out of the rain and could get a little rest.

All at once we heard somebody scrambling in the door, and it was Lieutenant Baird of our battery, and Tony, who was his orderly, or dog robber.

"Room for any more?" asked the looey.

"Sure," we said—not that we was glad to see him, but he would have come in anyway, and we might just as well make the best of it. Tony dragged in the looey's bedding roll and opened it, and I will be a cross-eyed son of a gun if he didn't have a little trick oil stove that he lit up! And right away the dugout began to get nice and warm.

I decided I would put on a pair of dry socks I had in my pack. I took off my old wet shoes and socks, and my feet had been soaked so long they was as white and clammy as a coupla dead fishes, and the toes all wrinkled up like a washerwoman's fingers. I was just holding them up to the little oil stove, when here come more noise and a major stumbled in on us. On his collar was the insignia of the veterinary corps. I had never known before that they had such high-ranking horse doctors.

"Who's in charge here?" he said, walking over and starting to drip on my blankets.

"I am, sir," said Lieutenant Baird.

"I will need this dugout," said the horse-doctor major. "There will be room enough for you, lieutenant, but you'll have to order your men to clear out."

"I will not order them out. These are my men, and have been assigned to this dugout, and you have no right to move them."

The major walked over.

"Lieutenant," he yelled, sticking out his jaw as hard-boiled as they make 'em, "you heard what I said! You will order your men out; and what is more, you will get out yourself. You will do it inside of five minutes, and no remarks of any kind, or I will have serious charges of insubordination preferred against you."

The major and the lieutenant stood there glaring at each other like a couple of wildcats. If it had been a case of man to man, there would have been a real knock-down-drag-out fight. But Baird was only a second lieutenant, and he knew how little he amounted to in the Army alongside of a major.

"Yes, sir," he said, and saluted and turned to us. "Roll up your stuff, put on your shoes; we're moving out." And so we went.

Lieutenant Baird and Tony paddled off down toward the battery, and me and Henry looked for another dugout.

There was no more dugouts around there, but in the upper gun pit we found a sort of ammunition bay that gave

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When the Doughboys Hear All These Shells Screeching Past Overhead It Is Like a Message to Them That We are Behind Them and Helping All We Can

THE BEST MINDS

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

TWO things were happening in the motion-picture industry at the same time, and both concerned the same company. In New York City, Mr. Mortimer Smits was talking earnestly with his general manager, Mr. Campbell. In California, Nellie Timmins was discussing certain obvious facts with Joe Bell, and both conversations had to do with money.

Nellie and Joe had long since reached an understanding about their future. Joe had gone over things thoroughly one night in a flivver, with the moon shining and the Pacific Ocean looking on, and had informed Nellie that she was the girl Fate had in mind for him. He told her, with the usual repetitions and decorations, that he loved her intensely and as no other girl had ever been loved by mortal man, and he begged her to marry him and thus bring about a cessation of the misery that was blasting his young life. Nellie leaned her head upon Joe's shoulder and smiled happily.

"I like you, too, Joe," she said, on this important occasion.

"Well, then, let's get married."

"All right, Joe. When?"

"Right away. Tomorrow."

"That's a little too soon," she said, running her fingers through Joe's hair and feeling grateful to the mysterious forces that had led this strong, upstanding young chap to fall in love with her.

"Well, in a week, then?"

"All right, Joe," she cried. "I will. And I'll go right on working at the studio."

A brief silence fell. The first cloud sailed into their little sky.

"No," said Joe firmly.

"No what?"

"No wife of mine works in any studio—or anywhere else. I am the breadwinner in this outfit. My gosh, Nellie!"

The conversation continued for two hours under the moon and was renewed on later occasions, the fourth of which coincided in point of time with Mr. Smits' talk in New York City.

Nellie had first beheld Joe in the studio, where he was industriously cranking second camera and swearing bitterly at Mildred Harley—the famous Mildred—because she demanded two baby spots, when, as any cameraman knows, one baby spot is enough. Baby spots are used to shoot light up from the floor, flooding faces that have begun to show traces of wear, and thus eradicating wrinkles from the film.

Nellie admired Joe tremendously. She was Mildred's dresser, salary twenty a week. She carried Mildred's wraps and make-up box from set to set and fixed the star's hair for important close-ups.

Nellie was twenty-two and amiable rather than beautiful. She lived with her father, who had quit work just before the war, and she detested the motion-picture business and everybody in it with the single exception of Joe Bell.

"I don't see why we can't be married right off," Joe said on another evening. "We can make it on my thirty a week."

Nellie shook her head.

"I've added up all the expenses," she said. "There's the rent, the food, clothing and all the rest, and I know it can't be done on thirty dollars."

"I'll get a raise to thirty-five any day now."

"You won't if you don't ask for it."

"I'm going to ask, only this is the wrong time. Our company hasn't done a tap of work in weeks, and don't you worry, the front office knows it."

"We could just do it on thirty-five," the girl rejoined. "Of course, it would be squeezing through. I wish you'd let me keep my job, because then we could save up some money."

"Not a chance in the world."

"Well, then, you go and get the thirty-five."

"All right," said Joe. "I'll see Plank in a day or two."

In New York City, in the elegant offices of the Smits Film Company, Mr. Mortimer Smits was, at the very moment, discussing a new and fascinating project.

"We'll do this," he said, pacing to and fro and gesturing. "It's my own idea, and it's sure-fire."

"It sounds like a winner," Campbell agreed. He was the Eastern general manager and usually found it advisable to agree with the chief.

"What is the most interesting topic in America today?" demanded Smits. "What do people talk about most? What are the newspapers full of from Maine to California? Prohibition! Am I right?"

"Absolutely."

Nellie and Joe Had Long Since Reached an Understanding About Their Future

"The movies have been afraid to touch this, although they've wanted to. They've been afraid of offending one class while pleasing another. I'll show them. The Smits Film Company isn't afraid of anything. We will make a stupendous motion picture and call it either Prohibition or The Great Amendment."

"I like The Great Amendment," murmured Campbell.

"Yes, but Prohibition is the best-advertised word in the country today. We'll decide later about that."

"George Finch ought to direct it," said Campbell. "He's a thoughtful fellow and knows drama."

"The very man I had in mind," answered the president. "Finch is our best bet. The next thing, of course, is to get our story, and I've got a grand idea about that too."

Mr. Campbell lighted a perfecto, leaned back in a comfortable leather chair and looked expectant. It was the sort of conference he favored, with his employer making suggestions and himself filled with intelligent acquiescence.

"Prohibition is a slick name for a picture," he said slowly. "What about the story?"

"To begin with, we'll get Tom Harris, who is, without doubt, the best scenario man in the business."

"Yes, but he's in California."

"No matter. This is one picture where we actually spare no expense. We'll get Tom Harris and pay him what he asks."

"He'll do the scenario?"

"Yes, and help out the real author."

"Who is the real author?"

"Jake Winbigler," said President Smits in a triumphant voice, naming one of America's giants. "The foremost delineator of small-town characters, and a man known to the masses as well as the classes."

Mr. Campbell set down his cigar and gasped slightly.

"Not Jake Winbigler?"

"Absolutely. Why not?"

"Jake is one of the richest authors in the country. He owns three country homes, four automobiles, and lives in London."

"What of that?"

"Think of the cost. I know for an actual fact that Jake gets at least twenty thousand before he wets a pen in ink."

"Very good. We'll pay him twenty thousand. Get at this immediately and send Hustwick up to Jake's country home in Canada, where I understand he now is. Wire Tom Harris to drop everything and come East. I want both men to meet me in this office, so I can tell them exactly what we need."

"Good," said the general manager, rising. "One thing more. Who's to play the lead?"

"Louis Carmody," said Smits, naming his most potent box-office star.

"Fine. We certainly ought to stir things up with that combination of names." He rubbed his hands with the joy of a man who sees a great vision, and departed.

Mr. Jake Winbigler arrived in New York, riding on two tickets, at the company's expense. Mr. Tom Harris, summoned from his Pacific bungalow by the westering sea, breezed into town, named his price and was introduced to the man who discovered small-town types.

"This is the idea," Mr. Smits explained, smiling upon his visitors. "I want you two to get together and draft a story. The name is either Prohibition or The Great Amendment, and my idea is to take a small-town man, played by Louis Carmody, and show him as he was in the old days of the saloon. We see him saying good-by to his girl and starting to carve out his career. He takes the train, promising to return in a year with his fortune made. He waves good-by to his adoring sweetheart, and we next see him looking for a job in the big city. He passes a saloon, an old-time saloon, covered with bock-beer signs. He pauses. He falls. He goes inside, drinks a glass of beer and swiftly descends to failure and wretchedness. Then prohibition comes along. Get the idea?"

"Certainly sounds very good," remarked Mr. Harris. "This picture is going to be for prohibition?"

"Absolutely," smiled Smits; "and if we make enemies among the wets, what do we care? We're on the side of law and order. What do you say, Mr. Winbigler?"

"I'll have to think it over," replied the small-town wizard, polishing his nose glasses. "One cannot plunge offhand into a thing of this sort."

"Very well," said Smits. "Mr. Harris will be at your disposal."

"Of course," said the author, "before I could agree to a proposition like this, I want to be guaranteed against the loss of my time."

"We will pay you in advance," said Smits, and that very afternoon Mr. Winbigler received his voucher. A voucher is a check, after the figures pass so many thousands.

Mr. Winbigler retired to a sunny suite in one of New York's larger hotels and sank into profound thought. Mr. Harris, having nothing whatever to do until the novelist began to simmer, attended girl-and-music shows. Mr. Louis Carmody was notified to hold himself in readiness for the greatest rôle in his spectacular career, and in Hollywood the studio was informed that a mammoth production was being readied up and that George Finch was to

"Haven't You Got Any Home?" Asked Old Man Timmins

shoot it, the shooting to be done on the West Coast, where all Smits pictures came into being.

"Now is your time to go in and see Mr. Plank," Nellie Timmins said to Joe Bell. "Your company is going to start on this feature picture and they certainly ought to give you a raise."

"I'd better wait a little while longer," Joe answered uneasily. "We've been idle for some time, and I heard Plank tell George that this next one is going to be a whiz for expense."

"I saw a lovely bungalow in Glendale the other day," Nellie remarked with a certain wistfulness. "There was a lawn with a flower pot and a garage, and how much, do you think?"

"I dunno."

"Fifty dollars a month, and the water paid."

"We could do that easy."

"Yes, indeed," Nellie agreed, "on thirty-five a week."

The Smits Film Company, being what it is, a large and thriving industry with many branches and many stars, Smits could not devote his time undividedly to any single project. The days slipped along and turned into weeks, while the skeleton work of The Great Amendment lagged in the making. Mr. Harris called at Mr. Winbigler's hotel and they conferred patiently. Occasionally they went to a good play and talked it over between the acts. In Hollywood, Director Finch waited for the grand opus to arrive. The entire studio waited. Presently Mr. Louis Carmody was thrust into a makeshift picture because he was getting so many dollars a week and it seemed reasonable to occupy his time while the big job was being done.

In the course of time Mr. Winbigler wearied of city life and returned to his Canadian shooting lodge, where he cashed his vouchers and settled down to reflect in good earnest. Mr. Harris made several trips to Canada, lolling in a rosy compartment and using two tickets, as everyone does who works for the movies, one railway ticket being regarded in film circles as the mark of a common person.

"What have we on the Prohibition story?" President Smits inquired.

"They seem to be having trouble with it," informed Campbell. "I believe they've got the main character straight. He starts as a small-town blacksmith and goes out into the world to make good, promising his fiancée that he will return a big man. It then moves along to some large town, where he drops into a saloon and gets mixed up with evil associates."

"We had all of that six weeks ago," grumbled Smits. "You know, Jim, I've been going over this in my mind and I'm coming to the conclusion that we're wrong about the small-town stuff. The big change has come in large cities, like New York. Think of how this town used to be, with the saloons. Why should we make a small-town story?"

"No reason at all," said Campbell. "Matter of fact, I always regarded it as a metropolitan story, with society sets and handsome women."

"That's my notion exactly," responded the president with considerable warmth. "This man Winbigler isn't making headway to speak of, and George Finch is eating into our time. There's only one thing to do now."

"What's that?"

"Put the whole thing in the hands of Angus Fee."

"Angus Fee!"

"Nobody else. Angus Fee is America's greatest living novelist when it comes to society life in large cities."

"But," ventured Campbell timidly, "Angus Fee is a high-priced fellow, the same as Winbigler. I hear he's somewhere in New Mexico shooting grouse."

"Wire him expense money and bring him to New York. What we want is action. Where's Tom Harris?"

"I think he's in Michigan, inquiring into small-town life."

"Telegraph him to get back here at once."

"Yes, sir," said the general manager.

Five days later President Smits faced Angus Fee and Tom Harris, the retrieved scenarist. Across his shining mahogany desk Mr. Smits again explained the company needs.

"I don't want to tell you how to do this, Mr. Fee," he said modestly, "because you know city types and the ways of high society."

"I'm supposed to," smiled Mr. Fee, a large bald novelist.

"Our idea is this," continued the energetic head of Smits Films. "We show the world what prohibition has done for the people of large cities—how it has increased savings deposits, bucked up the grocers and butchers and put the automobile business where it is today."

"And the movies," added Harris enthusiastically.

"Leave them out of it. Our hero is a young society leader of a fine family, which fits Louis Carmody perfectly. He is a failure in life so far, and his sweetheart chides him, so he starts for Boston to begin all over again, at the bottom of the ladder. He promises his girl that the cocktail life is over, and we see him in Boston. He passes a saloon, fights off the old temptation, but falls, and goes inside. Then he slides down the hill to destruction, and from there we go on into our story."

"That's a good start," said Harris approvingly.

"Of course, we want a big thrilling drama, with the young society girl trying to save her lover from the clutch of rum, and failing."

"Then comes prohibition," added Harris, lighting a fresh cigar. "Our lead can no longer get a drink and so he—he—we go on from there."

"It's a tremendous theme, isn't it?" demanded Smits, glancing from face to face.

"Absolutely," replied Campbell.

"A whiz," said Harris, who had so far taken down three thousand in salary and another thousand for extra tickets and hotel accommodations.

"What do you think, Mr. Fee?" Smits asked anxiously.

"I wouldn't care to say offhand," returned the portrayer of society in large cities. "One must mull over such a thing. It seems quite interesting."

"You understand, of course, we want your very best work, and we are willing to pay you generously for this in advance."

"In advance," murmured Fee, his manner undergoing a faint change.

"Certainly. But we want a thrilling and stupendous story, and one in keeping with the theme of Prohibition, which today interests eighty million Americans."

"I will go into it at once," promised Fee with more warmth than he had previously shown, and an hour later he departed from the Smits Film offices with his voucher, which was a regular voucher in every respect, the figures being stamped through the paper with a machine using red ink.

For the next ten days Mr. Fee conferred diligently with Mr. Harris every afternoon from one till two, discussing the Eighteenth Amendment from its various interesting angles, and unearthing the fascinating fact that if the discarded beer steins in the United States were laid end to end, it would take a man on a high-wheel bicycle two months to ride around them. They then sent word to the film offices that they believed they would work more smoothly in

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"Whom Have I the Honor of Addressing?" She Asked

NO PARKING—By Forrest Crissey

THE CITY PLANNER TURNS TRAFFIC ENGINEER

RECENTLY, in Washington, D. C., I discovered a new kind of clock watcher. The common variety of dial hound is an innocuous creature interesting only for the high development of its time-serving propensities. Not so this new species—which is far more important to civilized man than any wild-life specimen discovered by Colonel Roosevelt, Carl Akeley or any other American explorer of tropical jungles. In fact, its origin lies in one of the most vital and pressing problems which America is facing today.

I was waiting to be admitted to the private office of a friend. My seat gave me a view of nearly the entire office force. As my schedule of appointments for the day was crowded, I had arrived a little in advance of my engagement and was keeping close watch of the time. At 9:40 the chief clerk looked at the clock, reached for his hat and went out. Within the next ten minutes at least one-third of the men remaining repeatedly consulted their wrist watches and finally followed the leader through the exit door.

It was precisely five minutes to ten when the office manager came from his morning conference with his chief, seized his hat, made a dash for the hall door and called back, "Go right in."

"What's the idea of the sudden exodus?" I asked. "A strike of the clock watchers? A fire? Or perhaps it's the bootlegger's hour."

"Guess again," responded my friend. "If you owned a car parked three blocks away and knew that you'd have to pay a substantial fine if it wasn't shifted to another parking space the instant after the two-hour limit had expired, you'd watch the clock and beat it in time to make the dead line, wouldn't you? The performance you have seen is repeated at two-hour intervals all through the working day in all the offices in this locality. About as much time is lost in clock watching as in making the actual shifts to other parking spaces. Of course it's a mere technical makeshift to beat existing traffic regulations, but it works. The employer simply has to grin and bear it. Nearly all the young men who are now shifting their cars live in suburbs and own their homes in satellite communities which are not now well served with public transportation. Most of them couldn't afford to buy in more favored localities. They are married and are the most dependable kind of help obtainable. Therefore employers put up with the car-shifting nuisance in the hope that the traffic authorities will eventually solve the parking problem."

Jefferson Street East From Griswold Street, Detroit

The Old Michigan Avenue Bottle Neck, Chicago

The Typical City Welcome

THIS situation in our national capital, having the widest streets of any city in America and planned for a city beautiful! In Detroit a few weeks ago a travel-worn car bearing a Far Western license plate nosed up to the curb in front of a large central department store and began to disgorge a human cargo suggesting a Sunday-school picnic. Suddenly a policeman appeared and welcomed the father of the brood with "Hey! Can't you read the no-parking signs? You can't park downtown in Detroit in rush business hours."

Meekly the tourist inquired, "Where can I park?"

Pointing with his club, the officer answered, "A quarter of a mile in that direction and ——"

"Never mind," interrupted the traveler. "Ma just wanted to do a little tradin' for the kids. But I'll go on to Wyoming; they used to let me park there before I left."

At that instant a young woman near them set the brakes on a perambulator and started on a wishing trip of the display windows. "She's parkin'," cautiously suggested the visiting stranger.

"Sure," replied the policeman. "Don't you know the difference between a baby carriage and a lizzie?"

"Sometimes," drawled the traveler from the tall-grass country, "there ain't none."

These incidents contain the essence of the change which is reshaping the cities of this country, shifting business centers, reducing real-estate values here and raising them there, throwing established population currents into reverse and making them flow uphill, as it were. The very traditions and methods of business itself are being profoundly changed by the silent earthquake induced by the gliding wheels of millions of automobiles and motortrucks. The traffic cop and his official superiors have no monopoly of the problems of street congestion. The real-estate man, the merchant, the manufacturer and the banker are as deep in the no-parking problem as the police and motor-vehicle departments or the automobile industry itself. They are all sitting up nights inventing new steps to keep from being crowded off the downtown streets.

This situation contains only a few elements which may be accepted as certainties. The first is an increase in the number of motor cars demanding parking space in congested centers of population. Every week last year, for example, saw 1153 more Chicago-owned automobiles on the streets of Chicago than the preceding week, or an increase of about 60,000 a year.

The second is an unchecked increase of population in this country. There are about 36,000,000 more persons in the United States today than in 1900, about 24,000,000 in the cities. When somebody in Washington is able to dictate human increase in the United States with the same precision with which the Secretary of the Treasury dictates the number of silver dollars to be minted, then we may look for a decrease in the number of motor cars demanded by the American public—and not till then! There are two human instincts which have no respect for the no-parking sign—that which peoples the earth with children, and the desire to travel swiftly, luxuriously and at will, without consulting time-tables and in company of one's choosing.

Traffic Problems

NO ALERT observer can escape the conclusion that the immediate future will bring many and radical changes in the physical aspects of most of the larger American cities—all dictated by the motor car. Though probably most of these changes will be of the makeshift order, there is reason to hope that there will be many examples of elemental city planning—the virtual rearrangement of all means of transportation to meet the situation created by the ever-increasing automobile and motortruck.

Inventive genius has always responded to the demand of necessity—particularly in America. We have reached the acute stage in traffic congestion in cities, and engineering genius is now turning to the problem of relief with unprecedented intensity. The spotlight has shifted from mechanical and chemical engineering to traffic or transportation engineering because necessity has commanded and opportunity has called. However, the new city planner is an unfamiliar species, resembling his predecessor about as slightly as the modern college girl resembles her demure grandmother of the female academy. City planning of the past has been largely a blending of the gifts of the building architect, the landscape architect, the artist and the philanthropist—with the goal the city beautiful.

The new species of city planner will, I think, not be more indifferent to architectural and landscape beauty than those who have preceded him, but his job primarily is not the building of a city beautiful, but a city possible—a city wherein human movement, whether in motor cars or other units of transportation, may be reasonably free and unhampered. It is a great task and one which must deal with conditions as is, not as they ought to be. There are few scientifically planned cities in America, and those which are entitled to claim that distinction were planned by men who could no more visualize the automobile than King Massasoit could visualize the steam locomotive. Most American cities have had as unguided a growth as Topsy.

The new race of city planners who accept the responsibility of reshaping centers of population to accommodate the movements of more, not fewer, motor cars face apparently insuperable handicaps. No starting with a clean slate! At every turn they will be confronted with the solid wall of immense private investment—a very unyielding type of obstacle. At best it can be only a game of following lines of least resistance, of making the best of a difficult and unfriendly situation, of jogging instead of guiding the arm of civic evolution.

Ever since the Civil War, centralization has been the motif of American development. With the coming of a motor-car population of seventeen million, the pendulum has swung backward, and now decentralization is the order of the day for our larger cities. As early as 1854 the movement to centralize and consolidate began. Under the Consolidation Act, Philadelphia, for example, took in a number of townships. Other cities followed suit. It became a steeplechase for size all over the country—a census free-for-all.

This was not a mere paper consolidation; it was an actual centralization of population—the birth of big downtown business centers, as the modern phrase has it. Business itself reflected this centralizing tendency, this strife for size. The great corporation, representing the consolidation of many individual companies, and the skyscraper are its legitimate children. "Bigger and bigger" was the slogan of the day.

Then gregarious humanity bumped up against the fact in physics that you cannot put more into a given space than its capacity will permit. This demonstration was contributed by the streets and the motor cars—plus all other kinds of traffic. But the very enormousness of their physical and financial bulk made street widening proportionately difficult. Unlimited right of way into the air did not relieve street-traffic congestion, but rather increased it. The result is decentralization of population, and, consequently, decentralization of business—for trade follows population.

The satellite community is the natural offspring of the automobile and the no-parking sign. Suburban population is growing by leaps and bounds in the thirty-two metropolitan cities of America, but those under 200,000 are still centralizing, and the drift everywhere is cityward. The cities of 100,000 to 200,000 have an opportunity to do their planning in advance—for they will soon catch up with the decentralizing procession. Forethought is much cheaper than afterthought, and widening closely built city streets is much more costly than planning them wide when the slate is clean.

Decentralization

CONCERNING decentralization Mr. George M. Graham, chairman of the Safety, Traffic and Planning Committee of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, says:

"Take my own case, at Cleveland. I live in one of these satellite communities at 105th and Euclid, near our plant. On an average I do not go downtown more than once a month. There is no need to go. Within a block from our house a big downtown department store has a branch. We have our own theaters—and very good ones too. And the downtown bank also maintains a branch institution in our community. A prominent Cleveland banker tells me that most of the new business of his institution comes from its branches in the satellite communities which owe their existence to the decentralizing influence of the automobile.

"Virtually all the business of these branch banks is new business in the strictest sense of the term. The keeper of the corner grocery used to keep his cash in his till in the daytime and under his mattress at night before the automobile put wheels under the decentralization movement and forced the downtown bank to establish a branch just around the corner from him. Then the grocer was just a one-cylinder storekeeper. Now he is a merchant and a business man.

"This man has been educated out of the crossroads-storekeeper class into the city-business-man class. His main educators have been competition and the banker, but he has been taught much by contact with the decentralized business man of larger affairs and broader experience who has come to live in the satellite community because there he can have more air and sunshine, more room and greater freedom than in the center of the city. It is a healthy, wholesome development. It not only gives the individual a better chance for personal growth but it also pushes him into civic activities and broadens his patriotic side."

An interesting feature of the decentralizing influence of the automobile, of which the no-parking sign is the standardized symbol, is what Mr. Graham calls real-estate insurance. He was calling on a business man in a Western city, who remarked, "I wonder how long you fellows can continue to get away with this business of making and selling automobiles. It would seem that there must be a point of saturation somewhere."

To which Mr. Graham replied, "You don't get us right, Jim. We're creating and selling real-estate insurance. You live out on The Heights, as do most of the family men here who can afford to live where they like. How far is the nearest street-car line from your home?"

"Really, I don't know," was the answer. "I always use one of our three cars."

"How much did your motor cars cost you?" persisted the automobile manufacturer.

"About $7000."

"Very well," continued the visitor; "if you will let me appraise your residence, it is worth $100,000. If it were not for your automobiles you couldn't and wouldn't live there. And the same statement goes for every one of your neighbors. If every automobile were stricken out of existence, so far as The Heights is concerned the bottom would fall out of real estate here and this beautiful residence suburb would be as deserted as a pinched-out mining camp. This sort of thing is going on all over America. The satellite community is the big thing in the modern population movement. It is making over metropolitan America, and the automobile is responsible for it."

The Ford Plant is Six Miles From the City of Detroit

Old South Water Street, Chicago, Monopolized by One Business

Liniment Versus Surgery

NATURALLY this decentralization movement, symbolized by the no-parking sign, is about as soothing as an attack of the hives to the owner of valuable downtown real estate or centrally located residence property. He is for any measure which holds promise of affording a freer flow of street traffic to and from the center of the city, including a convenient place to park while in. He believes that there is a way out of the central traffic congestion and that it lies in a more intelligent routing and control of traffic and of parking.

While his expectations may never be fully realized, both his doubts and his faith are warranted. It cannot be denied that thus far the treatment of the city-congested sickness has been casual and largely confined to surface expedients and experiments. This with outstanding exception! Mainly it has been a case of rubbing liniment on limbs needing surgery. To the modern traffic-congestion specialist, the new-type city planner, the no-parking sign is an offense, a symbol of rank incompetency in traffic engineering. And he is able to make out a very plausible case in support of this attitude.

For example, few engineers specializing in city transportation development have made more surveys in various related phases of the traffic problem than J. Rowland Bibbins, of Washington, D. C., who says "'No parking' as a cure for traffic congestion in crowded downtown districts is merely a stampede to do something, anything. It is unscientific and largely futile. But even as a means of temporary relief it is seldom applied intelligently.

"There will be no real solution of the street-traffic-congestion problem in any large city until all traffic of all kinds is considered and organized upon a scientific basis. Generally the automobile is not considered as a unit of transportation. It is fast becoming the greatest agency of transportation in this country. There is a close and vital interrelation of all transportation facilities including the automobile. They constitute one problem so far as the relief of city congestion is concerned. Any plan which does not deal at once with all forms of transportation is foredoomed to failure. Every steam or electric railway terminal is a center for the most crowded character of automobile traffic."

Mr. Bibbins holds that neither the municipalities nor the railroads, steam and electric, have given to this collective problem

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THE RELUCTANT DUCHESS

II

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

AND so Jacqueline, into harmony bribed like a politician with an appointive office, began to take an interest in the duke's dinner party. From a contemptuous and critical outsider, she became an interested guest. The duke was to have returned from Washington the day before the dinner, but at luncheon Pitts-Cave announced with several haw-haws that Tac had stayed over one day, having become keen about "your American baseball."

"Fancy Tac keen about baseball!" said he.

"How very, very amusing!" said Miss Salisbury, so low as not to be forthputting, but loud enough to assure the major that there was a countrywoman present who understood perfectly the oddity of the situation.

Mrs. McMannis caught her red underlip in her teeth.

"I hope," she said, "that there is no doubt of his coming tomorrow."

A thrill of horror pierced Jacqueline's heart, but Pitts-Cave answered confidently, "Oh, there's no doubt of that—in the circumstances."

The circumstances evidently were not the party, for Mrs. McMannis said, "Perhaps after all it would have been wiser to let him know we are having a few people to dine to meet him." It was her nearest approach to losing her courage.

"No, no," said the major; "believe me, not. Tac's an obstinate little beggar, you know—very likely not to come at all."

It was Jacqueline's first knowledge that the party was being given without the assent of the duke.

She could not help worrying about it a good deal. What would be more humiliating than the party without the duke? How everyone would laugh! And what could she say at school the next day if he didn't appear?

She drew a long breath at hearing, when she came in from her afternoon walk, that Dormier was in the drawing-room having tea.

She went on up to her own room to do her studying for the next day—to go through the motions, at least—in happy ignorance of the scene being enacted in the drawing-room.

Again She Turned to Her Door, But This Time Dormier Took Her Hand. "Please Don't Go," He Said

Mrs. McMannis, like all great generals, never calmer than in the moment of crisis, was sitting behind the tea urn and saying, "So glad you're back, Tac. Let me see—it's strong, with milk and sugar, isn't it?"

"Yes—luck to get milk. Everyone offers you cream here, I find."

"Cream!" cried Pitts-Cave. "In tea? Rather filthy—eh, what?"

"Yes, I'm glad you're back," Mrs. McMannis went on, handing the duke a brimming cup with a perfectly steady hand, "because I don't seem to have been able to avoid entirely asking a few people to dine tonight, and I confess I want you."

"Frightfully sorry," said the duke, "but I'm dining with a chap."

Pitts-Cave's prominent blue eyes rolled alarmingly in Mrs. McMannis' direction, but, quite unruffled, she answered, "Oh, really? Well, bring him here too." She said it quite calmly, although one more guest meant incredible rearrangement; for twenty-four was the limit of the gold plate and the engraved goblets from Venice, and the old Sèvres plates. But how much better a few odd plates and glasses than the absence of the guest of honor!

"Frightfully kind of you," said Dormier, selecting a muffin, "but I'm afraid I can't do that."

"Upon my word, Tac," said his cousin, "you really can't let Mrs. Mac down like that."

"Let her down?" said the duke, questioning not the words but the idea behind them.

"The cat's out of the bag," replied Pitts-Cave. "She's asked people to meet you. You must chuck this other chap—or bring him."

Every ray of expression left the duke's face—not an enormous change, for he had always great powers of looking blank, but intensely alarming. He sat leaning the points of his elbows on the arms of his chair and staring straight before him, inclined a trifle forward, and fathomlessly silent.

Pitts-Cave, who knew the minute he saw that look on his young cousin's face that the situation was hopeless, said again, "No, no, rather not—oh, no."

"Why cannot you bring your friend here?" asked Mrs. McMannis.

The reason was unanswerable—his friend was a wounded comrade of the late war—a member of the company which Dormier, then Lord Fitzgrady, had commanded. He had heard of this man through the embassy, and after some difficulty had traced him to a hospital in New York. The next day he was to undergo his eleventh operation. This was perhaps his last night on earth. The duke could not—he did not wish to—break his engagement with him. If Mrs. Mac had let him know earlier he would have told her at once that it was impossible for him to dine at home that evening. It was not said, but clearly understood by all three, that the reason they had not let him know was they had trusted to last-minute pressure to make him do something they knew very well he would not want to do.

Mrs. McMannis did not argue, but she allowed tears to rise and stand unshed in her large brown eyes. These tears might have had their effect upon the duke; for, though he was an Englishman, a peer, obstinate, as his cousin had said and, as he himself would have said, entirely in the right, the tears of a woman whom he respected as deeply as he respected his hostess did move him; but as ill luck would have it, at this moment McMannis entered.

McMannis was fresh from a directors' meeting in which he had not only rectified all the mistakes made during his absence but by a sudden assumption of his most genial manner—almost going as far as a brogue—he had contrived to put everyone into a good humor again. He came in, therefore, in a mood to believe that the American business man can resolve any difficulty.

He saw at once that a difficulty was before him. Though he did not notice his daughter's humors, he knew all the chances and changes in his wife's temper. He saw those rare tears of hers at once. He looked at the duke's face—blank as the wall of a mausoleum. He looked at Pitts-Cave, standing on the hearth rug with his hands in his pockets, rocking from his toes to his heels, thrusting out his lips until his mustache bristled, swelling with sorrow and embarrassment and remorse.

"What's wrong?" McMannis said, still genial.

"Dormier has made an engagement for dinner this evening."

"Well, he must break it," said McMannis. "A cup of your best tea, Estelle. The tired business man must be fed, my dear, as well as these pampered aliens."

It was clear that the duke would have preferred to continue to sit silent; but putting some constraint upon himself, he wriggled slightly forward in his chair and explained to his host, as he had already explained to his hostess, the reason why he could not be at home to dinner. If it had been a poor excuse McMannis would probably have been very tactful and subtle; but the fact that it was sound, unanswerable—armored against even American efficiency—annoyed the older man. There was really nothing for him to do but to lose his temper, which he proceeded to do.

He laid down those general principles which sometimes seem to be the bane of American conversation—he said that hospitality had its obligations; that American women were accustomed to having what they wanted.

"Oh, quite—quite," Pitts-Cave said at this point, feeling someone must say something and seeing that Dormier intended never to speak again.

The host said that Dormier's absence from a dinner party designed to do him honor was unthinkable—simply unthinkable. In fact, he talked the sort of nonsense that he would never have dreamed of talking in relation to any business matter, and yet he expected to be as effective as if talking sense.

When he stopped—or, more accurately—paused for a reply, Dormier got to his feet.

"So sorry," he said; but this time all the sincere cordiality which he usually managed to inject into these two much used words had gone.

Mrs. McMannis saw that just a little more of this sort of thing and the ducal visit would come to an end. To avert this final catastrophe, she yielded the main point She came rapidly over to the duke's side, explained that she had been in the wrong and succeeded in getting her husband out of the room.

Left alone with his traitorous cousin, in whose weakness the whole situation had arisen, the duke administered a deserved rebuke.

"A bit thick, Pittsy, considering that I told you not."

The major grunted in extreme agony, but did not let his side go wholly undefended.

"But after all, Tac," he said—"but after all ——"

The duke gave a short nod, intimating that he saw something in the point.

Then Heccles, the duke's servant, appeared at the door and said he begged pardon but it was time His Grace was dressing.

Heccles had a long pale face, straight black hair that grew hair by independent hair on his long narrow skull, and a slightly pendulous nose.

"I'm not dressing," said Dormier, and there was a faint note of defiance in his tone, as if he were a child and Heccles were his nurse.

"Your Grace is not dressing?" asked Heccles; and though he controlled himself perfectly, it was clear what he thought of that.

Dormier did not answer, but Heccles bowed as if he had, and went upstairs and laid out the duke's evening clothes, for he, like the duke, was an obstinate man.

When Jacqueline had wriggled into that white dress that looked as if chosen for a celestial garden party, she looked not a little like an archangel painted by an Italian master; her throat was so very long and white and slender, and her crisp dark hair was just the right length for angels, and the shining excitement in her eyes might almost have been religious ecstasy, though of course it wasn't.

She looked at herself in the long mirror in her room, and was so startled and delighted at the result that instantly a whole scene leaped into her mind.

A voice with a slightly eighteenth-century flavor was saying, "And who, may I ask, is the lovely young creature in white?"

Her stepmother's voice: "Do you mean Mrs. Emden, in diamonds, or Mrs. "

"No, the young lady I mean is not married, or else— "

"Surely you can't mean that child—my husband's daughter by an earlier marriage?" Perhaps a hint here of the Cinderella motive.

"I must ask you to introduce me at once. I have seen many women, but never any who so completely "

The Duchess of Dormier—Duchess Jacqueline—"Your Grace has of late neglected the most humble of her adorers." Jacqueline curtsied to her image in the glass.

Another scene quickly succeeded:

"Good-by, Paul. Another life—other duties."

"Good-by, Jacqueline. Ah, how I have loved you!"

"Hush, my friend, my dear friend! Not another word! I am absolutely loyal to the duke."

A dark head was bowed over her hand. Was that a tear? Oh, surely not! A strong man

There was a sound at the door, and Jacqueline, hastily removing from her speaking countenance the look of mournful dignity suitable to a duchess parting from an old love, pretended she was fastening a bracelet as Miss Salisbury entered.

"How sweet you look!" said Miss Salisbury. "So youthful, so girlish."

This was the last way Jacqueline wanted to look. She thought to herself, "Wouldn't it be the breath of life to Salisbury to have been a governess to a duchess? She'd tell her next victims how gracious I had always been—the dear, de-ah duchess." The idea made Jacqueline giggle as she ran downstairs. For all she knew Dormier might be married—very probably was engaged to some long-nosed Lady Wilhelmina Sophia Dorothea Something-or-Other. Well, between here and the drawing-room door she could do a scene on that too: "Were I a free man and able to choose where my heart leads me ——"

"In this country, your grace, we have little time or respect for men who are not free to follow their hearts' choice."

"Dear girl—that tone of scorn!"

The butler opened the door for her and she walked into the immense drawing-room, paneled with the woodwork of a Florentine palace—and found tragedy. She saw at once that something was wrong.

Her father, cross, jerky, making a low irritating repetitious sound behind his teeth, like the rattle of the rattlesnake; Mrs. McMannis showing traces of tears behind the powder about her eyes.

Neither of them noticed Jacqueline's entrance, and it was not until the arrival of the first guest that she learned the reason.

"Poor Dormier," Mrs. McMannis said—said with variation more than a dozen times before the evening was over. "So disappointed—asked me particularly to tell you how disappointed he was not to see you; but a wounded comrade of the war—dying, I'm afraid. If you know Dormier at all, you know how he would react to such a situation. . . . You don't know him? Oh, I fancied you had known him on the other side. He's a dear boy. You'd like him."

"Rather a bore for the poor lad," said Pitts-Cave in his accustomed formula; but whether he meant Dormier or the comrade whom Mrs. McMannis reported dying—though as a matter of fact, he was never in any danger—no one knew or particularly cared.

Jacqueline—not recognized as a member of the family heard many comments not meant for her ears.

"Serves one right for coming, doesn't it?"

"Do you suppose he's really staying here at all?"

"Oh, well, my dear, there is no penalty for extracting an acceptance under false pretense."

"No legal penalty, but I think a little something can be done. . . . What time did you order the car back? Telephone for it earlier. I shall go at ten."

"We shall probably have a good dinner and vintage wines."

"I should hope so; though with new people you never can be sure even of that."

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"Oh!" Cried Jacqueline. "How Clever to Know That! Do You Know Lots of Things Like That?"

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 2, 1925

Faithful to the Old Masters

RECENT events in Germany would seem to indicate that changed political relations have had little effect on German psychology. Under the republican form of government—it matters little under what particular cabinet—the signs of the mental goose step are frequently to be observed.

The Ministry of Finance, without authorization of parliament, has paid into the pockets of a group of industrial magnates something like two hundred million dollars as indemnification for losses alleged to have been suffered during the Franco-Belgian occupation of the Ruhr. The recipients were largely the coal, chemical and iron industries of the Rhine area. The workers of the area, who were heavy losers through unemployment, are paid nothing. Industries in other parts of Germany which were indirectly but none the less surely injured by the occupation of the Ruhr are paid nothing. The Reich lost heavily through inflation of the currency carried on as an act of offense-defense during the period of the occupation. Also, the magnates have been the beneficiaries indirectly as well as directly. For the largest part, these magnates are reactionaries, politically as well as socially, and the action of the government is all the more reprehensible for this reason. It was prewar German psychology.

The government has apparently decided to revaluate the old debts of the time before the war, and war debts as well. The scheme provides that holders of certain issues are to receive debentures of a "loan redemption fund." Included are a long list of pre-Armistice loans aggregating some eighty billion marks. These debentures are to bear interest and to be redeemed at some future undetermined day, but not until reparation obligations are first taken care of. Many of the German holders of old paper are the innocent original holders. But a large number are surely speculative holders. In any event, to revive bonds after devaluation of the currency is a conspicuous concession to the old capitalist class, and again illustrates the prewar German psychology.

Great Britain has granted a ten-year subsidy on sugar production in the United Kingdom. This has led the German landholder to demand a tariff on sugar; later, if possible, a subsidy. Apparently this is in course of being granted. Great Britain is a heavy net importer of sugar. Germany will soon again be a heavy net exporter of sugar. Sugar production in Germany is not an infant industry, to be raised on the bottle of tariff and subsidy; it is a dominant industry. The purpose of a sugar subsidy in the United Kingdom is to tax the people in order to give some relief to a disorganized agriculture. In Germany the purpose is to augment the profits of the sugar magnates.

These all are the acts of a republic. The old monarchy would have done no more for the favored classes.

German national policy has long fostered and favored big business and big industry at home and abroad. Much of Germany's rapid and solid expansion during the past generation was due to this governmental attitude. Most observers agree that this policy was carried much too far for the good of the rank and file of the German people. Since the war the great industrialists and their enterprises have been the petted darlings of government, and the little people who have only their labor to sell have suffered accordingly. In America we have followed the opposite policy and have bedeviled and beregulated big business into a perpetual state of nerves. And yet there are indications that we are headed for a saner middle course and that the day may come when capital and labor may alike share the benefits of a better balanced policy.

The Middle Course

THE radical should always stay in opposition, where he has nothing to do but talk and is never faced with the problem of putting his theories into practice. Running a government is hard and practical work, and the radical, whose rôle is that of prophet and critic, does not shine at it. He is not only likely to prove weak on the administrative side but he fails to accomplish anything very much on his program of reform. Recent developments, in fact, would seem to indicate that the radical in office achieves just about the same measure of change as the conservative. Sometimes, being deeply engrossed in the new and difficult task of government, he achieves less.

This is one of the results of the experiments in government which European countries have indulged in since the war. It has been demonstrated that the responsibility of power is in that respect a self-acting and highly effective stabilizer. It is impossible to do any wholesale overhauling or reassembling on a machine which cannot be slowed down even for repair. Defective or obsolete parts may be replaced; but this is highly technical work, and skilled hands are needed for it. Also, it is dangerous to attempt too much of it at one time. Russia tried the experiment of shutting off power, scrapping the old machine and putting in an entirely new and untried one. The new model was a total failure and the plant has been shut down ever since.

Germany emerged from the revolution with a socialist president and a Reichstag of strongly radical constitution. A dozen governments have come and gone since, all more or less of radical stripe, but change has been a slow and steady process nevertheless. None of the prized aims of socialism has been achieved. Ramsay MacDonald gave a sober and painstaking imitation of party government during his short tenure. He might have been in Downing Street still had he not fallen a victim to the intrigues of the extremists of his own party. Herriot has not upset tradition or inaugurated one sweeping reform, although he governs on the socialist ticket and the French lunatic fringe forgathers under his banner.

We haven't put radicalism to a test in America. If, however, the electorate should suffer some day a sudden shrinkage of common sense and put our own esteemed radicals in office, the only surprise they would give us would arise from the paucity of the reforms they achieved. But there is such a wide streak of the bogus in our American reformers that we will never intrust the highly practical job of government to them. We may continue to be patient listeners, but we shall never cease to be hard-headed voters.

European radicalism has registered something on the other side of the ledger, however. Qualities of leadership do not seem to be confined to any class. Germany's one postwar joke was the elevation of Ebert to the presidency, but the tubby ex-publican and one-time tanner's apprentice guided the stormy destinies of the country for six years with discretion and skill. In point of courtesy, tact and dignity he was a distinct advance on the last of the lordly Hohenzollerns. Ramsay MacDonald and his young daughter accepted the social responsibilities of Downing Street with becoming dignity. Radicalism therefore has scored a point for democracy. The theory that a man must be born to the pomp of state and the ornamental functions of government has been shaken.

America, treading the middle course, with a sound determination to avoid all costly socialistic experiment and an equally sound aversion to monarchial fripperies, finds ground in European developments for satisfaction and reassurance on both counts.

Trial and Error

WHENEVER a man reaches a position of importance, especially if he is young and the position is that of president of a great corporation, he is at once besought to give his views on how to succeed. Such interviewing, and the Sunday magazine type of fulsome laudation that goes with it, are often ill-timed and premature.

However modestly and sensibly the subject may reply to the questions with which he is plied, or with whatever wisdom the author may treat his subject, these "success" biographies are almost certain to convey a false note of romance and of something akin to magic. The only true test of success is over long periods of time. The stars of yesterday do not all shine so brightly today. Many apparently illustrious careers prove to be skyrockets only. The man who fills a big position is subject to continuous testing; only by final results should he be judged. It is no light responsibility to pick him out at any given moment and proclaim "Here is success personified."

High-salaried executives do not always make profits for stockholders. Managers and presidents are no royal class of French monarchs who can do no wrong. Like supposedly smaller men, they make serious mistakes now and then, or even stray at times from the straight and narrow path. Detective agencies could tell of being employed by creditors to follow this or that high-priced executive on his six months' "vacation" with pay, to discover if the red showing on the books was really due to bad sales judgment or to a venal understanding with someone in the trade.

Those who carry heavy business responsibilities are subject to an indefinite process of trial and error. A certain amount of self-confidence and assurance is supposed to be typical of the big, the successful man. But often there is an engaging absence of arrogance and a sincere desire to learn, not always shown by those in less responsible positions. More than one cartoonist has delightfully portrayed the surprise and pleasure of the caller in a large establishment who, after being bullied and browbeaten by the office boy, the floorman, the assistant secretary and the general manager, is finally received courteously and cordially by the president. Those who hold and deserve high positions are often the most human and unpretentious of men.

It is always good copy, a seven days' wonder with those who write about successful men, when one of not much more than forty is raised to a very high position. Of late there have been a number of such cases; there always are. But at the very time when interest in several such promotions was keenest the newspapers were filled likewise with accounts of the dinner given to Mr. Baker, the New York banker, whose years are eighty and five.

"Some time ago," said one of the speakers, the head of a great rival bank, "I suggested to Mr. Baker that we consolidate his bank and the one of which I am president. He said, 'What do you want to do that for?' My answer was, 'To find out how you make such large profits.'"

Another fact of common experience which the cartoonists have amusingly portrayed is that the boss is not always the best dressed, the smartest looking or the most impressive appearing man in the organization. Ability to accomplish is a quality pretty much by itself, independent of physical size, clothes or manner. Psychologists may guess at it, vocational experts may talk about it; but for the most part it shows up in results.

UNCLE SAM'S PRIZE FAKE

BEING unable to work, I have time in which to ponder a practical joke that the wags at Washington have played on me. I am, to begin with, forty-one years old, married, with three children. When asked to state my occupation, I say I am an illustrator, which means that I draw pictures and sell them to the magazines. I live in Rye, New York, on the Sound, next door to the Connecticut line.

People in my walk of life, broadly speaking, are spattered all over that part of the country. If you should draw a line along the Sound, through Rye and on to Westport, Connecticut, or somewhat beyond, then swing northwesterly through New Canaan up to about Peekskill, there crossing the Hudson and taking in a generous horseshoe of Northern New Jersey, you would find that about half the population of the area within your circuit made a living in the same general way that I do.

Not literally half, of course; but when I think over the people of my sort who live in that area, it seems to me that they must form a very respectable fraction of the population. Not all of them draw illustrations. Some of them are painters, sculptors and architects; a lot of them write for a living; another large lot are actors. Then there are editors, stage directors, critics, and so forth. Several flourishing clubs in New York are composed almost exclusively of them, and they are scattered all the way across from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

On the whole, it seems to me, we get along pretty well. Here and there one of us gets along rather splendorously—a painter whose vogue enables him to get as much for putting a lady's features on canvas as a fashionable surgeon would charge for cutting one of the features off, an author of best sellers, an actor or actress on whose doorstep managers sit. They are the nabobs; but if everybody was a nabob, nobody would be—paradoxical as that may sound.

Taking just the rank and file, mostly the public does in one way or another give us a decent living for doing what we like to do on its own account. But only when we are sober, industrious and not too old. The other day I received a letter asking me to chip in a bit for a man whose name once stood for more than mine is ever likely to. I believe he was never particularly dissipated or extravagant or lazy. But he suffered two misfortunes that might befall anybody. First, his work was not of a sort that brought in much money, even as money goes among artists. Second, he lived too long. Now he is old and destitute.

Maybe the general public doesn't realize how often that calamity of living too long befalls quite sober, industrious people. Once in a while you may read in a newspaper that such and such a one, famous on the stage thirty years ago, was discovered in an attic, probably dead. Then you say, "Ah, yes; an actor; extravagant; no common sense." Plenty of actors have as much common sense as any grocer But new people, with new tricks, are always swarming in; the elderly gravitate to the rear.

You never read of an illustrator dying in a garret. If he was merely an illustrator the newspapers would not consider it worth mentioning. But I can assure you that among those whose livelihood depends upon catching the fleeting interest of the public, age is no El Dorado. Usually their earning years will not outlast their natural teeth.

Their earning capacity is contingent upon health. Always they are subject to the inscrutable liability of losing the touch that makes them acceptable to the public. Their incomes are precarious. Usually they are married and have families, with a human anxiety for the protection of their wives and children, which is what puts an edge to the precarious nature of their incomes—a fly in the ointment.

It is possible to have the ointment without the fly. Felix A. managed that; or rather, his grandfather managed it for him by embarking in the brewing trade. I don't know the details, but several years ago an extensive parcel of city realty that once appertained to the brewery was leased for ninety-nine years. There are several heirs—the salient point being that Felix receives $25,000 a year under that lease. He paints in one of the new modes, but otherwise is a tiptop fellow.

Ever since I have known him well, his income has struck me with a touch of awe. All he has to do about money is to sign checks on his bank, never bothering about the other side of the account, for the rent money is deposited to his credit every quarter.

He is not extravagant or dissipated; but he could pickle himself to the eyebrows every day if he chose and the income would march right along. He can be sick a whole quarter, or a whole year, and the little rent check will automatically drop into the slot every three months He can even enjoy the luxury of dying without a qualm about his

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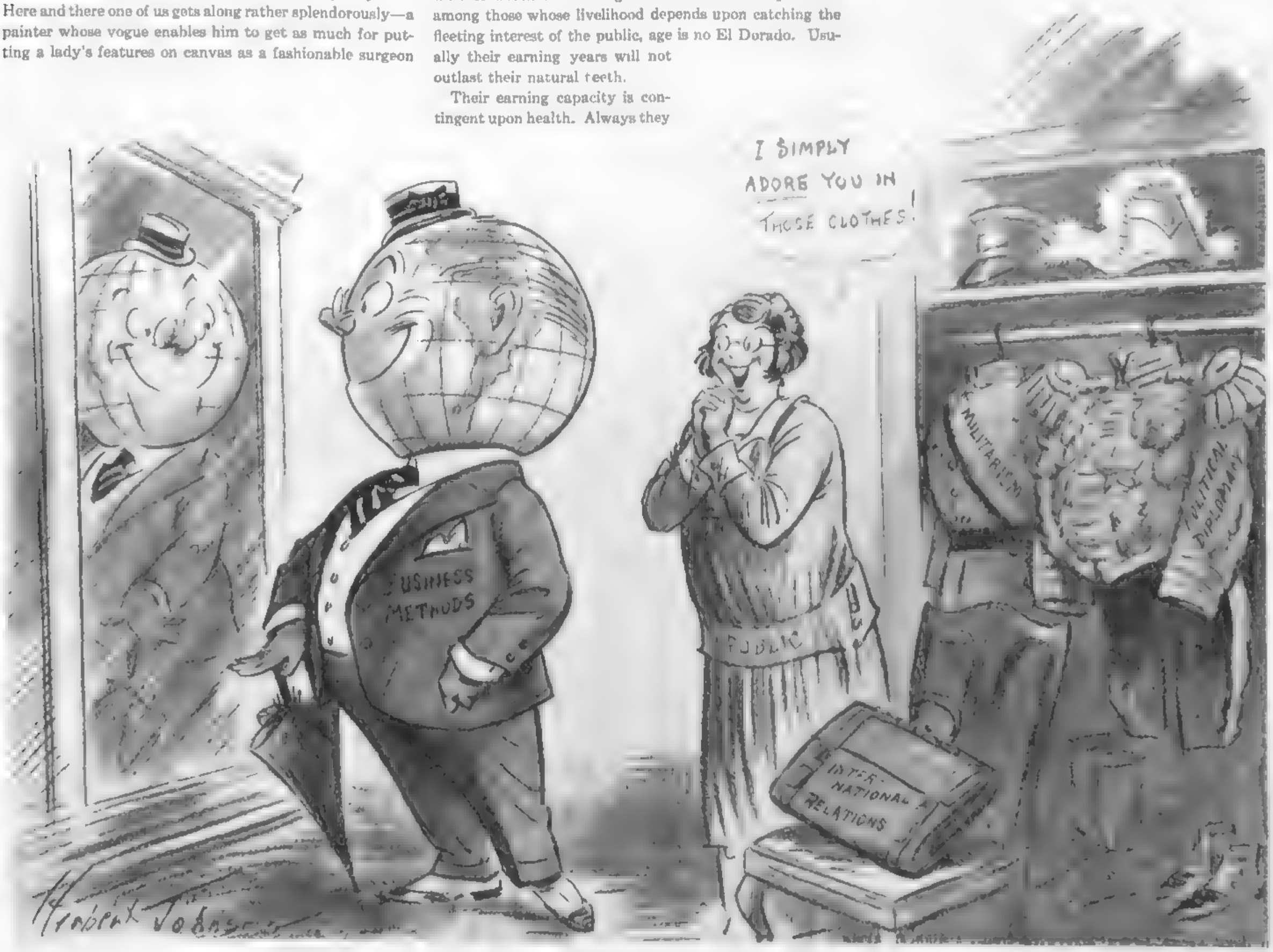


AMERICAN STYLE

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"Oh, Beans! Where Did You Get It? Isn't it Just Too Lovely?"

"Buster, Dear, See What Daddy Has Brought Home for You!"

"Buster Nothing! It's Mine—Why, Coolidge and Mellon and All of Us Prominent People are Riding 'Em"

Immutable

HE MAY be fearfully clever, he may be awfully keen,
With the noblest possible features, the clearest possible bean;
The leader of his profession, the star of his art or trade,
With a tongue of gold and a heart that's bold and a soul that is unafraid
Yes, lady, your future husband may look like a superman,
The kind of a chap that men will praise and women turn to scan.
But though he may climb to the heights sublime, the uttermost peak of fame,
His stock of favorite stories will always remain the same!

He may be a splendid lover, a cavalier gay and blithe;
But nevertheless the time will come when you will sit and writhe,
When you will writhe with an inner pain, though outwardly bright and gay,
As you hear those tales for the hundredth time retold in the same old way.
His yarns may be few or many, his anecdotes dull or smart;
But when you're married a year or so you'll know them all by heart.
Yet it's up to you to laugh each time—that's part of the marriage game,
Though his stock of favorite stories will always remain the same!

The stories he learned from Irvin Cobb, and those of Simeon Ford,
And a tale or two from Chan Depew, and some from the aged hoard
That got a roar in the days of yore when Heck was a tiny pup—
Whenever the story-telling starts your husband will dig 'em up.
Take notice then; though a prince of men is he whom you plan to wed,
With verve and dash and a lot of cash and a family nobly bred,
Though the virtues great of your future mate bring loud and sincere acclaim,
His stock of favorite stories will always remain the same!

—*Berton Braley.*

Historical Husbands Who Thought They Were Getting Away With It

Or Wives of Great Men Oft Remind Us We Should Keep Our Faces Straight

I

ADAM AND EVE

[TIME: *The year One.* SCENE: *A great, wide-open space. In the background a garden. As the curtain rises* ADAM *is explaining to* EVE *why he ate it.*

ADAM: —— never should have thought of it if you hadn't given it to me. Time and again I've told you never to serve them! Besides, I never eat uncooked fruit with my rheumatism, and you know it. I only took it because you're always saying I'm so fussy about desserts, and I thought, well, for once I'll please the little woman, and so I——

EVE *(What she thought):* Oh, apple sauce!

(What she said): Yes, dear.

Continued on Page 148

The Home-Golfing Suburbanite Tries to Enter the Smoker on the Outbound Train Saturday Afternoon

"Ridiculous"

No wonder it's so nourishing!

Just see my manly chest,
It's equal to the test.
Below this steel
Is Campbell's meal
To help me do my best!

To taste this soup at its very best, add the water cold, bring to a boil, and allow to simmer Serve piping hot

Vegetable Soup! Words to make the appetite glad! The soup we so desire when we are most hungry. The kind of soup we usually like best of all when we want to make almost the whole meal on a piping-hot plateful of delicious and invigorating soup.

And Campbell's Vegetable Soup! Have you ever tasted it? Do you realize that it is the most popular vegetable soup in the world?

21 kinds

Baby lima beans. Tempting peas. Country Gentleman corn. Luscious, appetizing tomatoes. Golden turnips. Chantenay carrots. Sweet potatoes. White potatoes. Snowy celery. Big plump barley grains. Alphabet macaroni. Cabbage. Okra. Leek. Onion. Parsley. Strength-giving meat broth. Fifteen vegetables! Thirty-two ingredients in all!

No wonder it's so nourishing. No wonder Campbell's is such a famous Vegetable Soup.

12 cents a can

Campbells' SOUPS

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

THE CHANNAY SYNDICATE

The Drama of the Marshes—By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

MARTIN FOGG, September having arrived and the heat wave passed, had yielded to his daughter's persuasions and was attired in more or less civilized fashion. He sat in a corner of the grillroom of a great cosmopolitan restaurant, and in his neat gray suit and black-and-white check tie—a tie chosen by Catherine—presented an absolutely inconspicuous appearance.

"Tell me," Catherine inquired, after their coffee had been served, "why have you insisted upon lunching here five days following?"

"The food here is so good," her father answered.

"It might be better," she observed, with a little shrug of the shoulders. "Tell me why you choose this particular restaurant and overtip the waiter to let you have this particular table."

Martin Fogg coughed. He was watching—he might even be said to be listening to the conversation of two men a few yards away—two men of very dissimilar types; one hard-faced, square-jawed, with brilliant black eyes, and a mouth as uncompromising as a steel trap; the other, a shrewd-looking person in his way, dressed with professional exactness, with gray hair, keen gray eyes and a parchmentlike skin.

"I have a reason for coming here, Catherine," Martin Fogg admitted. "That reason is not unconnected with the affairs of Mr. Gilbert Channay."

"Interesting, but vague," the young lady remarked as she lit a cigarette. "I know which two men you are watching. Who are they?"

Martin Fogg scrutinized them furtively for a few moments. Then he leaned a little forward and dropped his voice.

"One of them," he confided—"the powerful-looking man—is the most dangerous criminal that ever escaped the gallows. He is on the black list of the police in half a dozen countries, yet he has always been so clever that one little piece of evidence, necessary for his conviction, has invariably been lacking. Everyone knows, for instance, that it was he who murdered Senator Haslam and that he lived for years in luxury upon the proceeds of his crime. No one has ever been able to prove it."

"What is his name?" Catherine asked.

"The name he is passing by now is the one by which he has always been known in this country—Malcolm Drood," her father replied. "He was one of Gilbert Channay's syndicate—no one knew much about him, but he was quite a figure in the City in those days—one of the men who thinks he's being kept out of thirty thousand pounds."

"Is he one of those who signed the document which Mr. Channay has—the document which was to send Mr. Channay to prison and rob him of his money?" the girl inquired.

"It is supposed to have been his idea," her father confided—"his idea and Lord Isham's."

"And the man with him?"

"Another person who is walking the tight rope. He is known as the crooks' lawyer. Three times he has been had up before the council, but just succeeded in remaining upon the rolls. His name is Morrow—William Morrow."

"I wonder what they are planning now," the girl mused.

She Shuddered a Little. "You Haven't Any Nerves, Have You?" She Remarked

"I don't know yet," Martin Fogg admitted, "but I hope to this afternoon. What I really want to know is the nature of that document they keep on passing backward and forward."

"I can tell you that," Catherine declared. "I saw what was engrossed on the outside when the lawyer folded it up last time: 'Last Will and Testament of ——'"

"Did you see the name?" her father asked eagerly.

"There was no name," she replied; "none, at any rate, that I could see." . . .

Last Will and Testament! The idea of that document fascinated Martin Fogg. He thought of it throughout the remainder of his stay in the restaurant. He thought of it as he walked to the corner of Shaftesbury Avenue with his daughter and helped her to climb into a Fleet Street bus. He followed on foot toward the City, deep in thought. Finally he arrived at a decision. He made his way to a retired street in the neighborhood of Holborn, presented himself at the offices of Messrs. Morrow & Sinclair and demanded an interview with Mr. William Morrow. After a brief delay he was shown into the lawyer's presence.

"Mr. Martin Fogg," the latter remarked, reading his card. "What can I have the pleasure of doing for you, sir? If it is a matter of conveyancing, my partner, Mr. Sinclair, has taken over that branch."

"My business is with you," Martin Fogg answered, taking the chair to which the lawyer pointed. "For one thing, I want to make my will."

"That is Mr. Sinclair's department," the lawyer announced. "He has a room on the next floor. I will send a boy up there with you."

The visitor pointed to the oblong strip of parchment which lay stretched out on the top of some other documents.

"'Last Will and Testament' of somebody or other," he observed. "You attend to these matters sometimes yourself, I suppose."

"That is an exceptional matter," the lawyer explained hastily. "The will is merely here for my advice upon a certain clause."

"I have never seen a will," Mr. Fogg confided. "May I have a look at the wording?"

He stretched out his hand. The lawyer took up the document and thrust it into a drawer by the side of his desk.

"This particular will happens to be completed," he said stiffly. "We could not possibly betray the confidence of our client by showing it to a stranger. If it is merely a question of a will, Mr. Fogg, I shall send you upstairs to Mr. Sinclair. I am expecting another caller."

Martin Fogg stopped him as his fingers reached out toward the bell.

"One moment," he enjoined. "I have another piece of business."

"Name it, if you please, sir," the lawyer begged, glancing impatiently at his clock. Martin Fogg's appearance as a prospective client was not impressive

"I am in trouble," he confided in a low tone.

The lawyer was slightly more interested. There was generally money to be made somehow or other out of people who were in trouble.

"Tell me your story," he invited. "If it is possible to help, my services will be at your disposal."

His visitor drew his chair up a little closer. He was about to speak when there was a knock at the door. A boy entered with a card

"Lord Isham is here to see you by appointment, sir," he announced.

The lawyer nodded.

"Ask his lordship to wait for three minutes," he directed.

Martin Fogg leaned forward and clutched the lawyer by the arm as the boy departed.

"Mr. Morrow," he said, "I cannot tell you my story in three minutes. It will take at least ten. Go out and speak to this gentleman for a moment. Tell him that you are dealing with a very important affair. When you return I'll make a clean breast of it."

The lawyer hesitated. There was no doubt about it that his possible client was in a state of some agitation. He was dabbing his forehead and blinking rapidly. His hands were trembling.

Mr. Morrow rose to his feet.

"I will do as you suggest," he conceded, "but I must ask you to be as brief as possible when I return. I can see you later in the day if desirable. The client who is waiting for me is a very important one"

He left the room, leaving the door ajar behind him. With a quickness of touch which was in itself a triumph, Martin Fogg leaned over and opened the drawer, snatched up the parchment document, glanced first at the signature and afterward briefly at the text. In less than twenty seconds it was back again and the drawer closed. When the solicitor returned, his visitor was seated in exactly the same position, only his face was buried in his hands.

"My client has promised to wait for ten minutes," the former announced. "Now, sir, I will hear your story."

Martin Fogg made a great effort and told it, borrowing from the recesses of his brain and from a sort of potpourri

(Continued on Page 43)

Swift's Premium Bacon

The importance of looking for the label

If you buy bacon a whole piece at a time, see that it is wrapped as shown above—in white parchment with the Swift label on it—and you can be sure that it is Swift's Premium.

If you want just a few slices of this same bacon, noted for its tenderness and delicacy of flavor, see that the dealer cuts them from a piece with the words Swift's Premium stamped indelibly on the rind.

To get a pound or half-pound of Premium, sliced evenly, ready for the pan, and untouched by hands, buy a carton marked like that in the panel above.

Swift & Company

PREMIUM HAMS AND BACON

The pattern shown on the floor is Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rug No. 388

"Won't you play with me?"

THIS little girl is speaking to you from the store windows of thousands of Congoleum merchants. She represents the millions of happy children who have gained their mothers' closer companionship through Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Rugs. For with these rugs on their floors, mothers have more time for their children, more time for the things that every woman enjoys.

No Sweeping or Beating

All the cleaning a Congoleum Art-Rug ever needs is a quick going-over with a damp mop. How different from the tiresome sweeping and beating that woven floor-coverings demand! And how infinitely more sanitary is the smooth, waterproof Congoleum surface.

Then, too, the variety of designs makes it easy to select just the right Congoleum Art-Rug pattern for any room in your home.

Lie Flat without Fastening

Unlike many woven floor-coverings, Congoleum Art-Rugs are made in one piece with no unsightly, dust-collecting seams. Another advantage: these rugs hug the floor; never curl at the edges, never wrinkle.

And while Congoleum Art-Rugs are guaranteed to give complete satisfaction, the prices are amazingly low.

6	x 9	ft. $9.40	Patterns No. 386 and 408 are made in all the sizes. The other patterns are made in the five large sizes only.	1½	x3 ft. $.60
7½	x 9	ft. 11.70		3	x3 ft. 1.30
9	x 9	ft. 14.05		3	x4½ ft. 1.95
9	x10½	ft. 16.40		3	x6 ft. 2.60
9	x12	ft. 18.75			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

[illegible]

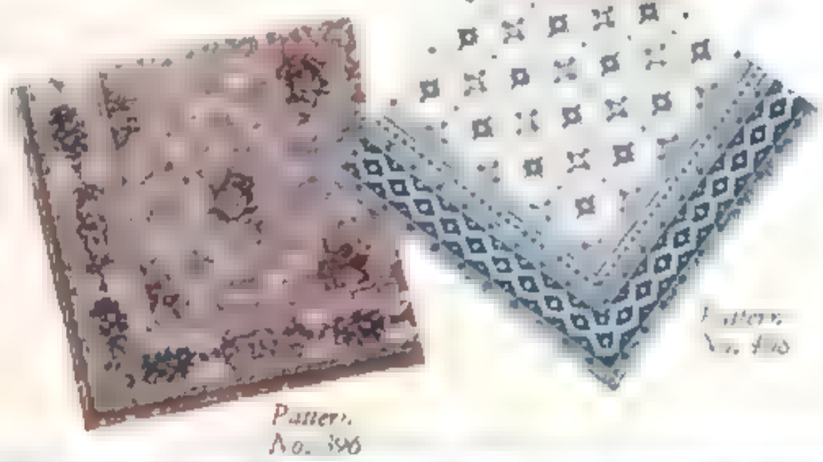
Look for Me!

From April 28th to May 9th, I will be playing in the windows of leading stores wherever you live. Look for me. I will identify the authorized *Gold-Seal* Congoleum dealers in your town.

Remember that the Congoleum patterns shown in your dealer's window are but a few of the many beautiful designs on display in his floor-covering department.

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

CONGOLEUM
GOLD-SEAL
ART-RUGS



Pattern No. 396

Pattern No. [illegible]

(Continued from Page 40)

of all the sensational romances which were his daily reading. The lawyer's face became more and more amazed as he listened to an outpouring of crime which grew every moment more lurid. His client's voice was shaking, his agitation was convincing. Nevertheless, when he had finished, the lawyer looked at him coldly.

"Am I to understand, sir," he demanded, "that you expect me to believe all that you have been telling me?"

"It is the gospel truth," Martin Fogg groaned. "I can't live with the burden of it any longer."

The lawyer rang the bell.

"I do not understand the object of your visit, sir," he announced dryly. "For all I know, you may have a genuine confession to make to me. If so, come back when you are in a more coherent frame of mind and I will listen to you. Show this gentleman out," he added as the clerk entered.

Martin Fogg picked up his hat, avoided looking at the lawyer as he mumbled good afternoon, avoided looking at the clerk who showed him out; and more than anything else, avoided being seen by Lord Isham, who was waiting outside. He made his way to Fleet Street on foot, called for Catherine at their rendezvous in the waiting room of a well-known newspaper and was piloted by her into a tea shop.

"I thought of going back to Blickley tomorrow morning," he announced as soon as they were seated at their table.

"Why?" she asked, with some surprise. "The weather seems to have broken up. I should have thought you would have found it beastly there."

"I want to see Mr. Channay," he explained. "I've been looking after a little affair for him up here. . . . So you won't come?"

She turned away from him, gazing out of the plate-glass window at the throngs in the street. Her face was quite inscrutable.

"No, I don't think so," she decided. "I shall stay up here for a time. My rooms are quite comfortable and I have plenty to do."

"I don't know," her father observed, half to himself, "that it wouldn't be as well for you to be out of the way."

After tea they strolled down westward together. When they reached the Strand, Martin Fogg stopped before a well-known gunsmith's.

"I am going to buy a gun," he announced.

"Buy a what?" Catherine repeated, astonished.

"A gun," her father reiterated dismally.

"Are you going to shoot duck on the marshes?" she asked with interest. "That would be rather fun. Mr. Channay said anyone could shoot as far as Saltlash."

"I didn't mean that sort of gun," her father replied, a little diffidently. "I mean one of those—what do you call them? -automatics. Pistols they call 'em over here; guns in the States."

"What on earth do you want one of those for?" she demanded. "You know you're frightened to death of firearms. You'd never use it."

"I don't think I should," he admitted; "but I've got to have it, all the same."

"I'm coming in with you," Catherine declared. "I think your shopping might be amusing."

The young man who waited upon them apparently shared her idea. Nevertheless, he sold his customer an automatic pistol of the latest design, the mechanism of which he explained to Catherine. Her father pointed to the glass cases which lined the wall.

"I'll have one of those, too," he said—"one of those that carry farther."

The young man gasped.

"Do you mean a shotgun or a sporting rifle, sir?" he inquired.

"If you want it for duck, dad, you want a shotgun," Catherine reminded him.

Mr. Martin Fogg turned the matter over in his mind for several moments. His next question very nearly resulted in his leaving the shop a compulsory nonpurchaser.

"Supposing I were to hit a man by accident—say, at a hundred yards—with a shotgun, would it hurt him?"

"Not very much."

"And with a rifle?"

"It would be perfectly possible to kill him at a longer range than a hundred yards."

"I'll have a rifle," Mr. Fogg decided.

The young man stared at him.

"I am afraid I must ask you for what purpose you are buying this?" he said. "We are not supposed to sell firearms in an absolutely promiscuous fashion unless we know our customers."

"My father is simply being rather foolish," Catherine explained. "As a matter of fact, we live in a very lonely part of Norfolk and he wants people to know we have firearms in the place."

"All the same, miss, if you'll excuse my saying so," the salesman ventured, "a rifle is a dangerous sort of thing to handle for anyone not accustomed to firearms. If I might make a suggestion, why not have something of this kind?" he went on, drawing a light two-barreled shotgun from its stand. "It is a twenty-eight bore, but you can do some very pretty shooting with it. I'd rather sell the gentleman this than a rifle."

Mr. Martin Fogg acquiesced with some reluctance in the suggestion, and after having parted with a considerable sum of money, his purchases were conveyed to a taxicab. They had no sooner started off than Catherine clutched his arm.

"Now perhaps you'll tell me what this means, dad?" she demanded.

"Just an idea," was the evasive reply. "You know, Catherine, I dare say I am very silly indeed. You're always telling me I read too many sensational novels and amateur detective stories; still, it does seem to me that there's just a chance of trouble down at Blickley. That chap Drood—positively I don't like to think of it, Catherine—but there's no doubt about it that he's killed two or three men before now. There are others, too, almost as bad."

"But what good could any of them do by killing Mr. Channay?" she asked.

Martin Fogg leaned out of the window and cast longing glances at a shop window full of gay-colored neckties. Then he remembered that his daughter was with him and leaned back with a sigh.

"That fellow Drood," he murmured, "besides being absolutely unprincipled, is clever and full of schemes. If any man could think out a plan for getting rid of Gilbert Channay and still handling the money, he's the fellow to do it."

"Are you driving the car down, father?" Catherine inquired, after a brief period of abstraction.

"I thought of it," he admitted.

"I shall come too," she decided.

Martin Fogg looked doubtful.

"I think," he began, "that if you were to come along—say, the middle of next week ——"

"We will start at nine o'clock and take sandwiches," Catherine interrupted. "If the weather's bad we can eat them inside the car."

"Very well, dear," her father assented meekly.

Gilbert Channay blamed the weather for the restlessness which had possessed him for the last few weeks. An early autumn had set in with an apparently boisterous desire to chase all remains of summer from the face of the earth. The fruit trees in the walled garden, bent double with the wind, were stripped of their fruit, the flowers were dashed by storms of rain, and even the tidal stream in front of the house had become so swollen with water and lashed by the wind that the dinghy and the ketch had both been dragged up on the lawn. The trees, full of life only a few weeks ago, now stood grim and bare, as though winter itself had touched them.

Parsons had laid in a stock of coal and logs and set the furnace going, but nothing could altogether drive the chill from the atmosphere. One evening, soon after twilight, he knocked at the door of his master's study.

"A car has stopped at the dike gate, sir," he announced. "My eyes are not so good as they were, but I believe two people are coming along the bank."

Channay nodded and strolled outside. Through the gloom he could just discern two figures—one a man and the other a girl—both heavily laden and battling their way against the wind. He moved forward with a queer little sensation of pleasure. It was absurd that he should be so pleased to see Mr. Martin Fogg.

"What on earth are you people carrying?" he demanded as he met and greeted them.

"A whole armory of weapons," Catherine declared breathlessly. "Father has developed a sudden bloodthirsty mood."

"God bless my soul!" Gilbert Channay exclaimed as he took the gun case from her. "Cartridges too!"

"I thought I might shoot a few duck," Martin Fogg explained apologetically. "Then there's an automatic here, which Catherine seems to have taken possession of."

Channay piloted them into his study and rang for tea.

"Take off your hat, please, Miss Fogg, and make yourself comfortable by the fire," he enjoined.

She obeyed, and allowed him also to take the cloak which she had been wearing. In her town dress she seemed somehow thinner and finer. In disposition, too, there was a change. The touch of fierceness had, temporarily, at any rate, gone from her manner. She seemed to have slipped with effortless tranquillity into the world with which he was more familiar. Her appearance almost startled him. It was incredible that he had ever thought her ordinary. He had not realized the perfection of her low forehead, silky eyelashes, clear brown eyes, her mouth with its firm yet tender lines.

"How long are you going to stay down here, Mr. Channay?" Martin Fogg asked, after the tea equipage had been taken away.

Channay shrugged his shoulders.

"I was just beginning to feel it a little dreary," he confessed. "I might wait until after Christmas. . . . The cigarettes are at your elbow, Miss Fogg," he went on. "I hope, now you have come back, you will stay and dine. Why not, Fogg, eh?"

"We shall be delighted," Martin Fogg replied.

"The only trouble is we can't leave the car standing in the middle of the road," Catherine reminded her father.

"I'll run it back to the inn and return," the latter suggested. "There might be letters for me. I wonder if you would be so good as to walk down as far as the road with me, Mr. Channay."

"I should like it," the latter acquiesced. "I have scarcely been out-of-doors all day."

The two men left the house a few minutes later. The night was fairly still, but dark. Channay produced an electric torch from his pocket, but his companion immediately covered it with his hand.

"Put it away," he begged. "I can see the way perfectly."

"You have something to tell me?"

"Drood is here," Martin Fogg announced. "He is hard pressed too. I heard of him in the City trying to raise money. There's a man from police headquarters in New York over here watching him, and they seem to have got hold of something fresh at Scotland Yard. Between you and me, Mr. Channay, he's desperate."

"Well, let him come along," was the confident reply. "I'm ready for him."

Martin Fogg shook his head dubiously.

"I don't want you to underrate the present danger, Mr. Channay," he persisted. "Drood won't come along like some of these others and try a whine or two and a threat or two, or think out some mug's trick. When he comes he'll mean business. He's got that little gang together again—the Bermondsey gang. They're supposed never to leave London, but you can't tell. There are two of them up to anything."

"But, my dear fellow," Channay protested, "what on earth good would it do Drood to kill me? He's not that sort of man. Everything he does is done with a purpose. He may be angry with me, but he wouldn't run the risk of killing me unless there were some definite prospect of profit from it."

"Quite right," his companion agreed portentously. "But listen! Have you made a will lately?"

"Made a will?" Channay repeated. "Not I! I haven't a relative in the world I care tuppence about."

"You may be surprised to hear then," Martin Fogg continued, "that there is a will in the office of a London solicitor at the present moment purporting to be signed by you and leaving everything of which you are possessed back to the members of the syndicate."

Channay stopped short in the path.

"You're talking nonsense, Fogg!" he exclaimed.

"Sounds like it," the other admitted. "But I've seen the will."

They were about three-quarters of the way to the car, whose lights were still burning. Martin Fogg's fingers suddenly gripped the other's arm.

"Hush!" he whispered.

They both listened. It was a night with scarcely any wind, but the little there was came from westward, where the marsh broadened out into a creek-riven wilderness, bounded a mile or so away by a high bank. A curious sea bird went floating through the obscurity with a wailing cry. In the distance there was the rise and fall of the sea; presently a splash in one of the pools of water which might well have been a stray duck or a fish left behind by the tide.

"My fancy, I suppose," Fogg muttered. "I thought I heard voices."

"Why not?" Channay rejoined. "There are several people who shoot duck here. But get on with it, Fogg—get on with this extraordinary story of yours."

"I have been shadowing Drood," the latter explained. "That's why I knew he was pretty desperate. Three times lately he has lunched at a restaurant close to me, with a lawyer—Morrow, his name is—one of the worst, a man who is always having to fight to keep on the rolls. Last time they were there they had a document. I could see only the back of it—'Last Will and Testament of'—someone. The thing haunted me. I went to see Morrow to question him. I tried to make him believe that I was a crook up against it and needing advice. I wasn't much of a success, but I had this much luck anyway: He left me alone in his office for a few minutes, and I saw the will. Your signature—not at all badly done, either—and the money left back to the syndicate—a debt of honor."

Channay whistled softly.

"Then it would pay them to kill me after all," he murmured.

"That's just the point," Martin Fogg assented eagerly.

They had reached the gate. Martin Fogg climbed into the car.

"I'll be back in an hour," he promised. "Given you something to think of, eh?"

"You have indeed," was the grim reply.

Channay turned toward the Grange. There was no tide, and the creek which should have been on his left-hand side was empty. About halfway to his destination he halted for a moment, took out his electric torch, switched on the light and fastened it with his handkerchief to the end of his stick. Then he scrambled a few steps down the side of the bank and walked on, holding the lamp above his head. He was within a dozen paces of the gate when he heard the swish of shot passing over his head and the report from a gun out in the marshes. The lamp was smashed. He paused for a moment and listened, still safely behind the bank

In the distance he could distinctly hear voices and advancing footsteps. He jumped down to the bottom of the dry creek, hurried along it, swung himself up to the landing stage and entered the Grange by the back door. He looked at his own gun for a moment longingly. Then a sudden thought struck him—a thought which he never followed to any finite conclusion, but which was powerful enough to drive all idea of adventure for a moment out of his mind. He made his way instead to the study. Catherine—the new Catherine—was lying curled up upon his sofa, smoking a cigarette. She looked at him anxiously as he entered.

"Didn't I hear a gun just now?" she inquired.

"Someone duck shooting," he answered. "We'll have a try ourselves tomorrow night if you like."

She pointed to the broken torch which he was still carrying

"How did you do that?" she asked.

For a moment he hesitated. Then he began a not too coherent explanation. She waved him back to silence and pointed to a chair.

"Come and sit down by me," she invited. "It is absurd for you both to attempt to shut me out of your confidences. Tell me what has brought father down here with that humorous armory of his."

He hesitated for a moment, and then he told her the exact story. She sat up on the couch with her hands clasped around her knees. Notwithstanding the increased femininity with which her clinging gown and silk stockings endowed her, she looked an exceedingly capable young person.

"This is most exciting," she observed. "Tell me exactly what are you going to do?"

"Make another will tonight for one thing," he confided. "Then ——"

He broke off in his speech. They looked at each other intently. Seaman's Grange, in the place of the ordinary knocker and electric bell, possessed at its front door a huge ship's bell, pulled by a rusty chain. Its clanging, as though rung by some impatient hand, had suddenly broken the stillness which reigned through the house.

"What is that?" Catherine demanded breathlessly.

"Nothing very terrible after all," he replied; "only the front door bell."

"I've never heard it before."

"No one ever uses it. Listen!"

They heard Parsons answer the summons. A moment later he entered the room a little diffidently.

"There's a person outside, sir," he announced, "who says that he has lost his way upon the marshes. He asked me some questions about the shooting rights to which I felt scarcely able to reply."

"I'll come and speak to him," Channay decided.

He sought excuse from Catherine with a little glance, monosyllabically answered. In the hall was a man who might have passed for a typical Fens-country sportsman; a rough-looking youth in top-boots and soiled tweed clothes. His complexion was sallow for one who led an out-of-door life, and there was a touch of the Semitic in his full red lips and black eyes. Nevertheless, he might very well have been a fishmonger from Norwich or a sporting tradesman from Lynn.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir," the newcomer said as Channay appeared. "My mates and I, we got sort of turned round. We've got permission from the Blickley Freemen's Association to shoot on the marshes here, but we were warned that the seaward beat belonged to the Grange. We can't see any boundary and we don't want to trespass, so I took the liberty of popping in to ask where your landward stance might be."

Channay was interested. He looked the young man over carefully.

"You're very conscientious," he remarked. "I'm afraid the wild-fowl men who come over this way aren't so particular as a rule."

"We don't want to get fined," the other replied, "and one stand is as good as another."

"How many of you are there?" Channay inquired.

"Five."

Channay glanced at his watch.

"The early flight is over by now," he remarked.

The young man grinned.

"It isn't often we get a holiday, sir," he said. "We've got a keg of liquor and sandwiches there. We'll be out until midnight."

"Go wherever you like," Channay invited. "If I'm out later, or tomorrow evening, I'll take my stand where we shan't interfere with one another. This isn't pheasant shooting, you know."

The visitor picked up his gun from the table where he had laid it down.

"Much obliged, sir," he said. "Very kind of you, I am sure."

The young man threw a backward glance round the hall, turned up his coat collar and departed. Gilbert Channay stood upon the threshold and watched him disappear. Parsons gently pushed him on one side and closed the door a little abruptly.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he apologized.

"Why did you do that?" his master demanded.

The man hesitated.

"From what I have seen of this last lot of duck shooters, sir," he said, "I haven't much confidence in them. I'd just as soon be indoors at nighttime and out in the daytime. That's all."

Channay went back to the study. He found Catherine busy examining the mechanism of the automatic pistol, which she had adopted as her own particular toy. She laid it down at his coming.

"Well, has your burglar friend departed?" she inquired.

"Where did you see him?" he asked.

"I watched him through the doorway. Didn't you notice his eyes? He was looking around the whole of the time. I bet he could draw a plan of this house now."

He moved to the sideboard.

"Come," he proposed, "I'll mix you a cocktail and we'll forget these pestilential fellows."

She played once more with the automatic.

"I suppose the philosophers are right," she reflected, "and that one places a ludicrous overvalue on human life."

(Continued on Page 89)

Ten Years of Progressive *Eight-Cylinder* Manufacture

The human desire to own the best suggests the CADILLAC

CADILLAC MOTOR CARS V-63 STANDARD OF THE WORLD

MORE than ten years ago—after twelve years of motor car production and of experimentation with every type of engine—the builders of the Cadillac discovered that the finest performance was to be obtained in a car of 90° V-type eight-cylinder design.

In August, 1914, these craftsmen introduced America's first eight-cylinder motor car—the 90° V-8 Cadillac.

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And then, in the greatest advance since introducing the eight-cylinder principle, Cadillac developed the V-63—vibrationless at all engine speeds—powerful, durable and dependable—the climax of all eight-cylinder construction. This car has revolutionized motor car performance and design; and today the doctrine of eight-cylinder superiority expounded and consistently adhered to by Cadillac for ten years is accepted by practically the entire industry.

But the fact which stands out in the minds of motor car buyers is that Cadillac is ten years ahead in eight-cylinder manufacture.

In these ten years, scores of thousands of Cadillac V-type eight-cylinder cars have been delivered to owners and no Cadillac engine has ever had to be replaced by the factory for any reason.

In these ten years, to the best of our knowledge, no eight-cylinder Cadillac has ever worn out.

In these ten years—dealing constantly with eight-cylinder problems, learning what to accept and what to avoid, and holding virtually intact its organization of master engineers and craftsmen—Cadillac has accumulated a fund of experience in eight-cylinder manufacture unequaled in the industry.

All of this experience, concentrated in the Cadillac V-63, has produced an automobile of outstanding merit—one which ranks, as did its early forerunner, as America's first eight-cylinder motor car.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

CADILLAC

The Recollections of a Consul

By LORIN A. LATHROP

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

ONE joyous day in 1889 I took a cheerful trio of Americans over Berkeley Castle, the only early Norman castle in Europe still lived in after 700 years by lineal descendants of the builder. Entranced by an inspection of the dank donjon keep and the room in which Edward II had been murdered, we strolled out beneath the portcullis and thence to the inn for lunch.

A young lady on my left was unaccountably interested in a mysterious vague apparition in the sky. "A mailed horseman," she declared, but we could see no more than a cloud.

At our jolly meal, we teased her unmercifully about this portent, but she would have it that she was psychic and that evil was to fall. She was so cheerful about it, however, that we divined that she was not to be the victim. To this she agreed with a sudden seriousness that encouraged further raillery. At the little railway station, she broke away and stood like a statue by the wall.

The Scenes of Historical and Legendary Events

To amuse her, I told her how not long before, my old friend Dick Castle had signed his last name to a telegram to the innkeeper at Berkeley asking that he be met on the arrival of a specified train.

Expecting a pony trap, or at most a fly or four-wheel cab, to convey himself and a small suitcase, Castle had found awaiting him two liveried servants, a carriage and pair, and two wagons for luggage.

It turned out that "Castle" was the usual signature when extra vehicles were wanted for Berkeley Castle and that Lord Fitzhardinge was expected with a retinue. I dilated on my friend's embarrassment, explained that it was the only time in his life that he had been embarrassed, and tried to make him interesting; but the girl listened mechanically and continued to stand with her back to the wall. When the train came in she calmly stated that she had had a psychic warning and that it must be conveyed to me. She asked if she and I might go in a separate compartment. The other girl flickered a smile, but two couples traveled separately.

Breaking it Gently

"ARE you expecting to give up the consulate?" asked the young lady who had so brazenly arranged that we travel tête-à-tête.

"Oh, no," I answered, wondering.

"Well, there is something about you in the paper."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, your name is in big letters in the contents bill. I saw it pasted up when I pretended to look at the sky, and I stood with my back to another in the station."

"I am prepared for the worst," I said with what firmness I could.

"It says—it says ——"

"Tell me!"

"It says, 'Mr. Lathrop recalled. His successor appointed.'"

And that was how I learned that I had been superseded. The kindly ingenuity of this young lady in breaking the news gently to me brought fortitude and the smiling face when eleven different people in the Bristol station came up and condoled, cajoled or otherwise, according to temperament. The farewell dinner later given to me was in fullest accord with the hospitable traditions of Bristol and was much enlivened by the presence of naval uniforms. Captain McCalla, subsequently admiral, wishing, as he said, "to penetrate to European ports where the American naval flag was unknown," had ascended the narrow and tortuous channel of the Avon River and the little American corvette Enterprise lay alongside Bristol streets, to the delight and pleasure of the people of Gloucestershire and Somersetshire. Captain McCalla lost his temper on the homeward voyage from Bristol and violated punishment regulations, for which he was subsequently court-martialed.

He wrote to me, "It was indigestion, the result of Bristol hospitality, culminating in your dinner."

Afterward, at Santiago de Cuba, he brilliantly expiated his slight fault.

My successor, "a gentleman from Texas," duly appeared. I received him as a long-lost brother. Dissembling my hatred I introduced him to everybody. He was moved to confidences by my apparent affability.

"I had an awful fight for the job," he said. "I tried for four other consulates first, but supporters sprang up in armies." He smiled buoyantly. "I pitched on Bristol in the end because your backers were so far away."

"Fine strategy," I commended, with a hollow laugh.

His view was confirmed by an indignant letter from California.

"When my back was turned," it read, "importunity won your place. It is a slight to me and Blaine will be sorry."

The Secretary of State must have been sorry, for a few months afterward I received a surprising telegram—"You have been reappointed to Bristol." I found that my successor had died and that my friend had been asked to nominate whom he chose for the vacant position.

On the first Sunday after my reappearance at Bristol I attended an age-old function, the annual visit of the mayor, aldermen and officials to Temple Church, originally built as the church of the Knights Templar in the year 1400 and of great interest to archæologists, in part owing to its leaning tower.

After the service, a lady said, "If I had sat behind you, I should have stuck my hatpin into you for sitting while the organist played God Save the Queen."

"I did not recognize it," I pleaded humbly, meaning that I am absolutely denied a musical ear; but the friends of the distinguished organist chose to interpret the words as criticism of his playing. He was so unmercifully teased about it that next year he sent a letter explaining that he would play the national air before the voluntary.

How completely and unhappily a human being may be lacking in an important source of pleasure and mental exhilaration is illustrated by an exchange of words during a Sousa concert in England.

"The Star-Spangled Banner always thrills me," I said to my neighbor as I rose with the rest of the audience.

"They are playing God Save the Queen," was the answer.

This insensibility to tune did not exclude a vivid ignorant pleasure in music and I heard many times the great singers of that day, Patti, Melba, Calvé, the sisters Ravogli, Clara Butt, Antoinette Sterling; but who can explain why Marie Van Zandt thrilled me as did no other singer? Years ago an article appeared in an English periodical describing the effect on the writer of one note in the singing of Ilma de Murska. That I had known this brilliant and erratic Hungarian when she was vainly trying to outdistance poverty in San Francisco may have helped to fix the article in mind; but I think that I could write at equal length, but not so well, about one note in the Batti Batti song in the Zerlina of Marie Van Zandt.

A Rush Order From Kiralfy

IN THOSE early days in California I remember an hour made radiant for a worshiping boy by the courtesy and kindness of Madame Modjeska, up from her ranch with her husband, the gentle-mannered Count Bozenta. I remember hearing Madame Anna Bishop in Norma. Struggling against adversity, she attempted the ambitious production in a hall. I was very proud—I was thirteen years old—of being on speaking terms with an important member of Billy Emerson's Minstrel Company, and one afternoon as we chatted in the street Edwin Booth stopped and pleasantly greeted my acquaintance. Thus was I introduced to the great actor, then doing Richard III at McCullough's Theater. The members of the large stock company of the California Theater became popular idols, and when Walter Leman became too old for old men's parts we elected him public administrator. I crammed on Henry V, and when Lawrence Barrett played it, an interested but puzzled lady sitting next turned and asked, "Who is that man who talks so funny?"

Delighted at such a chance to air my knowledge, I explained Fluellen at great length and how Welshmen sang their sentences when they talked in English.

"My Lord, kid," cried the astonished listener, "how did you learn to spout like that?"

(Continued on Page 48)

Engine Protection

begins in your own Home Garage

WHEN you drive away from your home garage is the oil supply in your engine always at proper level? It should be. Any taxicab or trucking company which keeps records of operating costs will tell you this.

Do you drive away with genuine Mobiloil in your crankcase? A home supply of Mobiloil assures you of always having the right oil.

Among the many claims made for various lubricating oils the following facts stand out like stars on a clear night.

In quality Mobiloil sets a world standard. The Round-the-World Flyers used nothing but Mobiloil throughout their historic flight. Automobile manufacturers almost without exception approve the recommendations in the Mobiloil Chart.

The correct Mobiloil does all that oil *can* do to assure: Continued full compression, freedom from carbon, quiet operation, maximum mileage from gasoline and oil, engine responsiveness, and long life to costly moving parts.

How to choose a high grade dealer

If a man is known by the company he keeps, surely the oil a dealer offers you is a genuine indication of his desire to give you service.

The dealer who recommends Mobiloil recommends low-cost *mileage* instead of low-price oil. On his wall hangs the tabulated experience of the Mobiloil Board of Engineers—the complete Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations. Through this Chart the engineers tell him and you the scientifically correct oil for *your* car. There is no question about what that oil will do for your engine.

The dealer has the several grades of Mobiloil in containers suitable for your home garage. He is at your service—today.

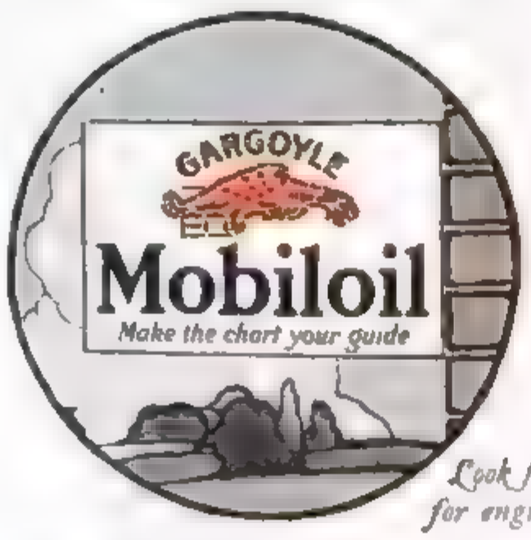
How to buy

From Bulk 30c—30c is the fair retail price for single quarts of genuine Mobiloil from the barrel or pump.

For Touring Convenience—the sealed 1-quart can is ideal for touring or emergencies. Carry two or three under the seat of your car.

For Your Home Garage—the 5-gallon or 1-gallon sealed cans—or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drums with convenient faucets.

All prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.



Look for this sign for engine protection

Branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars and motor trucks are specified below. If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° F. prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-63, 8-63 (cabriolet and 2-pass. coupe)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Autocar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Case	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cleveland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cole	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Crow-Elkhart (FBA) (cabriolet and 2-pass. coupe)	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Continental	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daniels	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Dorris 6	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Durant	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Duesenberg	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Elcar 4	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
8	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Essex	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Federal (Pneumatic)	A	A	B	A	A	A	A	A
	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A
Ford			A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	A	Arc	A	Arc	B	A	B	A
Gardner	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Graham-Paige	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gray	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson Super Six	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hupmobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jewett	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jordan	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kissel 6	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lafayette	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	A
Oakland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oxford	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A
Peerless	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Republic (4-cyl. truck)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
(6-cyl. truck)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
(cabriolet and 2-pass. coupe)	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rickenbacker 6	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
8	A	Arc	A	A				
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Velie (Cont. Eng. Hercules Eng.)			Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
(Lycoming Eng.) (Z-100)			A	A				
Westcott (6-66, cabriolet and 2-pass. coupe)	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
White (6-70)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
White (6-40)	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
White (Knight 4)	B	A	B	Arc	B	A	B	Arc
8	A	Arc						

Recommendations for Stock Engines when used in passenger cars only shown separately for convenience

Continental	A	A			
Lycoming	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hercules	A	A	A	A	A
	A	Arc	A	A	A

TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Continued from Page 46

In those days David Belasco was an eager youth running about Baldwin's Theater and Bolossy and Imrie Kiralfy doing eccentric dances. Years after, when Imrie was director of the East Indian Exhibition at Earl's Court, in London, he sent a telegram one Saturday to me at Bristol asking if I could see him at Earl's Court that evening. I found him about nine o'clock amid the brilliant lights of the Welcome Club on the grounds.

"They tell me you can write faster than any man in England," he said.

"My only merit," I answered.

"Can you do me a favor?" he asked. "Our board passed a resolution for a full-page advertisement to appear simultaneously in the Telegraph and the Standard. Our publicity man found simultaneous pages unobtainable for three weeks except on Tuesday next, and he engaged these. The copy must be ready on Monday morning at eleven o'clock."

"Thirty-six hours—and about 12,000 or 15,000 words." He nodded.

"But you know the exhibition well, of course."

"I have never seen it," I confessed.

"We better look at it now," he answered. "There are only two hours left." But we could do little more in the popular parts than force our way slowly through the crowds.

"This is empire. This is education," Mr. Kiralfy said on leaving me at midnight.

"I will touch lightly," I answered, "on the amusement features."

By one o'clock in the morning, I was alone in the building, with three histories of India and a mass of programs and printed matter. At five the watchman came with coffee, sandwiches and two sleepy stenographers. I dictated 500 words to Number One, then 500 to Number Two, and wrote 500 myself. At five in the afternoon the task was ended except for revision and cross heading, so I went comfortably to my hotel and slept.

When the substantial check came in due time I sent it back with a note saying that regulations prevented me from taking it—and would Mr. Kiralfy accept my labor as a tribute to the agile dancing of his youth?

I was impressed as a boy by the Passion Play of James O'Neil and a generation later in London recognized in King Hedley a member of the cast. I proposed this distinguished-looking Australian for membership in the Savage Club. When, in accordance with custom, I appeared before the committee to prove his qualification in connection with the arts, I testified that I had seen him play Judas Iscariot. The name stuck. A startled stranger once asked an explanation. A member paraphrased a definition of the Great Lexicographer.

"It is a term of endearment among savages," he said.

The Wrong Week

IN THE Bristol theater one night was played a light farce by Le Stocq called Jane. At the end of the first act an excited girl in the row in front of me, after a hot discussion with her mother, turned and anxiously asked, "Oh, please tell me, is this Macbeth?"

"You have made a mistake of a week," answered my friend; "Irving comes next Monday."

The girl burst into violent sobs.

"Oh, mother," she wailed, "father won't give us the money to come again," and stumbled out with head bowed and shoulders shaking. At a supper the next week I told Ellen Terry this story.

"What's that? What's that?" Irving asked from the other end of the table; so they all got it. Miss Terry saw in it only the disappointment of the girl.

"Where can I find her?" she cried. "I'll send her a box."

But Irving was so greatly chagrined that I was made to feel that I had been guilty of lese majesty. That magnificent pose, maintained throughout so many years that it almost became nature, failed him for once. It could not shield the sensitiveness of the artist or the vanity of the actor, whichever you elect to call it, from this flick on the raw, given in absolute innocence.

When I was in Washington on leave I had a cablegram from England asking me to see the Professor's Love Story and advise about its probable success in England. I saw Willard in this delightful Barrie play and went from the theater to the New York train. In New York I ran against Mr. Bram Stoker, Mr. Irving's manager, who kindly invited me to see Becket that night. I went on the midnight train to Boston, where I met Wilson Barrett and saw him in The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. So on three successive nights I saw three English actors in three cities hundreds of miles apart and never traveled a mile by daylight.

Returning from the Boston theater, I saw the finest teller of stories I ever knew standing alone and disconsolate in the hotel. Ned Cleary brightened up as we talked, and made me laugh uproariously as he told how he had brought L'Enfant Prodigue to the States and how this unique wordless play, which had succeeded in London, had brought only five people to the theater that night. He was broke and had on his hands an expensive French company none of whom spoke English. Though it was the panic year and all money had disappeared, Cleary's superhuman energy adjusted return fares for his troupe.

A young Kentuckian, Cleary had come to London as an actor in the 80's, had mined for gold on a large scale in West Africa, had pierced the frozen rocks of Iceland with railway tunnels, had taken opera companies to South America, had been a brilliant war correspondent, had engaged Olympia for a spectacle, had covered the vast arena of that great hall with a historic imitation grass mat seventy yards square. When Olympia proved a quick failure, I asked him the next move.

"I cannot find a buyer for the only asset I have," was the answer. "Nobody wants the grass mat, so I am going to graze on it for a month or two."

To revert from the stage to the church: England is dotted with ecclesiastical and other structures which are not only history in themselves but the scenes of historical and legendary events. Archæology is the last hobby of elderly gentlemen retired from profession or business, and such a one is apt to make a cicerone as dry and dusty as the stones he describes; but you should hear a trained mind with a passion for antiquity breathe life into dry bones and reconstruct history from architectural or other details. I have stood beside the recumbent alabaster figure of a knight and listened with intent interest while an expert, from sculptured armor, heraldic emblems and position of arms and legs, inferred the exploits of a man dead these three centuries.

Sextons and Vergers of Famous Churches

IT WAS a source of great pleasure to visit some ancient Norman, or even Saxon, church, or Norman castle, or a cathedral, under the intelligent auspices of some local or county archæological society. Enthusiasm sometimes led to theories easily disproved. For instance, leaving a church, the cultured vicar ended his discourse with a reference to two crude whitewashed figures on either side the door.

"Undoubtedly Saxon," he said, "and the only remains of that prehistoric structure."

I was the last to leave the church and I gave the very old verger a few pennies. The tip brought a confession. He pointed to the two wooden figures.

"Jim Salter made 'em and I put 'em up," he said. "'Twere afore the vicar came and I dassent tell un."

Vergers and sextons cannot be expected to be adequate and their versions of history and perversions of architectural details are often amusing. At Chalfont St. Giles, associated with Milton, instructed by a previous study of the guidebook, I intimated a doubt that the font was Saxon. The indignant old man had, he said, been told by his predecessor years before that it was Saxon, and Saxon it must be. He went over and stood with an affectionate arm on the discredited font, refused to speak another word and declined a tip. He was the only man I ever met in Europe who refused an offered gratuity.

The extraordinary and unprecedented experience of a quaint and delightful old gentleman must be recorded. He lived for two years in a Bristol hotel, and on his return to the United States, all tips were refused, and every hotel servant contributed toward a parting gift. I know that this account of a miracle will be questioned by many; but it is true.

A sexton at Egerton, in Kent, flatly denied that an ancestor of mine had been vicar there in 1620. He had never heard of the Rev. John Lothropp, and on his emphatic denials, delighted members of my party publicly branded me in the village as an impostor.

The best verger I ever encountered was at Peterborough Cathedral. He was well educated and reverent, and constant repetition had not staled his enthusiasm. The worst was at a well-known Bristol church. This man would strike an attitude in the nave and point to the joining arches in the roof.

"See them bosses?" he would cry. "Every one different, every one done by hand, every one the work of a pious monk. What, I ask you, if them bosses was done today? They would be turned by machinery. The world ain't what it was."

William Penn was, of course, intimately associated with Bristol; and his father, Admiral Penn, was buried in the beautiful church of St. Mary Redcliffe, which stands within 100 yards of the spot whence John Cabot must

(Continued on Page 168)

Delighted at Such a Chance to Air My Knowledge, I Explained Fluellen at Great Length and How Welshmen Sang Their Sentences When They Talked in English

What's the matter with the men who *almost* succeed?

SO MANY GIVE ALL THEY POSSESS TO BETTER JOBS, AND YET NEVER GET AHEAD. HAVEN'T YOU OFTEN WONDERED WHY?

AN EMINENT AUTHORITY RECENTLY WROTE:

"*I have drawn up a list of a hundred and fifty of the men I have known who had a good chance to reach the top and hold the top in public service, in money-making or in the arts—and have sunk or are al. through. I have checked off the list with the various causes which I believe make men crack, and I have the result I expected. Ninety-seven of these men fell down, according to my conviction, clearly because of lack of health.*"

THEY work hard. They drive themselves through long hours. They hunch over desks, intent on the problems and tools of their craft. They are aiming at success.

Success! It is a whetstone for every man's metal. Every man worth his salt wants to succeed. Hard work is necessary. But old John Locke, wise man, had the comprehensive view.

"A sound mind in a sound body," was his formula for success.

If Americans have a lesson to learn, it is the last half of John Locke's teaching. What profiteth it a man to increase his capacities, if the human machine breaks down and leaves him stranded!

We are careless about health. We think we can eat anything that appeals to our fancy. We think we can go without systematic exercise—can clip short our hours of rest. Worst of all, perhaps, we think we can take "harmless" stimulants regularly into our systems. We forget that any artificial stimulant simply drugs us into temporary oblivi-ousness—that the "energy" it seems to give us is really drained from the body's vital reserve.

We *can* do all these things for a time, most of us, and get away with it. Therein lies the danger. Nervousness, sleeplessness, headache, indigestion these warnings are brushed aside as trivial. When the crash comes—or when the slow process of deterioration asserts itself in some insidious disease—we can only regret.

For the last 26 years the Postum Cereal Company has been talking to men and women in plain, commonsense language about conserving health. This Company could not have continued its teaching for 26 years if Postum had not benefited millions of men and women in the ways claimed for it.

Drinking Postum will not make you a success. But it *will* eliminate caffein—probably the most widespread offender among "moderate" stimulants —from your diet. Its use *will* relieve the goaded, straining nerves—the digestive ills—the sleeplessness, and numbing fatigue—which are so often the result of regular mealtime indulgence in caffein.

Postum *will* give you, in place of caffein, a wholesome, delicious, steaming-hot drink, filled with the flavor and fragrance of roasted whole wheat and bran. This is the favorite mealtime drink in 2,000,000 American homes!

Just put this up to yourself squarely: You have spent time and money to give your mind its development. Isn't it worth while to safeguard that investment by protecting your body in this easy way?

We want you to make a test which we believe will mean much in your future life. Read the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator:

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you on your test by giving you a week's supply, free, and my directions for preparing it.

"Or, if you prefer, you can get Postum at your grocer's and start today. You will be glad to know that Postum costs much less per cup.

"For the free week's supply, will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply right away."

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. S. E. P. 9-26

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply of

Instant Postum ☐ Check
Postum Cereal ☐ prefer

Name

Street

City State

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

© 1925, P. C. Co.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the surest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

The "B" Battery of larger cells and longer life for multi-tube receivers

EVEREADY "B" Battery No. 770 is made especially for multi-tube sets. Its larger cells insure much longer life in such service. And, because of this longer life, Eveready "B" No. 770 is more economical than batteries of smaller size.

Eveready Batteries are made for every radio use and at various prices according to size. There are "B" Batteries in all sizes for plate current, and "C" Batteries to improve tone and prolong "B" Battery life. For lighting the filaments of dry cell tubes use Eveready-Columbia Ignitor Dry Cells. Whatever size or type of battery you require, specify Eveready—they last longer.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., New York—San Francisco

Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited Toronto, Ontario

EVEREADY
Radio Batteries
—they last longer

LIGHT REFRESHMENTS

(Continued from Page 17)

point-blank and full-bang, without their having any shadow of a chance to take cover.

This was curiously shown by the fact that some of the more virulent and highly inflamed types of lupus, and also of mild scrofula, would not respond promptly to the rays. The staff of Finsen's hospital puzzled over them for months, until finally it was suggested that the healing blue rays were perhaps absorbed and neutralized by the richer supply of red blood in the reddened and inflamed ulcers. How to get rid of this? Several suggestions were made, and then came the neat idea of taking a small square of glass, an ordinary microscopic slide, between finger and thumb on each end and gently pressing it down until the tissues beneath it were blanched by squeezing out the blood and then shooting the unprotected bugs through the glass with the blue rays. It worked like a charm, and it is probably only a question of time till we shall one fine day discover or devise a means of applying the light rays internally, which will enable us to treat tuberculous lungs with them directly and perhaps give us a positive and active cure for consumption.

The next upward step of our struggle and yearning toward the healing light was the discovery of the ghostly greenish shimmer of the X, or Röntgen, rays. These are now as common and familiar as boiled potatoes, but when they first appeared they made an extraordinary and most dramatic impression upon the public mind by their weird and startling power of passing right through solid substances, even including the human body.

If these shivery beams could "pierce into our bosom's core" and the very marrow of our bones, like a literal eye of the Lord, revealing all our inmost secrets, what marvels might they not be capable of in the way of cure and healing? Surely we had within our grasp at last a sovereign remedy for all the maladies which had so far defied us, especially cancer and consumption! Everyone was eager to have a chance of cure by the new marvel and the factories were kept running overtime to meet the overwhelming popular demand for X-ray machines and X-ray treatments. And when we got them, I grieve to say, not a few of us blazed away at every disease in sight, like a boy with a new air rifle. But alas, we were soon to discover that there were light rays and light rays, bad as well as good, and these were the wrong kind, at least for such wholesale use.

X-rays in Disease

To make a sad story short, for we have learned our lesson, at the cost of a good deal of suffering but little loss of life—save in our own ranks, which have furnished some fifty martyrs to X-ray cancer—we may roughly sum up our experience in a few tentative statements.

First the X-rays bite as well as beam. Though producing little sensation of heat or other form of discomfort at the time of use, if exposures are too long or too frequent, there develops suddenly the painful and obstinate X-ray burn, which takes weeks and months to heal. Second, in most of the internal diseased conditions for which they have been used, the rays have apparently done almost as much damage to the healthy tissues as to the diseased ones. Their principal present value in cancer is the marked and blessed relief which they often give from the agonizing pain of advanced and inoperable cases. They have done little to cure cancer, but have caused in X-ray operators and research workers about fifty cases of a new and hopelessly fatal form of cancer of their own, known as X-ray cancer. Third, their wonderful powers of penetrating and photographing the deepest tissues of the body have been and are of simply priceless value in the diagnosis or discovery of disease; especially in fractures, embedded bullets or shell fragments, tumors and abscesses about the roots of the teeth; while the brief and infrequent exposures required for such discovery purposes are comparatively free from danger.

But this is their chief contribution to medicine so far. They are worth millions for diagnosis, but not one-tenth as much for cure.

They are still on trial, and hundreds of workers are cautiously testing them out in every way, screening and separating the helpful rays from the hurtful ones. But they have also played a regrettable part by delaying the surgical treatment of cancer until it is too late for operation, in the pathetic hope of a cure without the knife.

Shining Sons of the Morning

Then came Madame Curie's brilliant revelation of the new element, radium, and its literally radiant emanations. These, like the curative ultra-violet rays of the sunlight, are again dark light, that is to say, not visible to our retina. Their highest interest and value lie in their extraordinary contribution to our knowledge of the internal energy of the atom and the changing, or transmutation, of one element into another.

But the dark glow has been found decidedly helpful in the treatment of cancers on or near the surface of the body, which fortunately means nearly three-fourths of them. The rays seem really to have a selective effect and to check the growth of the cancer cells, with but little injury or risk to the healthy cells around them. By impregnating water with the rays and filling slender-pointed glass capillary tubes with radium emanations, and then plunging them deeply into the mass of the cancer, there seems good prospect of reaching even the deeper parts of the body with the healing beams.

Last, and in one sense strangest and most unexpected, of all these shining sons of the morning to come to our aid is the remarkable effect of certain of the ultra-violet rays upon the bones of children in the disease known as rickets. This is a condition, fortunately rather rare in this country among our native-born population, save in mild forms, which is perhaps best known by its two once painfully familiar symptoms, termed, with true English and Rabelaisian frankness, bowlegs and pot-belly.

The baby or child with rickets is, as the good old Saxon name implies, rickety all over; but because the most striking and lasting marks made by it are in the bones and joints, we have come to regard it as a bone disease. It is really a disease of growth, and the reason it hits the bones is that they are the tissues which are growing most rapidly at this period—from the ninth month to the third year—also that rickety bones literally raise marble, or rather concrete, monuments to the disease, great knobby limestone bumps around the joints which can scarcely escape the dullest eye or the most casual hand.

As a matter of fact, rickets, under the care of a competent family doctor, can be detected and cured before it attacks the bones at all—which is one of several reasons why it flourishes chiefly in the poorer and less fortunate ranks of society. The general disease, or malnutrition, called rickets, hits the rapidly growing bones just as colds, diarrheas and the little fevers of childhood hit the soft, plastic, half-hardened enamel of the permanent teeth and leave them to be born pitted and ridged and pock-marked. And it hits them heaviest precisely at the growth points, or zones, about an inch to two inches from the joints, especially the wrists, the knees and the ankles, and the points in the ribs where they meet the cartilages, or strips of gristle, which connect them with the breastbone.

In a healthy child the deposit of lime or calcium along the growth lines of the bones proceeds in an orderly progressive fashion. But in the rickety child the bricklayer, or rather bone-layer, gristle cells go on strike and instead of laying the bone cement evenly and smoothly to build a graceful molded shaft, they dump it all over the lot in heaps and barrowloads and turn the smooth shapely growth zone into a bumpy, nobby rat's nest, with no more shape or symmetry than a potato. Indeed, if the food supplies delivered to them by the blood are particularly bad and unappetizing, they begin rioting and may actually tear up the bone shaft which they had already laid down weeks or months before. No wonder that when the weight of the body is thrown on this spongy mess it bends and gives, and bandy legs and crooked shins and flat foot arches are the order of the day.

To put it very briefly, the rickety child of, say, one to three begins to lose his appetite, to sweat freely about the head, especially at night, to show a protuberant abdomen; his teeth are late in cutting and he is slow about trying to walk; or if he has learned to walk, he gives it up and goes back to crawling. He is not thin and cross, but on the contrary rather plump and placid, though flabby; but he will often cry out suddenly when picked up and shrink from being touched or handled. On going over his arms and legs gently to find where it hurts, we quickly discover a swollen tender zone an inch or two above wrists or ankles, where the merest touch makes him wince or cry out with pain. Also his soft little head is distinctly flattened on top, which gives his forehead a square look; which was, incidentally, the origin of the term "Cabochon," or squarehead, shortened into "Boche," applied by the French to their invaders. Then if the hand passed over his little chest meets a series of small rounded bumps on his ribs at the bone-gristle junctions, like a string of beads, your child surely has rickets.

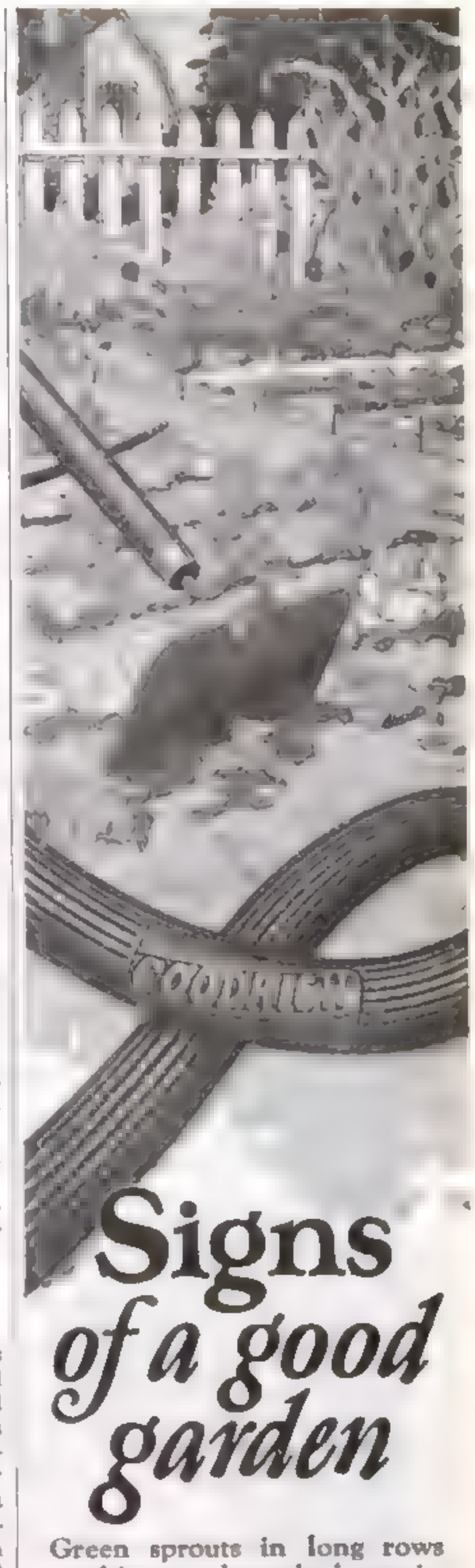
The Sunshine Cure for Rickets

Now what is to be done? Though it is nearly 300 years since Glisson recognized and described the disease, all we had found out about it of any practical value up to a decade or two ago was that it was associated with a shortage of fat, particularly butter or cream, in the diet; that it was a disease of the dark and cloudy winter solstice and of slums and overcrowding, in damp windowless houses and cabins; and that when children from the tropics—where rickets is rare—migrated northward, they suffered severely from it; that the only remedies which did any good were cod-liver oil and sunshine.

Cod-liver oil was probably first used as a substitute for butter in fisher hamlets—as it is yet on the shores of the Baltic, together with skate liver and shark liver—in the days when the more abominably a remedy tasted and smelled the bigger medicine it was. But in spite of its unsavory origin it really did help, although it could hardly be said to cure. The fact that the malady had to have a couple of months of winter darkness to start it, and a couple more to grow bad enough to catch the untrained eye, so that the baby was seldom brought into the hospital before February or March, when spring with its healing sunshine was only five or six weeks away, made and still makes it rather doubtful how much of the cure is due to the remedy and how much to the most powerful medicine ever invented, plain *anno Domini*.

Any old drug could make a reputation on rickets in early spring.

Long ago, our animal cousins literally smelled this secret out. Capt. Donald MacMillan informed the writer that once when he landed on the coast of Maine two little blue fox cubs which he had tamed had been out of their favorite food, fresh fish,



Signs of a good garden

Green sprouts in long rows pushing up through the moist earth—promises of tasty salads and fresh vegetables—

A generous length of garden hose, bearing the famous brand of "Goodrich."

Signs of a good garden—signs of an economical garden.

Goodrich Garden Hose gives you that same full measure of invested value that motorists enjoy on Goodrich Silvertown Tires . . . Built to resist rough usage—lasts season after season.

Buy hose 5/8" size (Inside Diameter)—just right for free flow of water and easy handling—fits any faucet.

Dealers Everywhere

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER CO.
Est. 1870 *Akron, Ohio*

Goodrich
Garden Hose
"Best in the Long Run"

Watch This Column

EUGENE O'BRIEN AND LAURA LA PLANTE

Give two cooks a good piece of meat, and though they follow the same general plan of cookery, one will cook it perfectly while the other will ruin it. Same way with a picture-play. An excellent story in the hands of one director will be a gem. In the hands of another, it will be what we call a "flop"—a failure.

It is the falsest of false economy to pay a high-price for a fine story and choose a mediocre director to produce it. Neither stars nor scenery can save it. And that's why I am exacting in the choice of directors to produce Universal pictures. Please observe our plays carefully and tell me what you think of the directing.

I am anxious to have you see LAURA LA PLANTE and EUGENE O'BRIEN in ***"Dangerous Innocence,"*** the screen version of Pamela Wynne's most interesting novel, "Ann's an Idiot," directed by William Seiter. It is a very appealing drama of an innocent girl's happiness nearly wrecked by a selfish mother who envied her daughter the love of a man whom she herself once loved. Can't you imagine this couple in such a play?

"The Phantom of the Opera," Universal's great mystery play featuring LON CHANEY and directed by Rupert Julian, is proving one of the year's finest entertainments, judging by the crowds that are flocking twice daily to the Curran Theatre, San Francisco, where it is now playing at prices ranging up to $1.50 per seat. Ask your favorite theatre when it will be shown. You can't afford to miss it.

Don't forget to see HOOT GIBSON in his lively Western comedy-drama, ***"The Saddle Hawk."*** This versatile young man is one of the best riders in the world and he has lots of chance to show his skill in this play. Also be sure to see PAULINE FREDERICK and LAURA LA PLANTE in ***"Smoldering Fires"***; HOUSE PETERS in the fine play of ***"Raffles,"*** and REGINALD DENNY in ***"Oh, Doctor."***

Carl Laemmle

President

(To be continued next week)

Send for the "Phantom" magic package which comes without cost to you.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

for a week or more. One of the first things he did when he got ashore was to buy a couple of fresh codfish and hurry back to the cubs with them. They hurled themselves on the dainties, tore out the livers and devoured them whole before touching any other part.

Because of its great frequency in the most highly civilized and progressive parts of the world, getting worse apparently under civilization, an enormous amount of work and study has been devoted to rickets. From the chemical fact that bones are made up chiefly of a combination of phosphorus and lime—calcium—called calcium phosphate, it was held to be due to a shortage of calcium or phosphorus in the children's diet. Rats could be made rickety by putting them on such short diets, providing they were kept in the dark or half dark of basement or cellars. Fats also would cure rickets, or their absence from the diet cause it, provided those fats were butter or cream or cod-liver oil. But finally it all simmered down to two things—sunlight and cod-liver oil, either of which would cure.

Solving the Mystery

About ten years ago a brilliant Russian named Raczynski clearly proved on guinea pigs that sunshine alone, with good ordinary diet, would cure rickets, and confinement in the dark on the same diet would cause it. Then about five years ago Huldschinski caught and caged his sunlight in the so-called mercury-vapor lamp so that he could turn it on whenever he wanted it, regardless of the weather, and he triumphantly cured by its use a number of cases of rickets. Then came Hess and Unger in New York and showed that by the persistent use of sunlight alone, in a cold but fairly sunny climate, rickets could surely be cured. Steenbock and Hart, of the University of Wisconsin, proved the same to be true in pigs and chickens. But almost as many and as complete cures were claimed by the champions of cod-liver oil.

Here the question hung suspended. Was it possible that there was some common property possessed by both these two champion contestants for the rickets prize in the world's life-saving Olympic series? At first glance this seemed absolutely absurd on the face of it.

But gradually, step by step, the incredible affinity was proved. The sunlight, of course, stood clear and changeless as the farthest stars! But from the cod liver was stripped one disguising husk after another. First the liquid fat, or oil proper, was thrown aside, as a useful food perhaps, but having no part in the magic cure of rickets.

Then suspicion fell upon the great Vitamin A, or growth vitamin, abundantly present in cod liver, and this was hailed as the sole cure of rickets. But careful, painstaking, brilliant research work by McCollum, of Johns Hopkins, proved that Vitamin A could be completely removed from or destroyed in cod liver and yet the oil would cure rickets almost as surely as before.

A fourth vitamin, Vitamin D, was suspected. Who was the beneficent Ethiopian in the cod-liver woodpile? The hunt was getting warm!

The next view halloo came from the sunlight side. How did the sun's rays actually work in curing rickets? At first sight, of course, a general radiation, or sun bath, was supposed necessary; and basking in the sun, with an irreducible minimum of clothing, was in highest favor. But we got no better results by such altogether methods, in Trilby's phrase, and, in addition, several worse ones in the form of light sunstrokes, headaches and other discomforts.

The hint was taken, and gradually the amount of bare skin exposed and the length of the exposure were reduced until at last, incredible as it may seem, Hess and Unger proved that the exposure of one hand for ten or fifteen minutes a day would cure rickets as surely and almost as quickly as full sun baths in a state of nature.

Closer observation showed another most significant thing: and this was that the healing changes in the bones—observed by the X-ray—did not begin until the skin exposed had shown a good coat of tan! Evidently the skin and its pigment had manufactured, with the aid of the sun's rays, a healing substance which, carried by the blood to the bone-builder cells, sent them back on the job at once.

Our skin cells are far smarter than we give them credit for, and we have literally brains all over our body. Indeed, what we term our brain is simply—as a plain fact of our embryonic history—a large fold of skin rolled up and tucked into a bone brain case for safety and protection from the weather and war, and then expanded into its present cottage-loaf-of-bread shape.

Anyhow, we still retain some of the magic sun-catching powers of our plant ancestors and can eat part of the sunshine direct, at first hand, instead of having to beg, borrow or steal it from plants and live on their charity.

But the sunlight is as wide and varied as the universe, and it is full of all the possibilities there are in the world. Right on the face of it, for instance, are two or three dozen different kinds of light rays which can be sorted out of it with the help of a prism and a galvanometer and a photo film and other such trifling dooflickers.

When we have cut and dealt and sorted out our hands, right in the middle of the spread lie the visible rays and the colors—red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet, which as a bunch we call the light rays because they are the only ones we can see—that is to say, register on our retina. Have these beautiful and spectacular rays anything to do with rickets? Not a particle. Into the discard with them.

But just quit admiring the beauty show and turn your optics toward the far corner of the last right-hand card of your hand of light rays, where the blue turns into violet and the violet darkens into black, and you'll see a narrow strip or ribbon of half light, half dark, about the color of a black eye—a real post-Dempsey one. It has a queer submarine sort of glint about it, distinctly threatening and unfriendly, and you won't look at it many seconds before your eye suddenly begins to smart and water intolerably, and you wink or turn away your head; it's alive and shooting, for all it looks so shady and dull. This is the zone of the now famous ultra-violet, or beyond-the-limit, rays, with which everyone is proud to claim acquaintance. Let this little pencil of dark light fall on the wrist of a rickety baby, pick up your radioscope, turn on the X-ray and just watch the walking delegate hustling the bone-layer strikers up the ladders and over the scaffolding!

The Good Fairy Discovered

The friendly gink, the good fairy that watches over rickety babies, was discovered at last. It was the dark glow of the ultra-violet rays, the Ugly Duckling, the Cinderella of the entire spectrum, which, to paraphrase Scripture, arise like the sun of righteousness with healing in their wings.

But why were so much quicker results to be got from the mercury-vapor lamp than from plain sunlight? For two reasons. First, that the lamp was always on tap, while you couldn't turn on the sunshine just whenever you wanted it; often, indeed, in winter not for days or weeks at a stretch. Second, because the queer greenish light of the mercury-vapor lamp, or tube, now widely used for lighting factories, shops and stores under the name of the Cooper-Hewitt light, is much richer in these healing rays than sunlight is.

And incidentally this mercury-vapor light with its ultra-violet rays has remarkable stimulating effects upon the powers of repair of diseased or infected tissues. Chronic ulcers, crops of boils, superficial abscesses and even diabetic gangrene have shown marked improvement under its spray of light.

While we were blazing away at the whole front of disease with every light-ray gun we could lay our hands on, we took a shot at certain skin diseases with the mercury-vapor light on a sporting chance. It woke things up a trifle, but was too hot for comfort, so we covered it with a globe of transparent quartz instead of glass, just to cut off the troublesome heat rays. Then things began to happen. The quartz globe cut off the heat, but let through a rush of hitherto unrecognized dark rays, which turned out to be our little friends, the ultra-violets, just oodles of them.

The idea caromed off our dome of thought and struck a long jagged spark. "Where was Moses when the light went out?" In the ultra-violet unquestionably! The riddle of the ages was solved.

The thing had a familiar ring. Why did children who were kept indoors in well-lighted rooms with large south windows, though splendidly fed, develop rickets, while their poverty-stricken brothers, the children of the poor, half starved, dirty, ragged but turned out of doors half the time, escape? Major Hutchinson had reported this paradox from India, where high-caste children, who for religious reasons were kept indoors until they were two years old, though very well fed, were the ricketiest of the rickety; while the children of the lowest castes, who literally lived in the streets, largely on garbage and scraps, escaped completely.

Violet Rays Imprisoned in Oil

But how did this bring us any nearer to the secret of cod-liver oil?

To Doctor Hess in New York and Doctor Steenbock in Wisconsin occurred the idea that if ultra-violet rays direct from the quartz lamp on the skin can cure rickets, why might not food filled with these rays and taken into the stomach also cure? And because oils seemed best suited physically to absorb these rays, they rayed olive oil thoroughly for several hours with ultra-violet light, gave it in spoonful doses to their rickety patients, and behold, they began to improve at once! They had constructed an artificial cod-liver oil, minus the smell, which was originally supposed to be the real healing power.

Other foods—lettuce, bread, milk—were treated with the rays, and they also cured rickety rats. The one thing they must all contain, however, is fat in some form or they can't take up the magic.

In fine, it is hardly too much to say that our findings in the field of light therapy in the past decade have been pricelessly useful already, and our knowledge and control of the potent rays have only just begun. We are using some eight or ten different forms of rays already and there are a dozen more in sight. Climate can almost be made to order at home, so far as its curative aspects are concerned. The gloomy and deadly smoke pall which hangs over our great cities may be partially lifted. Already in England quartz lamps are being installed in the school buildings and in selected centers in the tenement districts, where children may be given their daily bath of ultra-violet rays; especially during the short foggy winter days when rickets flourishes and growth is stunted.

Physicists are eagerly at work developing plates of quartz of sufficient size and thinness to be used as window glass.

Cheaper processes are now in sight and there is hope that we shall soon have such panes plentiful and cheap enough for school buildings and large tenements, and, ultimately, that every home may have one or two panes and later a window.

Perchance in the near future the careworn and wearied citizen, in need of a pick-me-up, may be able to repair to the corner drug store, or light shop, and order a sparkling tumbler of liquid sunlight, distilled through the quartz mercury globe, and as it glows through his veins cease to murmur at Volstead.

If radium bids fair to prove the long-sought philosopher's stone, transmuting base metals into gold, may not the dark glow of the violet rays guide our feet to the fabled fountain of eternal youth?

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BLOW THE MAN DOWN

(Continued from Page 19)

a gleam enter his eyes that was not all pleasure. And the gleam became a glint when the skipper spoke.

"Are you not competent to take care of the ship in your watch, Mr. Snow? The royals ought to have come in hours ago. And if you, Mr. Buckley, are bent upon breaking my spars for me, kindly do it in your own watch so that I may know on whom to fix the responsibility. Mr. Snow, be good enough to take in those royals and have them furled for bad weather."

Buckley looked astonished. It was bad business for a master to call an officer down before the men; and it was not very good to do so in the presence of a junior officer. Buckley almost forgot himself so far as to make a retort. He knew the ship could carry her royals for some time longer, with careful attention to the helm, and she was making speed. But his training had been strong on discipline, as it had on seamanship, and he went below without defending himself.

"Sulky dog, that!" Truefit remarked to the passenger, passing him on his way to his own room again, never waiting to see the sails taken in. Mr. Forman stood aside, flat against the bulkhead, as the skipper descended the stairs, following him curiously with his eyes.

When next he saw the mate on deck he watched him narrowly for some time before speaking to him. Then: "The captain acted queerly this morning, didn't he?"

Dick Buckley glanced sharply at his questioner, and was on the point of replying, but controlled the impulse and simply nodded.

The weather hardened in the forenoon, and by midday the Leander was doing splendidly with nothing above her three lower topgallant sails. Her forecourse and jibs were dark with wet from tack to head. The mate watched her with a thrill, feeling the leap of her, and hearing the full-toned thunder of the seas tumbling away from her shearing bows. But at times he felt hot at the thought of the morning's reprimand; and when he was relieved again, and had time to smoke a pipe in his small cabin, he found himself brooding darkly at the injustice of it.

The dark mood persisted until he placed Jean's picture before him, took out a well-worn bundle of letters, and read for the hundredth time her eager, hopeful words. Then he deliberately cast off all unpleasant thoughts, and recovered the high enthusiasm that he had started with. At least, he believed that he had.

On the evening of a day which had been blusterous and threatening, when the ship had reached her most southerly latitude, Buckley went on deck to relieve and found the skipper in command. Forman stood against a canvas dodger, warmly wrapped against the cold, his hair powdered with snow, his face set and frowning as if it required an effort to remain out there in the discomfort of falling night.

"The course is east-quarter-south, Mr. Buckley," the captain announced, and coolly took himself off below without another word of explanation regarding the second mate's absence.

"East-quarter-south, sir!" Buckley repeated mechanically, and looked around him with a mild wonder.

The watches were in process of changing. A new man shambled aft to take the wheel, and the lamp trimmer brought the binnacle lights. Some men were filling the galley coal bunker from the supply in the forepeak, watching their chance to dodge the seas which every now and then poured over the forecastle head or tumbled in over the rail in the waist. And Buckley started up with a half uttered cry. One of the men carrying coal buckets was the second mate, Snow. Mr. Forman stepped from his shelter and shouted in the mate's ear. He had to shout. The seas thundered past with a steady roar which was only punctuated by heavier seas in tremendous crashing impacts that made the ship quiver. A cold wet gale boomed in the saturated canvas, thrummed in the taut rigging, shrieked around house corners.

"Captain Truefit disrated Snow for incompetence and sent him forward!"

"I suppose he'll tell me when he gets ready," bawled Dick Buckley angrily.

There was no pleasure in the prospect of making a Cape Horn passage short of watch officers; but even that had been done, and could be done again. What irritated Buckley was hearing about it from a passenger. Why had the Old Man not told him when taking over the deck? But after all, a big part of a sailor's duty lay in rising superior to circumstances, and this was nothing to get excited about.

The skipper relieved the deck after midnight, and made no comment, although he was fifteen minutes late. Buckley could not help asking after the second mate.

"I have sent Snow for'ard, mister. I will stand my own watch," Truefit snapped. "I keep no incompetent dogs about me."

It was said in an offensive tone, and for the whole watch below, the mate scarcely slept, made wakeful by the double anxiety of realizing that Truefit was as queer as any yarn had pictured him, and the dawning fear that his own good fortune promised to be not so good.

But Dick Buckley was a thorough seaman. He meant to give no openings which might lead to trouble. He relieved the deck on the stroke of the bell, and gave his every thought to the ship.

Forman was on deck later in the next day when Truefit relieved nearly an hour late. There had been no observations for two or three days; the ship was running before the gale through intermittent flurries of snow and banks of drifting fog. Life lines were stretched foré and aft, and a man never moved along the main deck without their support. The weather was bitterly cold, and the men were in miserable case. They had seen the situation aft; Snow's appearance among them proved that the discord among the afterguard was real. Snow himself was sore enough to fan any small flame of ill humor in the crew. And when Truefit appeared on deck an hour late and began to roar at the mate because the mainsail was not taken in, there was not much spirit left among them.

"I left it because it was eight bells and stowing the mainsail is an all-hands job, sir," Buckley shouted. "I thought you would be up any minute." He could not choke that little dig back.

Forman appeared in the companion door. He always seemed to be somewhere near at hand lately.

"Call all hands and do it now. If I have any more insolence from you I'll send you after Snow! A sailor you call yourself!" bellowed Truefit furiously.

All his oily suavity had left him surprisingly. Just for an instant Buckley fought against a retort which would certainly have ruined him. Jean's smiling face flashed across his mental vision. And also there whispered to him a small voice bidding him remember the tales he had heard. He was determined that no crazy shipmaster would ruin him with any help from his own slack tongue. He went forward himself, and roused out the tired men who had been but an hour below.

"Shake a leg, m'lads, shake a leg," he told them, going to each man in turn and waking him with a gentle shake. "All hands. Furl the mains'l. No job at all for a crowd of real sailormen like you. Tumble out, old sons. There's grog after an all-hands job."

That stirred them. And Buckley believed there would be grog. He had never been in a ship where that custom did not rule. It was a good old custom; and many a time off Cape Stiff a beaten and sullen crew had plunged once more into the bitter fight, urged by the certain prospect of warming, sustaining grog. Such a small thing when considered by men warm and full-fed, in the security of home and civilization; such a tremendous thing when held out to half-starved, half-frozen men in the gray bleakness of a cold gale, turned out from their sodden blankets to tackle, half asleep, the terrific labor of beating frozen canvas into submission while the ship foams through leaping seas and the spars reel fiendishly. A small thing; yet in such case men will perform prodigies in the hope of it.

Down in the swirl of water about the mainmast the men hauled on clewlines and buntlines, while Buckley himself eased up the main tack. That was the place of honor; the place of hazard. Then, with the great mass of canvas billowing up and forward from the yard like a balloon, while some men still hauled to confine it with the lines Buckley led the rest aloft, taking the place of a second mate since there was none in truth, stepping into the heavy bunt and striving to put enthusiasm into the men.

"All together now. Soon get her stowed. Somebody start Paddy Doyle," he shouted above the flogging of the sail. The men tugged desperately; but there was no song in them. Buckley clawed and dragged at the canvas with the strength of two men; and to keep the work going started the furling chantey himself:

"We'll haul-ah! And furl-ah!
And pay Paddy Doyle for his boots."

There was a response. The men did drag with a vim. Scattered here and there a voice joined in.

"We'll heave ah! With a will-ah!
And pay Paddy Doyle for his boots!"

The tremendous labor was done. Buckley led the men aft, and salt lips were licked thirstily at sight of the steward at Truefit's side.

"What now?" snapped the skipper. He held a tumbler, which the steward filled from a bottle.

"Is there grog, sir? All-hands job."

"There is no grog in my ship, mister. Have the goodness to send the men for'ard. Steward, my medicine."

Long after the men had gone cursing forward, and Buckley had the poop to himself, he fought with desperation against the impulse to open out upon Captain Truefit. That furling of the main course had eaten up the balance of his watch below. Now he was to face the stinging spray and the blinding night for another full four hours at least, even if Truefit relieved him punctually. How he had sent the men away, after having promised them grog, without resorting to bullying them, he would never quite understand. What he did understand was that he had made enemies of men who had hitherto believed him a right good chief mate. There was no doubt about Truefit's medicine; little doubt concerning his sickness. Brandy covered both.

Buckley would have minded less had not the passenger seemed so discerning. It was not very agreeable to have a passenger remark upon the frailties of one's skipper. Forman was a trifle obtrusive, too, at times, with his offers of help. Even a passenger who could and did stand a full trick at the helm, asking no favor of weather, should not presume to suggest taking on the duties of watch officer. There was the time when, nearing the Horn, Buckley had been on deck through three full watches without relief.

"I can take charge of a watch, Mr. Buckley," Forman said. He looked mighty anxious as he said it, as if troubled in his mind about the ship's safety. "I went to sea in my youth. You can't stand twenty-four-hour watches in this weather; and besides, you're nearing the Horn."

"Mr. Forman," Buckley had retorted to that, "I am able to keep watch for some time yet. And I am aware of the position of the ship. If Captain Truefit remains indisposed longer than I can remain awake I'll take it upon myself to bring the second mate aft again. But you are only a passenger, sir, whatever may have been your experience."

Then, with the wind suddenly heading the ship when Cape Horn should have hove in sight, forcing her to tack to the southward, Buckley went to ask the Old Man if he could come up and see the situation for himself. Truefit bade him get to his duty, shouting through a locked door. Buckley asked permission to bring Snow aft again, pleading his own inability to stand an interminable watch. There was no answer to that, so Buckley went to get Snow. And Snow refused to head a watch.

The mate set his teeth together and stuck out a grim jaw. All the tales he had heard in Melbourne must have been true. But if he could only keep his sanity it would take more than a mad shipmaster to make him follow those other chief mates into disgrace and professional oblivion.

But after a ghastly night of fierce hazard among drift ice, when the ship was so beset that she was four times forced to tack in half a watch, with blinding snow on a freezing wind, when every time the gear clashed and the ship's angle of heel was reversed Truefit came on deck to criticize only, returning to his snug stateroom immediately, Buckley's cup of bitterness ran over.

"I'll stick it out now, just to cheat him!" he swore, and Forman smiled understandingly. Forman had developed the habit of appearing on deck fully clothed whenever the ship was put about; and after the first feeling of irritation had passed, Buckley accepted him rather thankfully, for he could take the helm capably, thus releasing another seaman for the heavy work.

"He can't break me, like he broke others," the mate went on, no longer caring that the passenger heard him. "I'll look him in the eye when we pay off, and he won't give me any bad report either. But before I go to sea again I'll know something of the skipper or else I'll buy me a spade and dig ditches for a living."

"But you can't stand watch forever," Forman remarked.

Captain Truefit did come on deck, and did stay on watch for a few hours often enough to stave off the inevitable action which alone would be left for the mate if ever he remained below longer than a man could keep awake. If that ever came to pass, the mate could only call upon the crew, take command, and put the captain under restraint. Then he could appoint temporary mates and have the watches properly kept. Dick Buckley hated to think of doing that; but he knew he would be backed by the men, and in the passenger he had a valuable witness. But that may have entered the head of Truefit. In any case, he appeared now and then. The mate snatched enough rest to keep him alive.

Then the Leander sailed into a field of floating ice that reached from horizon to horizon, with tall bergs dotting it like white mountains in a field of white, and a freezing half gale that searched to the bones of men. Truefit had been on deck when the field was first seen closing around the ship. He had ordered more sail set, and the Leander thundered through the heavy ice before the driving gale, battered as if by solid rocks.

There was something creepy about the ship's dilemma. The ice prevented the sea from rising, yet the gale drove her forward furiously. The ice was broken and free, but some of it was so heavy that the old Leander quivered to the shock of it. Truefit had ordered that no sail was to be taken in, and there was nothing for Buckley to do but nurse the ship as tenderly as possible toward open water. He paced the deck nervously, strung to such a pitch that he saw nothing, heard nothing, except the ice and the battering of the ship.

"Look out there!" Mr. Forman shouted to him. The passenger had climbed into the mizzen rigging and was staring intently down to leeward. The mate glanced over the ice and saw a low flat berg a mile away on which several black objects were clustered.

"Seals or bears," snapped Buckley, and returned to watching the ship.

"I believe they're men," Forman retorted.

Buckley glanced again, and took up the binoculars from the box beside him. He focused carefully, for the air was vague with flying ice dust. Truefit appeared while he gazed, and the skipper's eye rolled redly in a puffed and crimson face.

"Mr. Buckley, watch yourself," said Truefit with cold venom. "The ship needs all your attention."

"I think those are men, captain," Forman shouted.

The skipper glanced across the ice, and snorted contemptuously.

"Seals! Amuse yourself all you like, Mr. Forman, but you will oblige me by not taking the attention of the mate on watch."

He stood beside Buckley for several minutes, breathing hard, seeking for an opening to find fault, it seemed. Buckley's taut nerves were humming with the strain.

"Driving her too hard in this heavy ice, sir," the mate uttered with an effort, and his teeth clashed together after the "sir." "And I'm not sure that those are not men out there."

"Those things are seals, mister, and my ship has no business with seals. The ship is not driven too hard if you watch her. Yonder lies open water. Drive her to it, Mr. Buckley; and keep your mind on your duty. I don't want to have to remind you of that again!"

Off he went below again, leaving a reek of liquor behind him. He left more than that. Dick Buckley conceived a hatred for

(Continued on Page 59)

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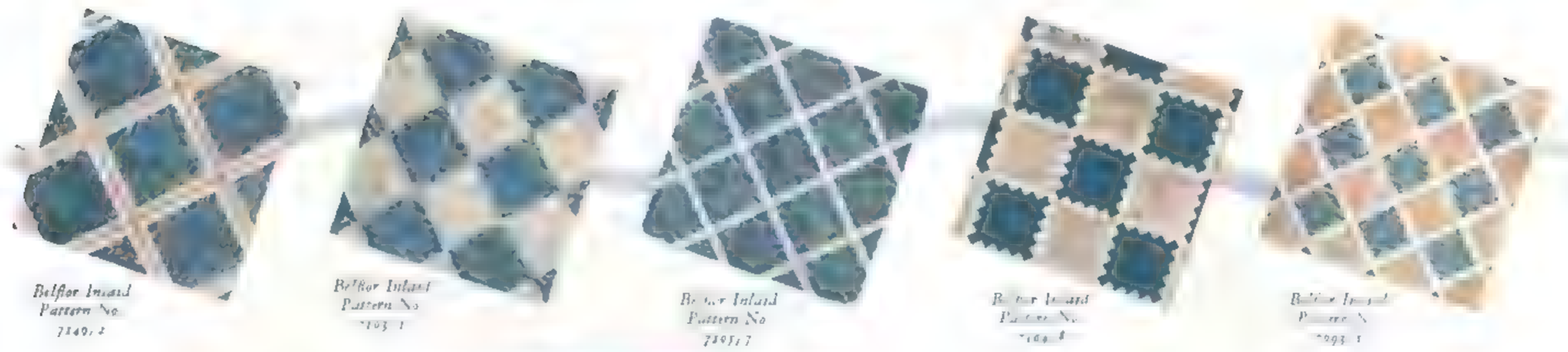

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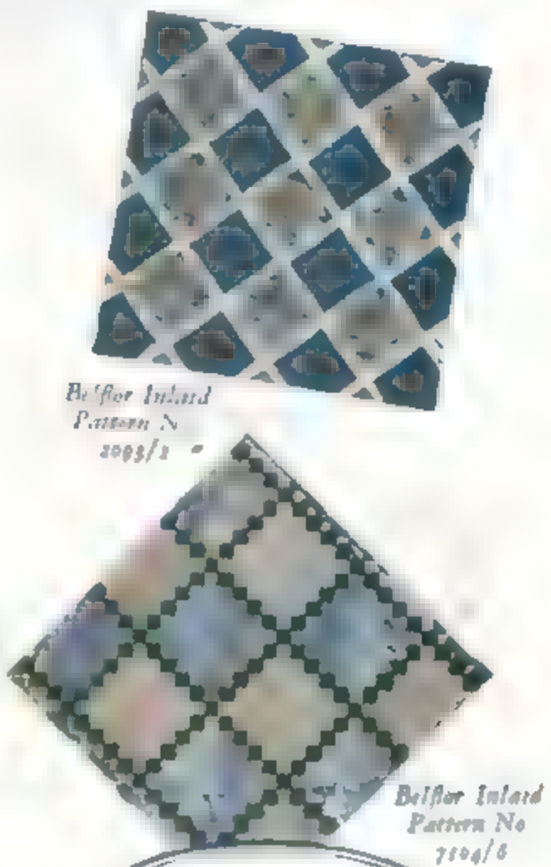

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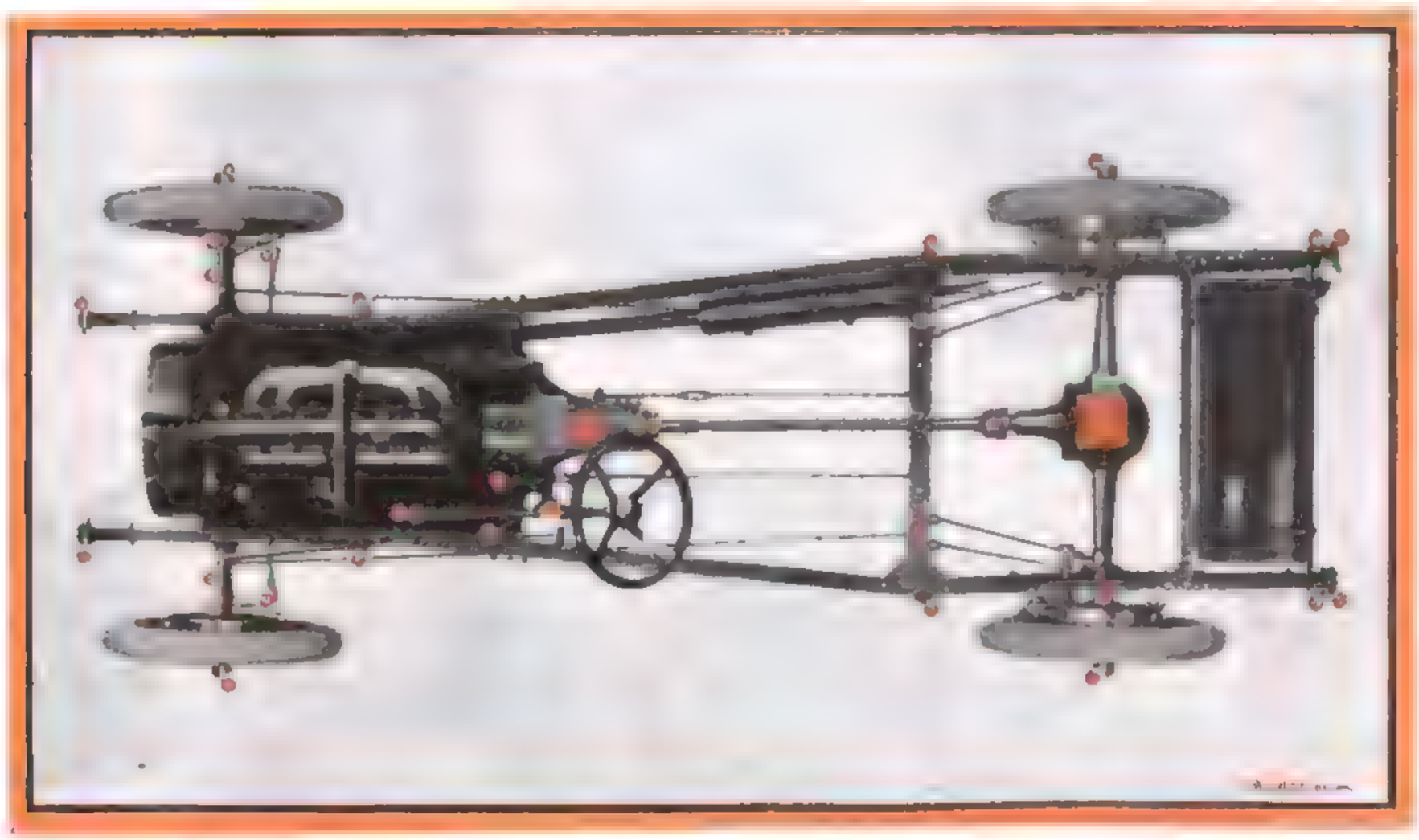

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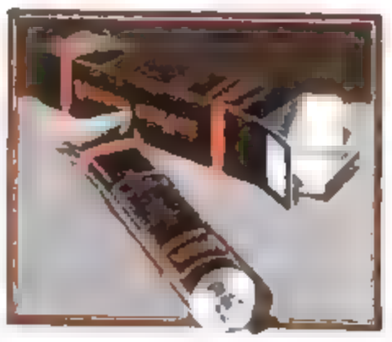

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VEEDOL GEAR & CHASSIS LUBRICANTS

(Continued from Page 54)

him then which threatened to spoil the mate's fine nature. The veiled hint was not sufficiently veiled. Truefit might as well have said outright that he was bent on breaking Buckley as he had broken mates before him.

"I'm sure they are people, Buckley," the passenger exclaimed at length, leaping from the sheerpole and reaching for the glasses. "There can be no mistake. Won't you run down a bit closer and see?"

"You heard the captain's orders," returned Buckley tersely.

"I'll go down and tell him!"

Forman ran below excitedly. The ship held her thunderous course through the ice floes. There were areas of comparatively clear water, and she rushed through these, only to strike the next litter of ice with a resounding roar. Then the divided floes heaped high about her stem, until gravity and her impulse toppled them crashing back to their own level. Sometimes a huddle of broken pieces fell on board; and the men, shivering with fear about the decks, afraid to go below, muttered among themselves and sent evil glances aft at the solitary figure of the mate, as helpless as they. The passenger reappeared, and he wore an expression not easy to analyze. There was a grim line at the corner of his mouth, and his eyes, usually so mildly interested, glittered fiercely.

"The smug old ruffian is drunk, Buckley," he said. "Not drunk with liquor alone. He's bad. Told me he'd confine me to my cabin if I dared interfere in the ship's affairs. And those are men on that berg. No doubt of it. Won't you run down closer, and see for yourself?"

"You want to see me broke, don't you?" the mate laughed harshly. He studiously kept his eyes away from the berg. "I'll be lucky to finish the passage as it is, without giving him the chance he's looking for."

"But you can't sail away and leave ——"

"Persuade Captain Truefit. I'm here to obey orders."

"But I tell you he's rotten drunk! Man, it's murder to pass those people by! Edge down to them. I'll stand responsible." Buckley laughed at that, glancing at Forman with a grimace which was as near as he could ever attain to a sneer. It stung the passenger. "Damn it, Buckley, I have some pull with the owner. I promise you ——"

"Mr. Forman," Buckley said crisply, "you can't say a thing that I don't realize about leaving men on an iceberg. You can think what you like about me too. I shall hate myself forever. But I am ruined if I listen to you. This passage means too much to me, and more yet to that girl at home, for me to give Truefit an opening to break me."

Forman was peering intently at the berg. It was abreast now, half a mile away, and the ice was tossing under the surge of the seas whipped up by the gale outside the pack. Suddenly he swore, and darted below again. Buckley heard him knocking on the skipper's door, kicking on it, shouting hot words through the fanlight. Then a pistol shot, and Forman came running on deck, white with anger.

"Buckley," he cried fiercely, "I insist that you take off those people! Take the glasses yourself. There's a woman there! You'll hate yourself if you let that madman govern you in this."

The mate had snatched the glasses. His lips twitched; he was not listening to the passenger's hot words. He was listening to voices within him which drummed in his ears and thundered at his brain. He might land home with a mate's discharge intact by obeying all Truefit's orders and watching his conduct warily; and he knew how Jean would welcome him. But somehow he was not feeling quite sure that she would welcome him so warmly if she came to hear that the Leander had deserted a lot of frozen castaways on an iceberg while he was on deck. He was not quite sure about that; but of one thing he was absolutely sure—he would hate himself forever and ever. He choked down a bitter lump, and heard Forman's concluding words as in a daze: "Truefit's gone crazy with brandy! He shot at me through the door. Won't hear of changing the course."

Buckley threw out his hands impatiently. He needed none of those words. He glanced over the ice, and shivered. Some of the seamen forward had caught sight of the berg with its smother of black dots which moved, and glanced aft curiously. They saw the mate hand the glasses back to the passenger and go to the wheel, motioning to the helmsman to put up the helm. They saw Mr. Forman cut a caper of jubilation as the ship swerved from her course and sped down wind.

"Check in weather braces!" shouted Buckley harshly. "Boson, clear away the starboard boat and swing it out."

"Shall I get Snow aft again?" Forman suggested eagerly. His face was alight. He acted as if he had a keen personal interest in this decision of the mate's. Buckley frowned

"Don't interfere. I am doing this on my own responsibility. I will make my own decisions, then nobody else need suffer."

But Forman wore a quiet smile in spite of the snub. The ship plowed through the loose ice like a locomotive through snow, traveling fast toward the berg, quivering through every timber to the shock of impacting floes. And the figures on the berg stood up and waved frantically. One, unmistakably a woman, fluttered a hand weakly, and collapsed again. Dick Buckley's face was set and pallid. He watched the distance diminish. He knew that every fathom he went that way meant trouble for him, and trouble for the ship. Every foot of distance down there had to be wearily thrashed back through the ice to clear water far to the north. But he had to go through with it now, though he knew it meant the end of his career. Truefit could and would break him. It would be easy to convince any board of inquiry that the ship had been put in jeopardy, and that orders had been flatly disobeyed.

"Haul up both courses, and back the main yards!" he ordered presently. "Three men get into the boat and stand by to lower!"

In a crashing uproar of canvas and ice the big ship was hove to and came to a reeling halt. Three men were in the boat, but no others made a move to join them.

"Come, men!" shouted Buckley impatiently. "One more!"

The men hung back. The trip was sheer hazard in a small boat, for the ice moved subtly, yet strongly enough to crush a boat like an eggshell. An uproar of another sort broke out in the saloon below, and Forman ran into the companionway with a smothered oath.

"Damn you for slackers! Come on then! Lower away smartly!" yelled the mate, leaping down the poop ladder and into the boat at the rail. "Lower! Shove off, there! Snow, look out he don't fill away and leave us! Give way, men. One o' you shove the ice clear with the boat hook!"

The boat crashed into the ice, the two oars thrashed awkwardly. From the ship another pistol shot cracked out, and a bullet chugged into the ice beside Buckley's hand. A shout was heard too; a shout commanding men to swing the yards and fill away.

"He's goin' to leave us!" cried an oarsman.

"Give way!" snapped Buckley.

The boat groaned in the grip of the ice. An oar cracked. It was replaced by another. Many shouts broke out on the ship.

"The Old Man's knocked the helmsman down!" the second oarsman muttered.

"Pull!" gritted the mate. The boat was leaking. Water was over the bottom boards. The bowman thrust at the ice until he sweat. He had no time to look at the ship. But he kept up a running fire of querulous chatter to his two rowing mates, who were facing the ship.

"Can't see nobody now," the stroke oar said.

"Pull away! Only a little way!" said Buckley.

He could see every face now on the berg. There were ten men and a woman. And every face was alight with high hope. There were smiles on faces which had thinned almost beyond smiling. He had no thought for the ship. Little he cared whether she had left him or not, since he was to be broken anyhow. But there was a thrill to be had in those wan smiling faces. He ran the boat alongside the berg and tingled to his toes at the touch of those frozen hands. When he helped take the woman into the boat, and she smiled at him and swooned before he could put her down, he could almost imagine it was Jean smiling approvingly upon him.

Then began the struggle back to the ship with the laden craft; the bailing; and the labor of handling oars in a crowd of helpless creatures who collapsed as soon as they left the berg. But the ship had not moved. Queerly enough there was no purple and furious face at the rail to greet Dick Buckley with the news of his ruin. Willing men hoisted up the boat and helped the castaways aboard. Men were grinning who had scarcely smiled all the passage. And the mate, slowly ascending the ladder to the poop after seeing the boat secured, braced to stand whatever might come, was met by Mr. Forman, who gripped him by the hand. Captain Truefit was not in sight.

"Good man!" Forman smiled. "You'll feel better now."

"I'll tell you how I feel when I've seen the skipper," retorted Buckley grimly. Mr. Snow stood beside the wheel. Men were at the braces. Forman stopped the mate at the companionway door.

"Don't bother the skipper," the passenger said. "I've locked him in his stateroom."

"What!" gasped Dick. "You've what?"

"Taken away his pistol and shut him up. You will sail the ship home, and ——"

Buckley laughed, shaking his head.

"You may have a pull with the owner, Mr. Forman, but no pull is heavy enough to bring us through this. Don't you know that what you've done amounts to mutiny? You'll go to jail, sir, whatever may happen to me."

Forman only shook his head.

"I think not. You see, Buckley, I am the owner. I saw enough of the sea while following it to want to wipe out a lot of faults when I came into some money. I had heard plenty about Truefit while I was a mate. I bought the Leander and came home in her to watch him. He's finished. Now I'll find another ship with a bad name, and go after the cause of that. It's men, not ships, that earn the bad name, Mr. Buckley. But let's get moving. You take command, and don't worry about consequences. You'll have a surprise for your Jean, but not the sorry surprise you expected. And call on me if you need another watch keeper. I had a good name for prompt reliefs when I was a mate."

Dick Buckley moved in a daze; but he managed to get the ship moving again, and the big courses were set for the long beat against the diminishing gale. Gradually, however, he recovered his balance, and by the time the main tack was boarded he was willing to accept his luck and enjoy it until the awakening came. Somehow he believed it might prove true after all. Anyway, it was a fine dream to have.

"Mr. Snow! Set the main upper topgallant sail!" he ordered briskly.

Snow led the gang to the gear. And when all was ready, and the halyards were manned, a sanguine sailor with rising spirits struck up a song that had not been heard aboard the Leander for a long time.

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Way-hay, blow the man down!
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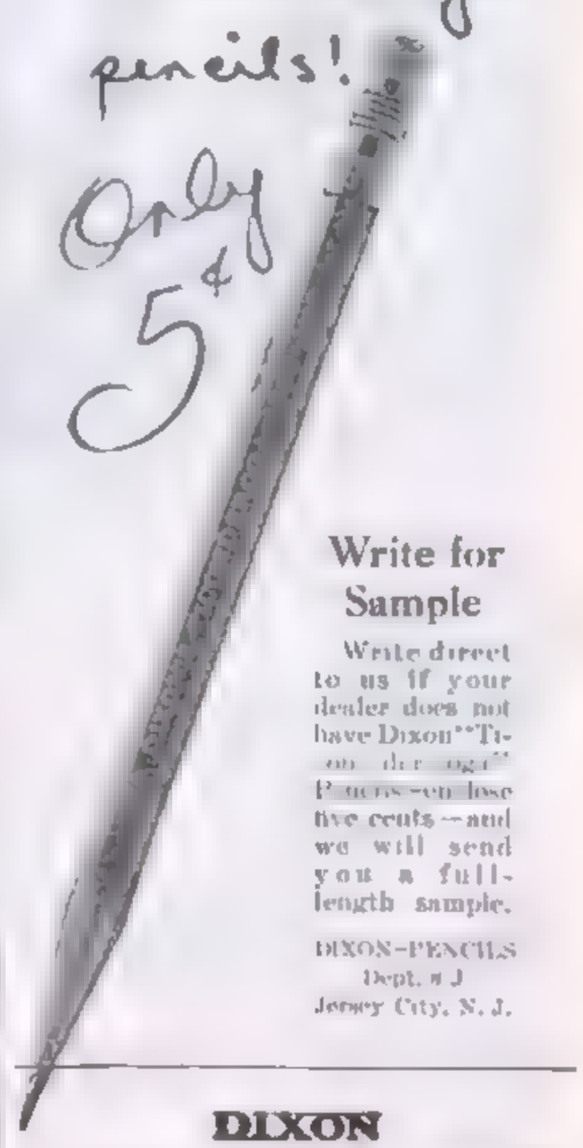

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WOMAN-HANDLED

Continued from Page 11)

in him. That helped him to believe in himself, helped him to make the grade. And the creative artist, oversensitive to every nuance of environmental influence, needed the knowledge that those about him had faith in him. But that faith, of course, had to be kept within bounds. Even Miss Teetzel, he'd noticed, had acquired the habit of surreptitiously making faces at the portrait bust which the Baroness de Galliard had done of him, the portrait bust which gave him a forehead like Julius Cæsar's and a frown like Mussolini's and had once been daily and openly kissed by the intractable Shirley. It was hard, incredibly hard, under tests like that, to keep faith with one's manhood, to show the world that one was something more than a tame robin.

So when Vyto, his cat-footed Jap, admitted Miss Teetzel that morning, the author of The Rack of the World found little joy in dictating his new chapter to the protectively bony young lady seated before his typewriter. There was even scant reaction when she took his previous day's work from her brief bag and delivered it back to him with the tremulous murmur, "This is a beautiful chapter, Mr. Bowerman." He was glad, in fact, when the morning's struggle was over and the tremulous Miss Teetzel and her new chapter had taken their departure. He saw with a feeling of relief that the silent Vyto was opening the windows and rolling up the rugs and bringing out the gloves and floor pad. For that meant an hour of real work with Buck O'Hara, his boxing instructor, and he found an odd satisfaction in the thought that his next struggle was not to be with phantoms and phrases, but with a hard-muscled man who made him suffer for every fleeting lapse of thought and every momentary slackness of body. It made him forget the women's faces, smiling so competitively and so cloyingly down on him from the silk-draped studio walls.

Yet consoling as Baran found the customary thumps and grunts and feints and blocks as he faced the frank-eyed and fraternal Buck, stripped to his undershirt, the owner of the studio could not rid his soul of the persistent cloud of unrest that shadowed him. And when Baran stopped to wipe the sweat from his face while his trainer straightened out the mat, the more slender-bodied man gave voice to his trouble.

"Buck, what's the matter with me?" he demanded, with a frown of perplexity.

"I was thinkin' you socked 'em in pretty nifty today," replied the thick-shouldered Buck, feeling a cauliflower ear with an explorative forefinger.

"No; but what's wrong with me?"

"Nothin's wrong wit' you," was the prompt disclaimer. "You're fit as a fiddle."

Then, while Baran turned to answer the phone, Buck O'Hara thoughtfully covered his pupil's moist shoulders with the rose-colored dressing gown. And as the murmured conversation at the telephone prolonged itself, Buck tiptoed across the room, closing the windows. His pale Celtic eye remained opaque as he glanced about at the smiling ladies in their frames of morocco and silver and mahogany and gilt. It was still expressionless as Baran scrawled an added line on his crowded engagement pad and flung it listlessly aside.

"What's wrong with me?" he half petulantly repeated as Vyto, answering the doorbell, reappeared with a brocaded box which, when opened, disclosed a pair of hand-worked velvet slippers embellished with rosebuds.

"If you was an out-and-out fightin' man, son, I'd say there was just one thing wrong," admitted the slow-spoken Buck, his narrowing eye on Baran as the latter tossed the slippers and the card that accompanied them onto a book-littered teakwood table.

"What's that?" demanded the man in the rose-colored dressing gown.

"Without offense, son, I'd say your weak point was in bein' woman-handled."

"What do you mean by that?" was the unexpectedly sharp cry from the younger man.

"I mean all this rib-buzzin'," explained the frowning Buck, with a comprehensive hand wave about his brawny shoulders. "It's considerable different wit' you, bein' a writin' man. But with the ring lads, I've noticed, there's just one thing puts a hearse plume on their fightin' hopes—and that's women."

"But I never let women come between me and my work," averred Baran. "I don't even think of them—when I'm busy."

"Neither do them ring boys I'm tellin' you about—when they're busy," retorted Buck. "But a fighter ain't always between the ropes. And it's in a man's off hours the frails get in their long shots. I used to give 'em an eyeful myself in my younger day, and I've seen how they can soften you up when they swarm too close."

"But I don't run after them," cried Baran, abruptly ceasing his floor pacing. "I've a man's work to do, and I want to do it in a man's way. And I've never aspired to have them soften me up, as you put it."

"Mebbe not," agreed the old trainer. "But you give 'em an eyeful, son, and they fall for you the same as they'd fall for a new welterweight. You get 'em about as easy as them movie actors do, and before you come out o' the trance they've got your curls cut off. And when you've been overhandled by an army o' ribs you're sure pattin' the sod over your fightin' hopes."

Baran, at the moment, was thinking of what a gray-eyed girl had been saying to him only the day before.

"But I'm no cake eater, Buck, and you know it. I hate those flabby cookie pushers as much as any real man does, and I don't propose to be known as one."

"You mean, son, you want to keep fit and keep fightin'?"

"I intend to do a man's work in a man's way," repeated the author of The Passionate Year.

"Well, if you're askin' me how to turn the trick, I'd say there was just one sure-fire move."

"What's that?" demanded Baran.

"Get married," was the altogether unexpected reply.

"Which impresses me as calamitously like trying to escape the frying pan by jumping into the fire," cried the incredulous man of the pen.

"Get married," repeated the stolid-eyed old trainer. "That's the one short cut out o' them man teasers' claws. It's what I've preached to ev'ry real boxer I ever tried to shape up for championship standin'. Don't try doin' arm work wit' a baker's dozen of 'em. But pick your winner and strap her to your back. Once she's strapped there you've got your hands free for fightin'. And what's more, them love pirates just naturally fade away when they know there's a female in possession."

Baran's laugh was a slightly embittered one.

"That sounds simple enough," he contended, "but I've got to remember it's mostly women who buy my books and keep the wolf from my door."

"Can't they keep on buyin' 'em?" inquired the simple-minded Buck.

"The ridiculous part of it is that we're not such romantic figures to them, once we're married," objected the other.

"Then I s'pose you're still sellin' yourself about as much as you're sellin' your stories," prompted the old trainer.

"No, I want my work to stand on its own feet. I intend to make it stand on its own feet," was Baran's impassioned reply. "I'm sick of all this skirt wrangling. And what's more, I'm going to find out if there's any he-man stuff left in my make-up—and I'm going to find out right now."

"How're you goin' to crack that meaty nut o' knowledge?" asked the somewhat perplexed Buck O'Hara.

"I'm going to start taking horseback riding lessons tomorrow," was the seemingly inapposite answer.

"I've seen plenty o' sissies poundin' round in park saddles," objected the other, his clouded eye following Baran as the latter tore a handful of pages from his engagement pad and flung them into his waste-paper basket.

"Well, there's nothing saner than sun and air," the young author unconsciously quoted. "And I'm going to get the talcum powder out of my system, even though I have to go down and work in a coal mine."

The ex-ring man rose ponderously to his feet.

"That's a good idee, son," he conceded; "but there's no call for tunnelin' through the bowels o' the earth to make sure you're still man-size. What you seem to want is two or three months o' rough goin' in the neighborhood o' rough men. Now, my brother Tim's got a hoss ranch out on the tail end of Alberta. The old-time cowboy's a has-been, of course, and the hoss wrangler ain't what he used to be. But Tim's got a bunch o' hard-boiled huskies out there and it would be mighty satisfyin' to any man to know he could stand up beside that rough-and-ready gang o' leather eaters. It'd sure send you home satisfied. And you wouldn't stumble over a powder puff in three days o' pinto ridin'."

Baran took off his rose silk dressing gown and flung it over a *fauteuil* back.

"I'll do that," he said with sudden determination. "I'll chuck this confounded pink-tea poppycock and go out there and get some faith in my manhood back."

"When'll you be goin'?" inquired the round-eyed Buck O'Hara, as Baran stood beside the telephone on his desk, coldly ignoring the intermittent shrill of its call bell.

"I'll go," proclaimed the new-fledged misogynist, "as soon as I can stick onto something with four legs."

"When I drop a line to Tim," Buck generously explained, "I naturally won't say anything to let 'em suspect you're a writin' man."

"Thanks," retorted Baran, with his lips compressed.

"You'll get a diff'rent slant on things out there," added the old trainer as he began slowly and methodically to dress.

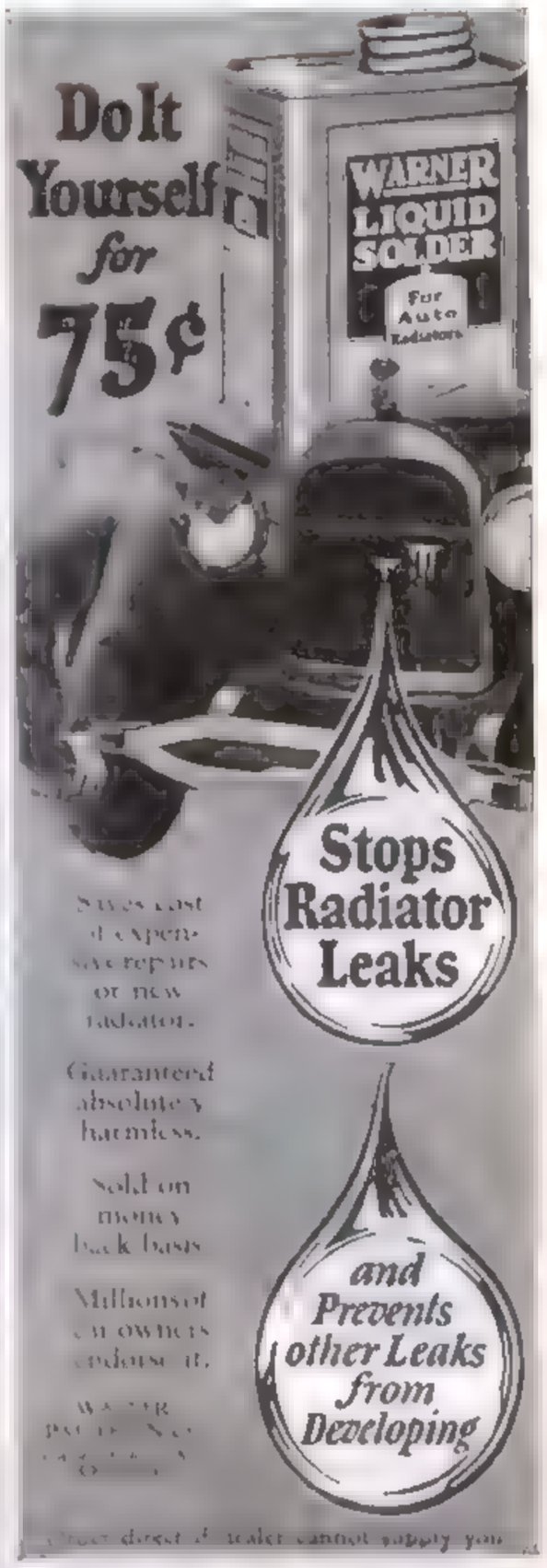
"I need to," was Baran's preoccupied retort, his frown deepening as the cat-footed Vyto approached him with a card in his hand. The author of The Passionate Year took this card from the impassive-eyed servant, morosely inspected the line scrawled above the name thereon engraved and tossed the oblong of pasteboard into his wastebasket.

"Tell her I'm out," was his curt command—"out for all day!"

III

BARAN, with his fixed and stubborn hunger to excel, worked hard at his riding lessons. He jigged and teetered solemnly about a tanbark arena in the midst of fat youths on fat ponies and skinny young girls on adequately spavined ex-hunters. He endured the derisive smiles of uniformed governesses and condoned the ironic comments of an illiterate English instructor. He grew stiff in the muscles and crabbed in temper, wondering when he would learn to keep his hands off the pummel and his teeth from chattering. In the interim, it is true, he dined once with Glenna Van Gelder at the Ritz and lunched with her once at the Plaza and had tea with her once at the Crillon, where he referred gloomily to an impending migration to the West and quoted Browning and casually inquired if he might have one last ride together with her.

When Glenna agreed to meet him bright and early in the park Baran adorned himself in a gardenia and his new English riding togs and selected a spirited roan, which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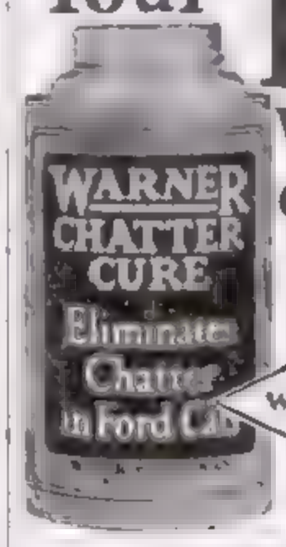

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was not slow in recognizing an amateur and in imparting small chills to the spine so resolutely pounding the new pigskin saddle. Baran's smile was a forced one as he saw Glenna awaiting him on the bridle path beside a large and florid man on a black gelding. But the novice was able to keep his toes in and his shoulders back as he airily lifted a hand to raise his narrow-rimmed English bowler. At that movement, however, the roan saw the chance of a long and checkered lifetime. He suddenly flung out a pointed nose, pirouetted, plunged forward, and stopped short, sending the uncomprehending Baran cascading over his head and galloping off along the bridle path with the stirrups rattling against his ribs. Baran, emerging from his momentary coma, stared dully after that vanishing steed—stared after him with a soul more harrowed than the deeply harrowed soil on which he sat.

"So that's your Valentino of the literary world!" observed the large and sunburned man on the black gelding. And Baran, as he arose and recovered his flattened bowler, heard the girl's curt whisper, "Hush! He'll hear you."

"Those human marshmallows ought to stick to their fudge boxes," announced the mounted man, with his brief but contemptuous laugh.

Baran's color waned as he stepped closer to where Glenna Van Gelder sat with a quick but noncommittal light in her eyes.

"Who's that bull-necked bounder?" he slowly but distinctly inquired, with a head movement of such obvious scorn that it was the girl's turn to lose a little of her color.

"Why, this is Roddy Underwood, the captain of the Pleasant Brook polo team," she said, with a laugh of forlornly anneal-ing softness. "Roddy's the best rider on Long Island."

"His riding may be good, but his manners are rotten," announced the rapt-eyed young man with the flattened bowler, and the challenge in that assertion was too obvious to be ignored.

"Are you attempting to insult me?" demanded the man on the black gelding.

"I have insulted you," proclaimed the impassioned Baran; "and if you weren't a cad, you'd resent it."

The man called Roddy, flushing rosily, swung down from his horse.

"I'm sorry, but I shall have to punch your nose for this," he announced with an even-voiced sort of matter-of-factness.

"I can't share in your regrets," cried the ecstatically irate man of letters. It was his chance, his belated chance, he remembered, as he tossed his new English riding coat to the ground, to show that he still had a redeeming shadow of strength in his softness.

They fought; they fought silently but viciously, in the midst of an ever-thickening arc of spectators, who cheered when the lighter-bodied man's adroit uppercut brought a sanguinary runnel down his heavier opponent's chin. They cheered again when a businesslike short-arm jab sent the bigger man to the sod, from which he showed no immediate intention of arising.

Baran's jaw was set as he buttoned up his coat and dusted it off. His eye was hard as the girl on the tall horse moved a step or two closer to him.

"You brute!" she said in a voice slightly tremulous with scorn.

"Isn't that what you requested?" demanded Baran, not without mockery in his own voice. His one regret, at the moment, was that Buck O'Hara had not been present to witness a vicarious demonstration of his technic.

"I didn't ask for cheap heroics before an audience," proclaimed the girl on the horse, with returning color. "And this policeman is probably coming to arrest you."

"Oh, no he isn't," was Baran's indifferent retort. "That's merely a park cop bringing my mount back."

"It's horrible!" cried the girl, with the alternating light and shadow in her eyes.

"It is for your friend Roddy," amended Baran, "who seems to be going home in a taxi. Yes, officer, it's my horse. He gave me a tumble, and you'll oblige me by taking this for your trouble. Now if you'll give me a leg up I'll attend to putting him in his place."

The wine of victory was running warm in Baran's veins and he was not unconscious of the many eyes following his movements as he swung up into the saddle. But the insurrectionary roan, having sniffed his own aroma of victory that morning, was not in a mood for the disciplinary movements awaiting him. He swung about in a foreshortening circle, showed the white of a vicious eye and exploded into action.

Baran never quite knew how it happened. He never quite knew how or why he lost control, just as he never quite knew how to regain that lost control. But in one brief moment he realized he was mounted on a runaway horse that was so flagrantly violating all the known rules of the game that he was openly abjuring the bridle path and careening over greensward and flower beds and asphalted sidewalks and threatening to collide with marble monuments and swerving automobiles and a startled traffic policeman who signaled a stop that was as blithely disregarded as the admonitory whistle sent after the flying hoofs.

It was Glenna Van Gelder who was horsewoman enough to appreciate the full meaning of that flight. She could quite definitely foresee what would happen once that runaway tore into the Ramble or flung himself into the midst of the heavier timber beyond the lake. So, without further loss of time, she bent low in the saddle and shot after him. There was speed in her mount and she wrung the last of it out of the hard-sinewed body that carried her like an arrow along lawn and road and garden ledge. She gained on the runaway, stride by stride, caught up with him, and forged far enough ahead to crowd the heaving shoulders with her booted leg, to seize the levering metal of the curb bit and choke the passion for flight out of the foam-flecked roan.

They ended up, in fact, grotesquely close to a stone wall spangled with ivy, the four panting bodies locked even more grotesquely together.

"Get down," she commanded as she still held the curb-racked roan nose in chancery.

"What did you do that for?" was Baran's indignant and altogether ungrateful demand. For the day, after all, was a shattered one.

"Did you want that handsome head of yours smashed in?" she asked in a tone which did not add to Baran's happiness.

"I can take care of myself," he said, with a tremor in his voice.

"You've given every evidence of it," was her ironic retort as she surrendered the quivering roan to the mounted policeman who had come cantering up. "Are you all right?"

"Of course I'm all right," was the ungracious reply.

She studied him with a narrowing eye. But a smile eventually eclipsed the triangular frown between her level brows.

"You're as transparent as a child," she said, stabbing him with her look of pity.

"Thanks for your continued candor," he countered, trying to keep the tremble out of his voice.

"Where are you going from here?" she asked, with the enigmatic smile still about her lips.

"Where am I going from here?" he repeated, taking a deep breath. "I'm going where I can live my own life without being interfered with by women."

"That has every appearance of involving a journey of considerable length," she retorted, growing soberer as she stared down at him.

"It will be some distance," averred Baran.

"That sounds like the great open spaces you were talking about," she ventured, with a meditative light in her eyes. "Are you really going West?"

"As soon as I can get there," was his embittered reply.

"Officer, will you kindly hail a taxicab for this young man?" said Glenna over her shoulder. There was a mounting touch of mockery in her glance as she turned back to Baran. "Do you think manliness is a matter of geography?"

"Well, I'd rather risk getting the hoof-and-mouth disease on a horse ranch than have a Philistine lady from Sorek cut my hair," replied the man of the pen, obviously once more in control of his thoughts.

"It may at least improve your riding," murmured the lady on the restive-grown mount.

"Thanks for your contempt," retorted Baran.

She colored perceptibly as she gathered up the reins.

"This is the first time I've found you obtuse," she said as she turned away.

Baran watched her with a morose eye as she trotted back to the bridle path. She made a wonderful figure, he noticed, with her proudly poised shoulders and her bright coloring. But women were women—and he was through with them. All he asked was a world of men and the acid of solitude in which to try out his own shaken soul.

"I've a taxi waiting for you over there, sir," announced the returning officer, mellow with the memory of Baran's earlier and over-generous *pourboire*.

"Thank you," said Baran, wondering at the heaviness that hung about his heart.

"She handled you pretty neat, sir," ventured the sun-browned man in the blue uniform.

"Who handled me neat?" asked the other, coming out of his trance.

"That queen who kept you from breaking your neck," was the quite unwelcome answer.

"I wish she'd minded her own business," was the ungracious mutter from the man in the dusty riding togs as he strode over to the taxi that stood waiting for him. "I wish they'd all mind their own business," he reiterated as he slammed the taxicab door and started for home.

IV

BARAN, when he let the transforming West swallow him up, came into collision with one of the more perplexing disappointments of an occasionally disappointing career. For life on the Tim O'Hara ranch turned out to be very different from the life he had expected there. He found no clouds of powder smoke drifting across the foothills and no bad men holding him up along the trail. There were no impassioned gun fights and no admonitory horse thieves dangling from the telegraph poles. After the tumult and violence of New York, in fact, ranch life impressed the quiet-eyed Easterner as disturbingly akin to his boyhood memories of existence on his Uncle Ephraim's Northern Ohio farm.

Even the men of the Bar-M outfit impressed Baran as a peace-loving and simple-hearted band of open-air workers who enjoyed their three-tube radio and their evening contests at horseshoe throwing back of the corral and their week-old Sunday papers and their bunk-house games of casino and cutthroat poker. They enjoyed, too, the magazines and the checkerboard and the satchel gramophone which the newcomer so considerately brought along with him. And they made him one of them. For Baran, being a man of foresight, tempered his invasion with divers pound sacks of tobacco and certain pinch-neck bottles carefully wrapped in burlap, and modestly showed that he wanted to belong. His luck was exceptional, also, in his manner of arrival at the Bar-M ranch. For instead of bumping out in a dust-covered flivver or crawling forth in a humble buckboard, he fraternized with Casey Brown and an old army plane debased to commercial uses, and flew out from Calgary a good half mile up in the pellucid prairie air, circling over the evening foothills and stunting down to a smooth landing as close to the corral bars of Tim O'Hara's ranch as Casey could make it.

(Continued on Page 64)

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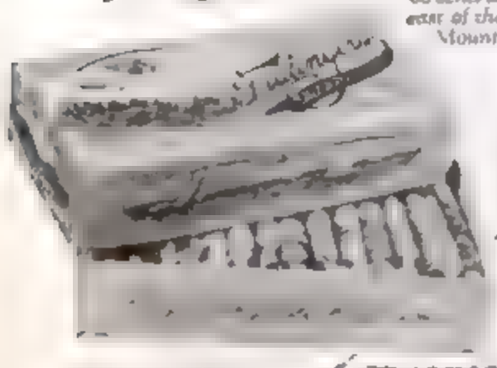

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(Continued from Page 62)

And that broke the ice for the tenderfoot. So, instead of being ducked in the horse trough and tossed in a blanket and having his shoes shot at, as he had half expected, Baran was voted a regular fellow and welcomed as a break in the monotony of modern horse-wrangling life. And Baran, when he had digested his shock, began to like that life. He liked the invigorating prairie air and the sense of space and the wine glow on the evening Rockies. He liked the old clothes and the sixteen hours a day in the open and the bunk-house banter and the wind-darkened faces of the men he worked with. He liked the smell of tobacco and the tall yarns about the chuck-wagon fire and the soul-satisfying solitude that enveloped them when they journeyed far up into the hills to round up the strays. He liked the feel of a sinewy cayuse under him, when he had finally learned to ride, and could even "rassle" an occasional outlaw; and he liked the release from those clouding mental worries that had really been making him old before his time. It seemed like a convalescence after fever, a Valhalla of peace after battle. For the first time in his life he wasn't trying to get somewhere. He was merely existing, living for the day and what it brought him. Instead of shining, he asked to remain submerged. Instead of making an impression, he was quietly absorbing the impressions of others. And he began to see the West in a new light, a light that never shone from the pages of the penny-a-liners who cheapened its coloring and sensationalized its character. Some day, he began to feel, he would sit down and put that newer vision into words.

Not too quickly, of course, for his *carpe-diem* mood still clung to him and he still secretly luxuriated in his escape from a something which he remained too listless to define. *"C'est la vie!"* he merely said every morning when he rolled out of his bunk and blinked at the sun on the Rockies and confronted a brand-new day as bright as a freshly minted penny. *"C'est la vie!"* he would indolently repeat as he loped homeward along the evening trail and spotted the ranch lights and once more heard the robust laughter of the men. Women no longer figured in his life. The giant Swede girl at the road house, it was true, always gave him the undercut from the counter steak and the widest slab of coconut pie, and the young horse wranglers shyly ragged him about that unrelished Amazonian conquest. The plump wife of an itinerant medicine seller had made sheep's eyes at him and driven him up into the Phantom River territory until her departure. But women no longer played an active part in his scheme of things. He was no longer a human marshmallow. He was a man among men.

To the huskies about him he was no longer known as Mr. Bowerman, but always now as the Bowery Boy. And he kept telling himself that he was happy—as happy as the day was long.

And perhaps he was. Yet when he finally rode into Calgary he wired an order to the effete East instructing that violets and orchids be delivered to a certain Fifth Avenue house with two sandstone griffins surmounting its step balustrades. And when in the picture supplement of a ten-day-old city paper he stumbled across a photograph of Glenna Van Gelder watching a tennis match at Newport he surreptitiously tore off the page corner bearing this spirited imprint and carried it about in the pocket of his sweat-stained khaki shirt. And still later, when the reluctant northern prairie roses were at their best, he furtively gathered enough to fill a cigar box and even more furtively mailed them to the woman who had forever passed out of his life. That, obviously, was his way of remembering to forget. But a new unrest crept through him when he read, a few weeks later, that Mr. Gerald Van Gelder and his family, after a week at Lake Louise on their way home from Honolulu, had moved on to Emerald Lake and that the well-known local aviator, ex-Captain Casey Brown, had safely carried Mr. Van Gelder and his daughter from the Yoho Valley camp back to Banff.

Baran, after reperusing that item, sat longer than usual on the bunk-house stoop, watching the wine glow on the darkening Rockies. In the days that followed he talked less and less with the light-hearted wranglers about him and lost a little of the earlier careless ring out of his laughter. The stalwart Tim O'Hara secretly suspected him of being homesick and switched him to the more diverting occupation of slaughtering and dressing the beef for ranch consumption, and when Baran accepted this sanguinary task without protest the old rancher was plainly puzzled.

"What 're you sufferin' from, caballero?" he finally found the courage to inquire, one day when they were alone on the range.

"Oh, I'm coming on fine," protested the dolorous tenderfoot.

"You sure are," acknowledged O'Hara. "But what 're you worryin' over? 'Tain't a woman, is it?"

"I've seen all I want to of women," averred the morose-eyed Baran.

Tim O'Hara's whistle was low and elucidatory.

"So that's the lay o' the land!" he ruminated aloud. "Jus' sufferin' from a overdose o' petticoat! D'you ever hear, boy, that the best medicine for that sickness is a hair from the back o' the dog that bit you? In other words, comrado, when one grows cold, jus' rustle on to another. And they tell me it's sure surprisin' how they all size up alike in the long run."

"I intend to live without 'em," was Baran's embittered cry.

"Kin you?" demanded the old rancher.

"Why shouldn't I?" challenged the other.

"Because you ain't built that way, if you'll excuse me for plain speakin'. You may not be as young as you look, but you're still young enough lookin' to make 'em want to mother you. You ain't as ethereal as you look, either, but you're still ethereal lookin' enough to make 'em want to talk to you about your soul. And wimmen, I've noticed, is always set for trouble when they get talkin' about souls."

"You seem to know considerable about the sex," was Baran's self-defensive parry.

"I've buried two wives," said the rubicund old widower beside him. "And there's times when I feel so tired o' Chink-cooked grub that I could get me a third. Take all these boys o' mine. They ain't livin'. They're only campin' out. They don't know it, but they're all achin' to be woman-handled. They're jus' bivouackin' out here until the wakin' impulse o' Nature sends 'em pirootin' round for the sight of a petticoat. And next week I'm a-goin' to show you what a handful o' females can do to them young huskies. They're so skirt-hungry without knowin' it you'll see 'em go stampedin' round this lone prairie like a bunch o' two-year-old colts."

Baran's frown deepened.

"I don't quite understand about this handful of females," prompted the young misogynist.

"You will when the boys come in tomorrow night," was the cryptic retort.

"You're not having women brought out to this ranch?" demanded Baran with a startled eye.

"I lost my influence over the fair sex when I lost my youthful figger," protested the old ranch owner. "It ain't my enterprise. It's none o' my doin's."

"Then whose is it?" challenged the troubled youth.

"I ain't just sure who the ringmaster o' that particular circus is. But they've sure got the band wagon well packed with female beauty. And you'll understand considerable more about 'em after I've made my little speech to them leather-eatin' buckaroos o' mine."

"Do you mean that women are coming to this ranch?" was the sudden challenge which Baran bit out, and that question took on the nature of an ultimatum which Tim O'Hara seemed reluctant to face.

"Are you that scart o' them?" temporized the older man.

"I want to know the truth," retorted the younger man, "before I move on."

"Well, breathe easier, boy, for no fair ladies is goin' to park their pulchritude on these untainted acres. But there's a parcel o' them advancin' on the neighborin' foothills, and it's easy bettin' that the ranch work around this outfit will be some sketchy until their departure."

"I'd be obliged," said Baran, not without dignity, "if you'd be a little more aboveboard in this matter."

"My skirts," announced the placid-eyed O'Hara, "is clean as the driven snow. I'm not in hidin' and I've nothin' to fear. All I know is that a movin'-picture outfit is comin' up into Big Valley to do a story they call The Cattle King and they're going to camp over in Simon's Valley until the shootin' is finished. They've shipped in twenty Red River carts from Saskatoon and they're bringin' seven factory-made prairie schooners up from the Macleod rodeo and they're aimin' to have an Indian attack on the early settlers as they try to ford Phantom River, over beyond the second ridge."

"That doesn't mean we've got to sit in on their cheap fireworks," protested Baran.

"No," admitted O'Hara, "not necessarily. But this man Zbyszko, who's herd-doggin' the outfit through their al fresco movements in the makin' of that picture, tells me he can't get Indians nohow for the attack on the cart train. The dominion authorities won't let the reservation bucks loose and the breeds is all busy stookin' grain or gettin' their beans and six berries a day as camp guides. So I'm permittin' this bird Zbyszko to borrow my boys for them redskin rôles. At least, one half o' them is to wear Blackfoot war bonnets and the other half is to be cow-punchers in hair pants, and they're to slice off ten dollars a day for shootin' blanks at each other and eventually savin' the heroine from the scalpin' knife."

"Well, you can count me out," announced the morose-eyed Baran. "I prefer the refinements of the butchering business."

"That fits in most satisfactory," retorted the old ranch owner, "for these boys o' mine'll sure feel above menial jobs when they get consortin' with city females, and I've promised to keep that movie camp in fresh meat as long as the shootin' lasts—and I reckoned from the first you weren't no woman's man."

"You reckoned right," was Baran's curt retort.

V

TIM O'HARA was not mistaken as to the spectacular effects of his promised announcement. When, the following evening, he lined up his ranch hands and duly explained the calamity that was about to befall them, the anchorites of the Bar-M outfit boiled up and bubbled over.

"Ki-yi!" yodeled the youthful Mexico Charley from the back row, and "Ki-i-i-i-yi-i-i-i-i!" prolongingly echoed the artless Hair-Oil Andy as he executed a cancan on the prairie sod.

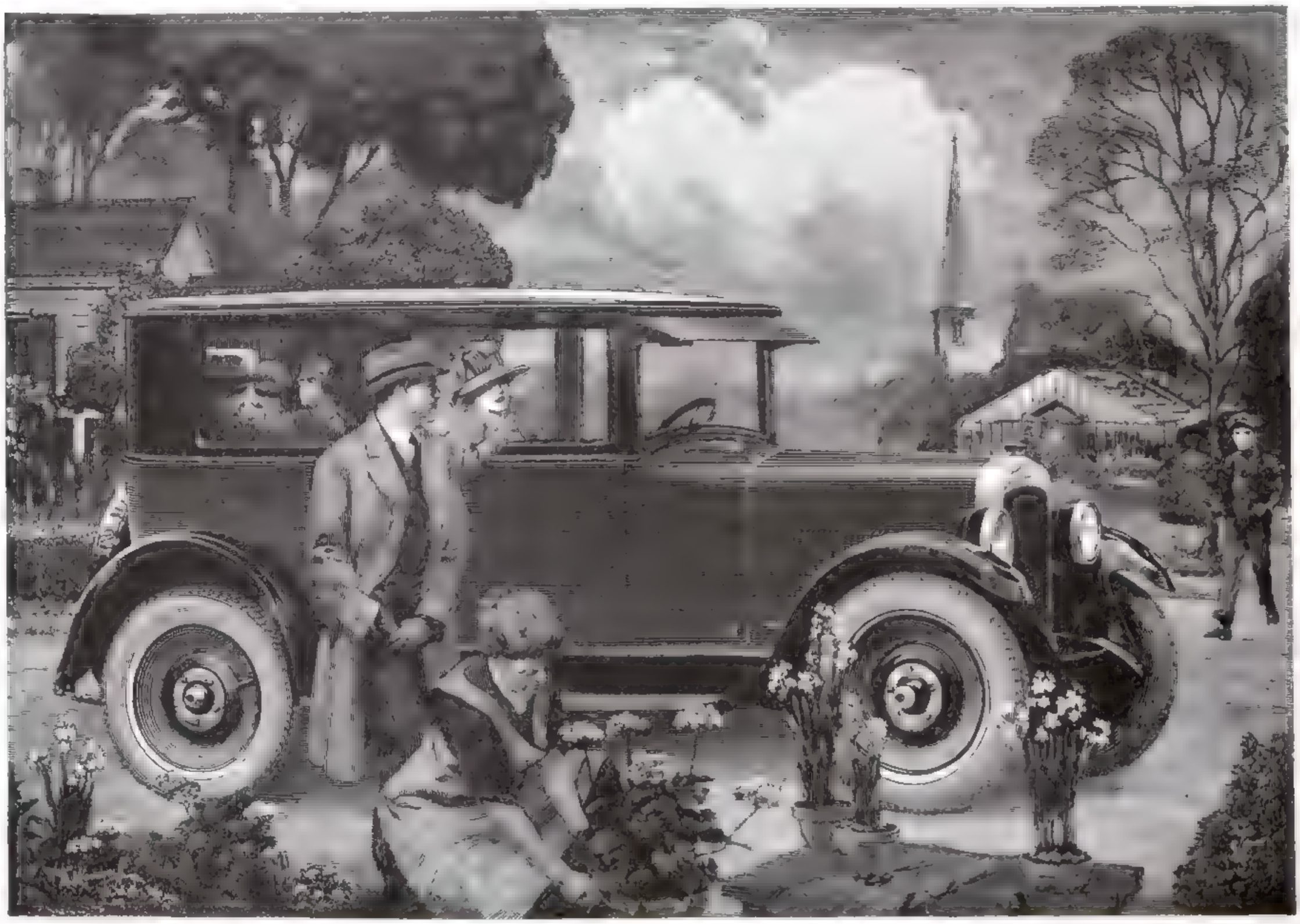
"Save them war cries for workin' hours," admonished O'Hara, "for they tell me this is goin' to be the biggest prairie battle since old Louis Riel bust loose. And a bunch o' you boys is goin' to be redskins and each o' you picks a white girl and abducts her"

"Skookum!" shouted the enthusiastic Saskatchewan Kid.

"I had a look over the outfit," continued O'Hara, "and the queen bee is a stately blonde known to the fillum world as Charlot Sherwin. She's a eye-opener all right. But outside o' her, there's sixteen good-lookin' women in that troupe and three o' them is professional beauties. They're young and trustin' enough to make you boys dream o' starry eyes until the spring lilies start to sprout again. Do you all go?"

"We sure do!" was the unanimous answer. And that decision was followed by a febrile period of tubbing and shaving, of slicking up and rubbing down, of repairing

Continued on Page 66



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"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

(Continued from Page 64)

torn raiment and barbering one another's hair, of currycombing pintos and polishing leather and making the outlaw of the Northern range presentable to the eye of the fair.

An hour after sunup, the next day, the hegira began. The one unseemly factor in that flurried and flashing company was the Bowery Boy, who brought up the rear in a battered Bain wagon loaded with quartered beef and two barrels of drinking water for the new camp in the upper valley. Baran obviously got no joy out of that enterprise and had made no effort either to embellish the cavalcade or enliven the adventure. His eye was morose and his sweat-stained khaki was maculated with beef blood. There was dust on his spattered hat and disdain in his smile as they swung down on the little tented colony in a crook of the Phantom.

The aldermanic director in the incongruous sports shirt and polished leather leggings cast a skeptical eye over that invading army.

"Aren't they dears?" murmured a very youthful actress with a make-up box on her knee.

"Dears!" ejaculated Zbyszko as he surveyed the semicircle of hand-laundered ranchmen waiting, meek and embarrassed, on their mounts. "They look more like a plate of sugar-coated lady fingers than a platoon of wild-and-woollies for a western. They're about as fine a bunch of tea biscuits as ever put cow tallow on their bangs." His wandering eye caught sight of Baran sullenly unloading his beef. "About the one bird with the bark on is that surly-eyed rope slinger unloading our dinner roasts for us. He's the only screen figure in the collection, but I'll bet my last dollar he's got a bottle of Florida water in his shirt pocket!"

"Call him over here," said Miss Sherwin, with a safety pin between her lips as she adjusted the voluminous flounces of an earlier and simpler century about her hips.

Zbyszko did so. When that director's repeated call elicited no response he strode slowly over to the self-immured figure beside the tailboard of the Bain wagon.

"Do you belong to the Bar-M outfit?" demanded Zbyszko.

"I do," was Baran's answer.

"And you're in this picture?"

"Not if I know it," was the unnecessarily acid retort.

"Why aren't you?" challenged the officer of the day.

"Because I prefer being out of it," said Baran, letting his gaze lock with that of the aldermanic figure in the sports shirt; and in the end that figure turned on its indignant heel and walked back to a camp chair.

"Did you say the King of Siam was with us today?" was the deliberately insolent question which Zbyszko called out to the meditative-eyed Charlot Sherwin.

Baran, appreciating the significance of that remark, felt the familiar old feral flash go through his body. The tan of his cheeks blanched a trifle as he walked slowly over to the plump-necked man in the polished leggings.

It was Charlot Sherwin, and Charlot Sherwin alone, who seemed to realize the meaning of that advance. She peremptorily pushed her maid aside, and with the promptitude of an emancipated spirit and a career frequently calling for quick decisions, arrested Baran by flinging her stately arms about his startled person.

"Don't you dare to pull any of that rough-house around this location!" was the imperial edict as she determinedly held him back.

"I've something to say to that cur," cried the struggling Baran, trying to shake himself free from those regal but ignominious arms.

"How dare you manhandle me like that?" demanded the somewhat breathless Charlot.

"Then take your hands off me," countered the equally breathless misogynist.

"Not until you promise not to hold up this picture with any of this fool-headed fighting, you idiotic, fire-eating, bullying, beautiful brown-eyed Apollo of a butcher!" said Charlot in an odd diminuendo of anger as her narrowing eyes studied the weathered but classic features so close to her own. And Baran's color returned with interest as he heard the ripple of envious laughter that ran through the mounted ranks behind him. And the preoccupied Zbyszko, he also noticed, was already on the other side of the camp haranguing a trio of cameramen as they piled their equipment into a dusty touring car.

"You're not giving me any particular thrill by this, you know," Baran was brutal enough to say as he fought free of the clinging arms.

"I'm not thinking of you," shot back the lady. "I'm thinking of my picture. And there's been enough time lost on this polar excursion without staging prize fights with my director. And I'm sorry about this, for you look intelligent."

Baran's pulse was once more normal.

"I'm equally sorry that I've had to choose such an odd way of proving it," he said, with his ineradicable tinge of irony.

The large and luminous eyes studying his face became more ruminative.

"You don't like me?" she said in a softened voice.

"You're as beautiful as the evening star," acknowledged Baran as he gently pulled his sleeve flap from between her slender fingers. "But I've got two heifers to slaughter before noon, ma'am, and I must be getting back to my ranch work."

"Pig!" murmured Charlot Sherwin as Baran climbed up in his wagon box. "Pig!" she repeated as she heard Zbyszko's authoritative voice call out, "Get these colt rustlers into their war paint, Gibbie, and swing the outfit down to the river bend. We've got some real Remington light here and I want flat shadows for this shooting."

Baran, with a ridiculous load about his heart, teamed his lonely way back to the lonely Bar-M ranch, where he cursed himself as a combination of stupidity and conceit. He thought a great deal about the city, in the untoward quietness of the corral and house yard, and remembered that the summer-end tides of traffic would once more be turning toward a minareted triangle between two mighty rivers. It even made him a bit homesick. And his eye was a lackluster one when he looked up to see the Saskatchewan Kid loping homeward on a mottled cayuse.

"The main push over there," announced the Kid, "has just woke up to the fact that our little old Phantom River ain't wide enough and deep enough for a water battle. So instead of having his big scene at the ford, he's going to make it a zareba fight up on the plateau and burn up the whole outfit. They've got to have a drum of gasoline to pep up that conflagration. So Big Tim says for you to team over a drum pronto, and also take along six dozen eggs for the commissariat."

"For the what?" snapped Baran.

"Six dozen eggs for our little white chickens," replied the light-hearted Kid.

"You're welcome to 'em," said Baran as his listless eye rested for the first time on the mounted messenger. "But what's that funny stuff you've got daubed all over your face?"

"That's war paint," explained the Kid. "Put on by a soft-fingered little peach who's promised to go pinto ridin' with me after the show. You see," he said as he wheeled about, "I'm a Piute on the war-path, I am, and before sundown I'm a-going to scalp six white women!"

Baran watched him as he loped off and disappeared over the rolling range. Then with the help of Lung-Wu, the Chink cook, he rolled the gasoline drum into the Bain wagon, hitched up his team and listlessly headed for the Phantom River.

When he stopped on a hogback and looked down at the busy scene at the upper river bend he felt like a truant staring down at a crowded school yard. It was all play, foolish and futile play, in which he could have no part. Yet the players themselves, he noticed as his gasoline drum was hurriedly emptied into gallon cans and distributed about the zareba of covered wagons and carts, were taking themselves with an incomprehensible sort of seriousness. He could hear Zbyszko's megaphoned orders through the clear foothill air. He could see the feathered Indians circling about the huddled wagon train and crouching low on their saddleless pintos. He could see the white trekkers herding their women at the center of the embattled wagon circle. Through the drifting cloud from the smoke pots he could see where Charlot Sherwin had mounted a huge prairie schooner hauled by a double team of prancing horses and was being instructed in how to break through the line as the big Blackfoot chief in the big war bonnet pursued her with a scalping knife in his hand. There was a smoke pot in the wagon, to imply that it was already on fire and obviously give a double edge to the hazard of the fair heroine's flight. And Baran, in spite of himself, felt a faint tingle of nerve ends through his listless body as the action accelerated and the plateau reëchoed with rifle shots and shouts and the high-pitched cries of the attacking red men. He even held his breath as the circle closed in on the zareba, broke the barricading line and put the selected carts drenched with gasoline to the torch.

Then a quicker tingle of nerves eddied up and down his spine, for as he watched the pitching prairie schooner driven by the white-faced woman he saw yellow flames licking up along the smoke-stained canvas canopy. And that, in some way, was wrong, was more than mere make-believe. The wagon cover, he realized, was actually on fire. And the double team of spirited horses, disregarding the woman tugging so frantically at the reins, seemed to realize the same thing at about the same time. For with a whinny of terror from a leader's upflung nose, they wheeled and broke and galloped frenziedly eastward, leaving even the cameraman on his platformed flivver well behind in their flight. But what chilled Baran's blood was the knowledge that they were heading straight for the cut bank above the Phantom. That meant an almost sheer drop of one hundred and fifty feet into the river bottom below. It meant more than that. It meant death to the helpless woman in the wagon box.

Baran shouted without knowing it as he caught up his whip. He shouted again as he laid the leather on his startled team, for the one hope of saving that woman, he saw, was to quarter across their line of advance and in some way head them off, and to get the woman out of that flaming hell on wheels. He owed them that much. He owed it to the sex, for he had been through that sort of thing himself, and a woman had saved him. She had saved him and made a fool of him in his own eyes. And he had tried to hate her for it, he remembered, as he went pounding over the broken prairie floor, but no man can hate against his own will. And it would be horrible, he told himself, as he tooled his flying team along a line that would surely impinge on the path of the runaways, to have to die on a rocking pyre of wood and straw and canvas.

His first impulse had been to fling his team and wagon across the path of the charging prairie schooner. But his smaller outfit, he felt, would surely prove too light to bring that blazing Juggernaut to a stop; and if an effort like that failed, everything would be lost. So he decided to swing in close beside the covered wagon and in some way get aboard, for he was worried now by the discovery that the woman no longer stood with the reins in her hands. She was somewhere under that blazing hood. But he could no longer see her. He assumed as he balanced on the edge of his wagon box, with the commingling roar of eight wheels in his ears, that she had fainted from fright. But, whatever happened, he must get her out of there, he said with a whimper of protest as he caught the pungent smoke smell from the careening furnace. He must get her out of there, he repeated, as he

(Continued on Page 68)

From the diary of any Packard owner

It is now just one month since I took delivery of my Packard Eight and I am delighted not only with its beauty, but with the exclusive features which I have found in it.

It is evident that my comfort, mental as well as physical, has been well provided for.

Now, for the first time, I know that my car will be lubricated completely and perfectly, and that I may use low pressure tires with safety and ease of steering.

Along with my other pleasures, think of the joy of knowing that my motor's oil need be changed only four times a year, being constantly and thoroughly purified during the motor's operation.

And then to find that the many chassis points requiring regular attention, 45 in all, may be bathed in oil once each day in less than one second of time.

My Packard Eight affords everything in grace and beauty, in comfort and in performance, and a continuity of service with complete freedom from mechanical annoyances.

What more could anyone ask in a motor car?

Packard Six and Packard Eight both are furnished in ten body types, four open and six enclosed. A liberal monthly payment plan makes possible the immediate enjoyment of a Packard, purchasing out of income instead of capital

The Packard Eight Sport Model is shown above—$3900 at Detroit

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

May 2 1925
Five Cents the Copy
The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
The OLDEST AGRICULTURAL ... the WORLD
THE FUTURE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY—Thomas R Marshall
CARELESS SCIENTISTS—J. Sidney Cates. PLAY BALL—J. Howard Berry

Gains

For six months
the circulation of

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

has been growing steadily. Net paid figures show:

Oct. 4, 1924—775,000
Nov. 1,—790,000
Dec. 6,—800,000
Jan. 3, 1925—814,000
Feb. 7,—818,000

Advertising and sales managers will find the reason for this constantly upward tendency in such articles as "The Future of the Democratic Party," by Thomas R. Marshall· "Careless Scientists," by J. Sidney Cates;· and "The Health of the Country Child," by Dr. Louise Stanley—in the issue dated May 2.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

(Continued from Page 66)

made the flying leap from wagon to wagon and caught up the trailing double reins and swung them in a loop about the heavy hub of the fore wheel.

He had seen that done before, as a boy, on his uncle's farm in Ohio, when a hired man had run over a wasp's nest and had brought his harried team to a stop by turning the wheel hub into a windlass. It gave a drag on the tightening reins that had to be respected or jawbones were torn loose. And Baran saw it work, in this case, as the leaders reared and wheeled to ease that agonizing pull on the slavered bits.

Baran didn't even wait to see them stop, for the tilting wagon was already on the brink of the river-cut bank. His intention was to catch up the unconscious woman in his arms and with her drop over the tail board of the wagon. But before he could seize the inert, flounced figure and spring free of the coiling flames the off wheels cut through the sod lip, leaving the wagon half on its beam end as the leaders fought and kicked themselves free. The pole team, however, had no such luck. For when the flaming mass settled lower and rolled ponderously over the cut-bank edge they went struggling and screaming with it. But even before the ponderous thing could turn on its back, like a bear fighting bees, Baran, with the flounced figure in his arms, leaped clear of the charred frame. He and the woman he held went down the steep slope in a smother of dust, rolling over and over as they went. He still held her as they were catapulted into cold green water that took the crawling embers from his clothing and the sting of smoke from his nostrils. He was still holding her, in fact, when they found him fifteen minutes later, lying on a gravel bar with one leg trailing in the glacial-green water and a rather wintry smile of triumph on his heat-scorched face.

"Are you all right?" Tim O'Hara asked of Baran, once Charlot Sherwin had been lifted up to dry land and wrapped in blankets and given enough brandy to make her protest they were burning her throat out.

"Yes, I sure am!" proclaimed Baran. "For I know I've got a streak of he man, after all!"

"Then let's get you out of this," said the massive ranchman as he laid hands on the smoke-smudged hero.

"You'll have to go a bit easy," protested Baran in a singularly thin voice.

"Why?" asked O'Hara, still bent over the water-soaked Bowery Boy.

"Because I'm afraid I've broken that right leg of mine," he explained. He tried to say it casually. But that effort at insouciance was not a huge success, for Baran, when they moved him, fainted dead away.

When the doctor from Calgary had finished his work—and it was not so simple as he had expected, for it was a greenstick fracture, necessitating complete anæsthesia and a merciless amount of tugging about the padded table end—Baran finally opened his eyes and stared up into a pair of troubled gray eyes that were not easy to place. So he rested for a ponderable stretch of time and once more studied those familiar yet mysterious gray eyes that still brooded above him.

And then he understood.

"How did you get here?" he finally asked.

"I came on wings," was the low but smiling answer.

"On wings?" echoed the muddled man on the bed.

"Casey Brown brought me," was Glenna Van Gelder's quiet-voiced answer. "But you mustn't talk."

"Then you know what happened?" he asked.

"Of course I know," she acknowledged. "That's why I came."

"What made you come?" he demanded, ignoring her signal for quietness.

"To keep you from being woman-handled," she said, with a smile that had no trace of mockery in it; "from being woman-handled by anybody but me."

It took an effort for Baran to lift his arms. It even made him wince. But it didn't seem to matter.

"Hi, there! Is that what your doctor ordered?" cried the startled Tim O'Hara as he stepped into the room and found a totally unexplained lady with her arms locked about the Bowery Boy.

The Skeptic: Rooster—"That's Right! Stand There Like a Fool! I Suppose You Think I Don't Know a Hawk When I See One"

CHAMPION NATIONAL CHANGE WEEK, MAY 3 TO 9

NEXT WEEK

Put in a New Set of Champions

Within two years you will be changing spark plugs as regularly—but not as often, of course—as you change crank-case oil now.

You will put in a new set of spark plugs about every 8,000 miles, or at least once a year, because you will have found that it is genuine economy.

Thousands of motorists have already learned this, and are installing new Champions each year. The movement is rapidly spreading farther every day.

Next week, more than 95,000 equipment dealers will assist the swing toward greater economy with a special Champion Spark Plug week.

Begin now, with a new set of Champions, to give your engine a real chance to deliver its full power, pick-up and efficiency.

Not even Champions—as superior as they are—can go on giving 100 per cent service indefinitely.

With a new set of Champions, you see all the difference in the world. Put in a set yourself next week. Get genuine Champions, with the exclusive double-ribbed sillimanite core and the special electrodes.

The seven Champion types provide a correctly designed spark plug for every engine. Champion X for Fords is 60 cents. Blue Box for all other cars, 75 cents. (Canadian prices 80 and 90 cents.) Champions are fully guaranteed.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Ltd. Windsor, Ontario

CHAMPION

Dependable for CHAMPION *Every Engine*

Send the Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Thousands have gleaming wonderful teeth without knowing it . . . you may be one. Make this remarkable test and find out.

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear

—simply clouded with a film coat

Find out by making this unique test. Thousands who go through life wishing for beautiful teeth already have them . . . yet never reveal them—*or know they have them!*

THOUSANDS of people unconsciously handicap themselves in domestic and social life with cloudy teeth—*absolutely without reason.*

Scientists now prove that most people have pretty, clear teeth. And that dingy, dull teeth simply indicate a condition that can easily be corrected.

You may be one of those people. Have really charming teeth and yet not know it.

Now a test is being offered which will enable you to find out. The coupon brings it without charge. So it is folly not to make it.

It's simply a film—a stubborn film that you can easily remove

Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel a film. A film that absorbs discolorations *and hides the natural color and luster of your teeth.*

Many former methods failed in successfully combating that film. That is why, regardless of all the care you take now, your teeth remain "off color," dingy looking, unattractive.

Remove it, and you, like millions before you, will be surprised to find that your own teeth are as pretty as anyone's.

What it is—how it invites tooth troubles and decay

Modern dental practice urges the constant fighting of that film. Urges it on grounds of beauty and, more importantly, on health. For it is charged with most tooth troubles of today.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid fosters decay.

Germs by the millions breed in it and multiply. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So that the same film that hides your pretty teeth is too often the great enemy of healthy, sound teeth—an ever-present danger in your mouth.

You must remove it three times daily. It is ever forming, ever present. Preparations not designed to combat that film are inadequate. Harsh, gritty substances are dangerous to enamel.

New methods that supplant old

Now modern science has discovered new and radically different methods. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any you have ever known.

Its action is to curdle that film. Then harmlessly to remove it—a new way that is changing the tooth cleansing habits of the world.

Make this test

To millions this new way has proved the folly of having ugly teeth. The folly of inviting tooth troubles and the poor health that results.

It will give you the lustrous teeth you want—*quickly.*

Results will surprise you. Mail the coupon now. Won't you at least try this new method which world's leading dental authorities now urge?

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Canada

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 579, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name

Address

Only one tube to a family.

1761

PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.
Pepsodent
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authority

ON WITH THE LANCE

(Continued from Page 25)

him that the capitalist from Chattanooga was due on the morning train Wednesday. And when the train rolled under the massive shed of the Terminal Station, Freddy greeted Mr. Beezum, but in a corner of the colored waiting room Nathaniel was watching.

Nathaniel was a keen judge of human nature and human beings. And he was a meticulous proceeder. He knew that this was a golden opportunity provided he could take advantage of it, and he was minded to have every particle of obtainable information in order to make more certain his avenue of approach.

Magnolius Beezum had not been gifted by nature. He was rather inclined to emaciation, and his features were amazingly small. But he was a sprightly little fellow who sported a garb which rivaled the robes of the late Mr. Solomon. The carnation in his buttonhole and a pair of spats betrayed him to Nathaniel.

"Stuck on hisse'f," murmured Mr. Grump. "An' men which is crazy about their selves is easy pickin's."

Later Nathaniel again visited the fountainhead of all information concerning doings in Birmingham's dusky set. Sis Callie was rather inclined to be sniffy.

"Shuh! Fum all the airs he puts on you'd think he was twenty yeahs ol' instead of fifty. Prancin' aroun' like he does—an' wantin' to know is there a dance in town! Some fellers never know that time don't stan' still."

"Kind of cocky, eh?"

"Man! You ain't stahted talkin' when you says that. Fust thing he wanted to know after askin' about dances was this heah pageant. An' 'tween you an' me, Mistuh Grump, about the most thing he was impressed about concernin' Brother Wender was that Freddy was gwine be a knight in that there pageant."

"Where is Mistuh Beezum at now?"

"Lookin' over the grocery business with Freddy. That is, if he ain't met some gal an' gone joy-ridin'. Ol' stuck-up fool!"

This was all grist to Nathaniel's mill. At three o'clock that afternoon he ascertained that Freddy was at his store, and immediately made his way to Sis Callie's. Yes, Mr. Beezum was in, and Nathaniel knocked at the gentleman's door.

He was admitted by Beezum himself, swathed gloriously in an orange and lavender dressing gown. Nathaniel drove straight for the achillean tendon.

"Well, tickle my tongue!" he ejaculated. "This suttinly is a s'prise. Folks tol' me you was forty yeahs old."

Magnolius cocked his head eagerly on one side. "Well—an' how ol' does you prospect I is?"

"Thirty?" guessed Nathaniel. "Maybe thirty-two?"

"Forty-three!" exulted Mr. Beezum, prevaricating by seven years. "But I keeps myse'f pretty fit."

"Well, dawg-gone my hide, if you ain't some li'l' ol' revelation." Nathaniel then appeared to remember something. "My name is Mistuh Grump," he proclaimed. "Permit me to present my card."

He extended to the visitor a handsomely embossed bit of pasteboard:

NATHANIEL GRUMP
MONEY INVESTMENTS
ALSO PRESIDENT THE BIRMINGHAM COLORED MUTUAL BENEFIT ACCIDENT PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY

Mr. Beezum was impressed. Nathaniel himself was not to be ignored, particularly on this occasion, for which he had arrayed himself with greatest care. But in addition to that, the card which he held bespoke affluence. Magnolius extended a fraternal hand.

"I is delighted to meet up with you, Mistuh Grump."

"The same is mutual," returned Nathaniel with dignity. "I figure that us being bofe capitalists we'd have a heap in common, an' so I bid you welcome to our fair city."

"Chattanooga is pretty fair herownse'f," defended Magnolius with a touch of civic hauteur.

"You tell 'em!" agreed Nathaniel eagerly. "That view offen Lookout Mountain is somethin' swell."

They chatted a few minutes idly; of the trip and the weather. Mr. Grump was busy sizing up the dapper little man—meanwhile making haste with exceeding slowness.

"Say," he suggested at length, "how about steppin' out a bit tonight? That is—if you ain't got no other date."

"What you mean—steppin' out?"

"Oh! Nothin' that ain't puffectly respectable. But I take it you ain't ma'ied."

"No."

"Well, I know a couple of mighty pretty gals, an' I figgered we might run out to Epic Peters' road house on the Montgom'ry Highway an' eat a snack of supper an' then maybe dance a bit."

Magnolius fairly bubbled over with enthusiasm. "Joyous speech which you makes, Brother Grump. Us financiers is suttinly gemmun of a kind."

"Ain't you tootin'? I guess bein' rich like us don't mean nothin' if a feller don't know how to spend his money."

"Tha's wise wisdom." And then, quite casually, "How is the insurance business, Brother Grump?"

"Wonderful! The greatest business in the world, Brother Beezum. I'm kinder s'prised you ain't in it."

"Shuh! I got troubles enough of my own. Besides, I reckon a feller has got to be richer than me to own a business like that."

"Yeh—I reckon so." Instantly visions were forming in Nathaniel's brain—an idea of selling Mr. Beezum a half interest for the price he had planned to charge for the entire thing. "It costs a heap of money to be in a business like mine. That is—to git it stahted. Once it's goin' though, it's a cinch. All you got to do is collec' yo' money ev'y week an' put it in the bank."

"Gosh! But I ain't so wealthy as that. By the way, does you know Freddy Wender?"

Nathaniel shrugged. "Kind of. But not so awful good."

"I reckon not—you bein' an insurance magnet an' hum just a grocery-store keeper."

"An' not such a swell grocery store at that."

Magnolius' eyes narrowed. Despite his fondness for gallivanting there was no lack of native shrewdness in his make-up.

"Ain't his business goin' good?"

Nathaniel shrugged. "Not ve'y. I has heard he was havin' hard times recent. He wanted me to invest a li'l' money with him, but I wan't so keen about it."

"But if he expands ——"

"If a balloon expands far enough it busts, doesn't it?"

That night when Freddy Wender inquired for his visitor, he learned that Magnolius had departed with Nathaniel Grump and two young ladies in one of the newest and gleamiest cabs of The Gold & Silver Taxicab Company for Epic Peters' road house. Mr. Wender sat himself down to think.

Freddy was inclined to be a rather mild gentleman, but he was far from a fool. It occurred to him very faintly that perhaps Nathaniel's passion for investment in his grocery expansion might not have been entirely sincere, and Thursday morning he started on a tour of investigation.

Freddy learned several things, not the least important of which was that The Birmingham Colored Mutual Benefit Accident Protection Insurance Company had been sailing stormy seas of late. According to figures furnished by Christopher P. S. Shoots, editor and owner of The Weekly Epoch, new subscribers had been flooding

(Continued on Page 72)

News of First National Pictures

Ronald Colman and Blanche Sweet in "His Supreme Moment"

"His Supreme Moment"

THERE is romance with the tang of real drama in this Samuel Goldwyn-George Fitzmaurice production—an adaptation by Frances Marion of May Edington's novel.

Charmingly, appealingly does Blanche Sweet play the part of fine-souled Carla King, and Ronald Colman makes an ardent, reverential suitor. It was love at first sight when chance brought them together. But to Carla, marriage is a precious ideal—their love must be tested, so she can have faith that the bond forever will hold its sweetness. And the "test" she imposes upon herself and upon her lover of trial companionship, unfolds in a story of climactic intensity. Some of the most dramatic scenes are in color.

Above—John Bowers in "Chickie"
On the right—Dorothy Mackaill in the title rôle

"Chickie"

CHICKIE'S great dream was that some day she might say good-bye to her typewriter and revel in the luxury of a beautiful home provided by a millionaire husband. But while she was taking the chance to "look over" the only millionaire who came along, a misunderstanding arose with the only man she could ever love.

The poignancy of the problem that comes to Chickie is finely interpreted by Dorothy Mackaill, while John Bowers enacts the true lover.

Nazimova in "My Son"

POETIC charm glows in the story and settings of this picturization of Martha Stanley's stage success. Above are Jack Pickford, as the son; the famous Nazimova, and Mary Akin as the winsome sweetheart. In the scene on the left is Constance Bennett as the gay flapper who brings a new idea to the picturesque fishing village on the New England coast.

"My Son" is the work of Edwin Carewe, one of First National's most popular producer-directors

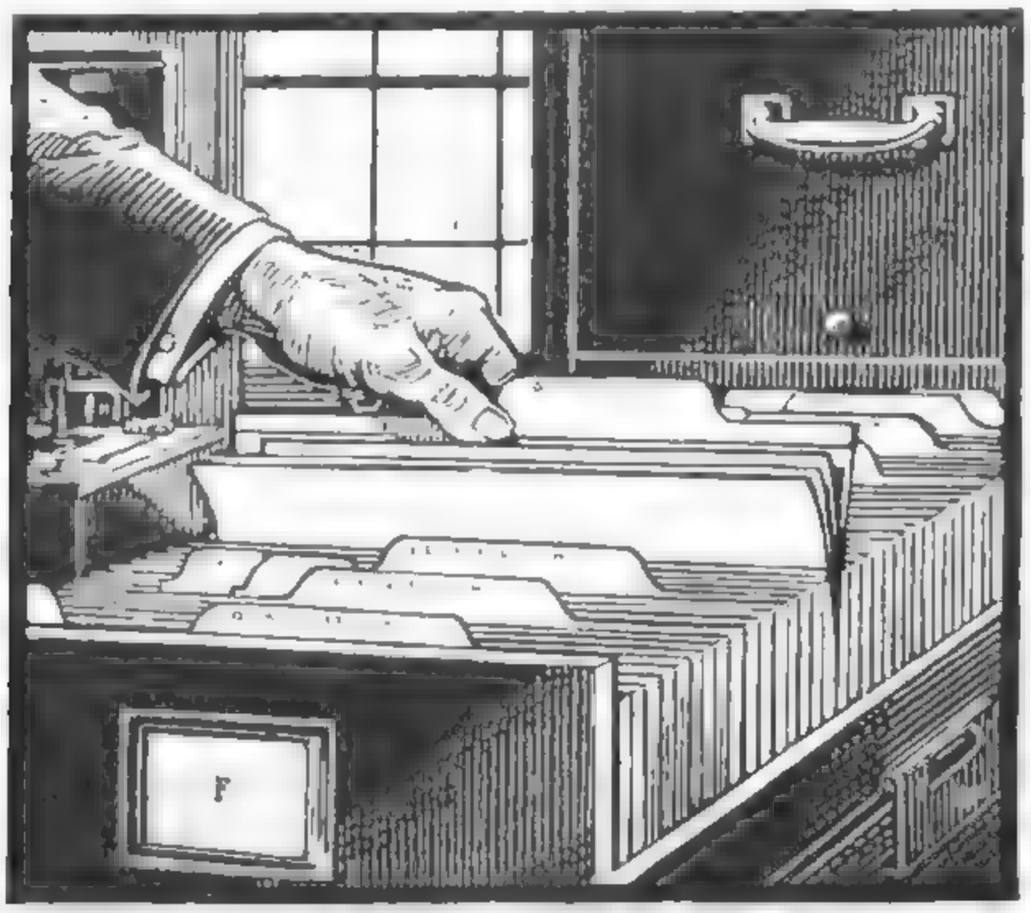
"The Heart of a Siren"

PALATIAL scenes in foreign lands are the settings for the witchery of the siren. Radiant in ravishing gowns, she seeks but to snare the hearts of men, and then break them. Barbara La Marr (on the right) fits perfectly into the rôle—said by many critics to be the greatest she has yet portrayed. And Conway Tearle plays the part of one of the siren's intended victims.

The picture is a Sawyer-Lubin Production directed by Philip Rosen.

Conway Tearle

THE • CHOICE • OF • AMERICAN • BUSINESS



This folder saved $3,000

By giving double wear and saving 30% of valuable folder space

If you think all file folders are alike read about the L. B. Reinforced folder that in one installation alone actually saved $3,000.

To know the real job that folders must do, watch any file clerk as she pulls one out of the file. She grasps the top edge—always the top edge—and lifts or yanks that folder out. Think of the daily plucking, bending and wear that come on this one upper edge—the handling edge.

To combat such severe usage Library Bureau created the L. B. Reinforced folder. At its handling edge is a double thickness strip that reinforces this folder where the punishment is greatest.

The double thickness strip does not extend down into the file. Down there the folder consists of only a single thickness of medium weight stock. Compared to heavy weight folders the L. B. Reinforced folder saves over 30% of the folder space in any file.

A negligible saving? Perhaps, yet the result in one filing department was the saving of 60 four-drawer files—over $3,000 worth of filing equipment—plus the saving of floor space they would have occupied.

Send for samples of the L. B. Reinforced folder. Or stop at the nearest of our 54 salesrooms and see the various sizes of this folder. Can be used in every make of filing cabinet.

Home Office: *230 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.* Salesrooms: *in the 54 principal cities of United States, England and France.* Factories: *Cambridge, Mass., New York, Chicago, Ilion, N. Y., New Orleans and London, England.*

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Six Big Divisions of L. B. Service to Business

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Vertical and visible systems for every card record requirement.

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Card and Filing cabinets, card record desks and record safes.

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Cards, Guides, and Folders for every card and filing system.

5. Specialized Departments
Bank, Insurance, Public Records, Library and Educational.

6. Special Services
Analysis, Indexing, Statistical and Calculating Services.

(Continued from Page 70)

in—and then promptly turning around and happening to accidents.

"It's a swell thing fo' me," enthused Mr. Shoots. "The mo' money Mistuh Grump pays out, the mo' people craves to git theirs an' so subscribes to the Epoch. We is in the mist of our greatest error of prosperity—an' fo' it all I thanks Nathaniel."

Later in the day a conference between the capitalist from Chattanooga and Freddy Wender disclosed a marked cooling of Mr. Beezum's interest in the grocery business.

"Why?" demanded Freddy.

"Well—it ain't so dignified, fo' one thing."

"Shuh! Any way of makin' honest money is dignified."

"An' the profits is too small an' too slow."

Mr. Wender possessed his own modest share of craft. "Nothin' flashy like the insurance business, eh?"

"You said it, Brother Wender. Now there's somethin'. There's a company right heah in Bumminham which has got twelve hund'ed customers which pays each two bits a week; tha's th'ee hund'ed dollars they takes in ev'y seven days."

"Ain't it the truth? An' how much of that does they keep?"

"'Most all."

"Who says so?"

"Well, I happen to know, tha's all. Accidents don't happen to lots of people."

"You ain't ve'y familiar with Bumminham, is you?"

"Them's national stististics."

Freddy leaned forward earnestly. "Well, befo' I ever went into any insurance inwestment, Brother Beezum—I'd fin' out one thing."

"What 'tis?"

"How much does the comp'ny pay out? 'Tain't what comes in that counts; it's what stays in!"

Freddy departed, leaving Magnolius Beezum immersed in thought. This was an entirely new angle to the insurance proposition—one which had never before occurred to him. Also it was the first time he had ever considered that the national statistics shown him by Nathaniel Grump might not be rigidly adhered to by the colored citizenry of Birmingham. It was barely possible that these folk might be more addicted to accidents than some others.

Nathaniel broke in on his reflection, and instantly a great deal of Magnolius' distrust vanished. After all, Nathaniel had not invited him to invest. There had been a hint or two, just a bit of bait dangling before the eyes of the excitable little man from Chattanooga. And Mr. Beezum had grown fond of Mr. Grump. The latter was a superb host; the previous evening had been memorable.

That day and the next the situation developed into a battle between Freddy Wender and Nathaniel Grump. Each appeared oblivious of the presence of the other in the race for Mr. Beezum's fifteen thousand dollars; each displayed books of account and glittery prospectuses to prove that his particular investment was the safest. And where on one side was the simple and direct sincerity of Freddy there were, on the other, Nathaniel's carefully doctored books which appeared to indicate that the accident-insurance game was a case of everything coming in and mighty little going out.

Magnolius was frankly dazed and uncertain. Here were two propositions which intrigued him. Of the two, his inclination was toward Grump's insurance company—yet the more modest profits of the grocery profession made their appeal to his canny soul.

On Friday afternoon he announced that he'd give his answer Sunday.

"Fo' the rest of this week," he announced, "Ise gwine have me a good time."

And it was in showing him a good time that Mr. Grump excelled. Parties were Nathaniel's middle name, and he fairly outdid himself in providing vivid entertainment for Magnolius. But during that time Mr. Beezum would not talk business.

"I invites you an' Freddy Wender bofe to meet me Sunday morning. Then I gives you my answer one way or t'other, definite an' posolute."

"Sunday mawnin'?"

"Uh-huh. Got to be back at work Monday in Chattanooga—an' I makes up my mind Saddy night after the pageant. Fum now till then I craves enjoyment, an' plenty of it."

Nathaniel once again went into executive session with himself. One fact stood forth with startling clarity: Magnolius Beezum was positively going to invest before leaving Birmingham. Between himself and Freddy Wender, Magnolius had been put into an investing humor. And Nathaniel was very doubtful. He was terrified lest Freddy himself might disclose to the visitor the unsoundness of the insurance proposition. He envisioned the Sunday morning interview and Freddy's display of damning facts and figures. He crashed one fist into the palm of the other hand.

"It can't be so!" he muttered. "I got to see to it that when we all three gits together Sunday mawnin' Freddy Wender ain't there!"

The more he thought of this, the greater its appeal. If Freddy could be persuaded—even against his will—to remain absent from the vital conference, then there was little likelihood that he—Nathaniel—would be unable to convince Magnolius that the Mutual was a fine investment.

Nathaniel mourned down the street with his problem. He carried it with him to Bud Peaglar's place, where, at the lunch counter, he met the attenuated Semore Mashby. Between the two men there was a fraternity of spirit which had nothing whatever to do with genuine affection. They were both professional lenders of money whose daily work earned them naught but the bitter dislike of an ungrateful and interest-paying populace.

Into the ears of Semore Mashby, Nathaniel dropped certain salient details of his predicament. Semore was all sympathy. Besides, he had no love for the quiet and unassuming Freddy Wender.

"You shuah got to keep Freddy absent Sunday mawnin'," he agreed. "An' that oughtn't to be hahd."

"How come not?"

"Well, you is twice as big as him."

"Uh-huh. An' there is a law in Alabama against salts an' battery."

"Tha's so. Shuah is; but fo' fifteen thousan' dollars ——"

"Jail ain't cheap at no price."

Semore thought ponderously while Nathaniel gave himself over to a few minutes of gastronomic calisthenics. Wherefore neither noticed that the slender person who sat near them and ordered a barbecue sandwich with lots of hot sauce was Florian Slappey, Darktown's fashion plate, nor that Florian was a participant in a Kelly pool game which was in progress on Table Number Six at the far end of the hall. Had they noticed this they might also have observed that one of the pool players was Freddy Wender.

Semore raised his head suddenly and his voice crackled forth. "I got it!" he announced triumphantly, and there was an unholy gleam in his narrow little eyes.

"Got which?"

"A scheme!"

At the moment Mr. Slappey did not know that the words which he overheard had to do with his friend, Mr. Wender. But he did know that any scheme which Semore Mashby had was of potential interest to him. Wherefore, pretending to be engrossed in the succulent sandwich which he wooed, he gave attentive ear to the whispered conversation and gathered sufficient data of importance to cause him, less than twenty minutes later, to extract Freddy from the Kelly pool game.

Once in the street with his friend, Florian broke the news.

"Freddy," he said softly, "somebody is fixin' to smear you all over with grease an' fry you good."

"Foolishment which you says."

"It's true."

(Continued on Page 74)

The KELLY FLEXIBLE CORD

The Peregrinations of the Pecks

As the Pecks wind their way through the Colorado passes to the Garden of the Gods a magnificent panorama unfolds itself. The children are still a little too young to be awed by the majesty of the great Peak that towers in the background, and young Jim apparently finds more entertainment in decorating the back of the car with the famous slogan of the old time wagon trains than in admiring the grandeur of the scene before him. His father is enjoying the trip in full confidence that with Kellys all around there's not going to be any "Bust" about it.

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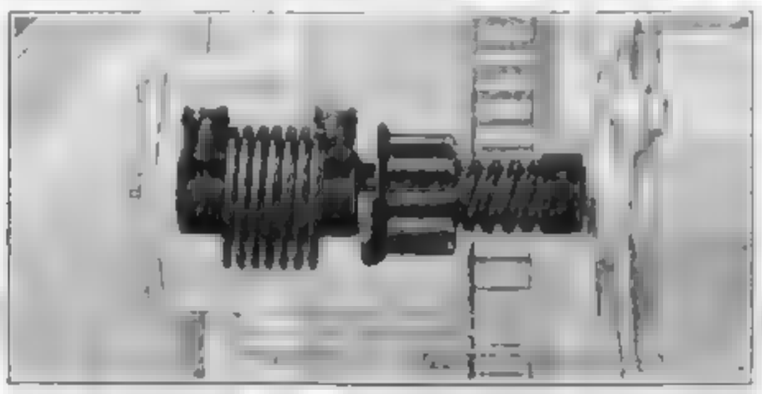

"THE MECHANICAL HAND THAT CRANKS YOUR CAR"

Continued from Page 72

"What his name is?"

"Nathaniel Grump!"

Freddy stopped short. "Hot dam! Florian—maybe there is some sense in what you utters."

"Sense is the most thing my words has got. Now listen." Florian detailed the early and less important phases of the recent dialogue between Nathaniel and Semore. "An' so fin'ly this ol' buzzard Semore he says to Nathaniel—'Well,' he says, 'ain't you an' Freddy Wender gwine be the tiltin' knights in that Joan's Ark pageant Saddy night?' An' Nathaniel says yes, an' Semore says something else, an' between them they decides that heah's what happens ——"

Florian drew a long breath before he continued dramatically: "The way things is fixed, you-all two fellers come in at opposite ends of the field, an' you is both shined up in full armor. Each of you is on horseback an' you takes yo' places an' the bugle toots an' then you set yo' lances an' rides at each other lickety-split. You goes scootin' past, then you turns an' comes back an' does it again, an' then you rides out fum whence you come in. Ain't that the way?"

"'Tain't nothin' else, Florian"

"All right; now listen. You weighs 'bout a hund'ed an' forty pounds. Nathaniel weighs pretty near two hund'ed—an' he's strong as a oxen. So what he's gwine do is this. When you-all comes together, he just sets his lance a li'l' tighter, takes a grip on his stirrups—an' bust you right square on the breastplate, hard as he can bust."

"Oh, golly!"

"Golly is right. Now what happens to you, huh? Time that lance cracks you right in the wishbone, you goes spinning off into the air an' lan's in a heap in all them tin clothes an' you gits yo'se'f into the hospital fo' about two weeks, an' they ain't ary person can prove it wasn't an accident. Ain't that a fack?"

"It shuah is. Well, dawg-gone that feller's hide!"

Already it was becoming clear to Freddy why he was to be assaulted in the wishbone. If he should be hors de combat Sunday morning, then there would be no one at the interview save Nathaniel and Magnolius, and Mr. Wender was well aware that the unfortunate insurance magnate was struggling mightily to interest Magnolius in his ill-starred venture.

Freddy thanked his friend and carried the problem home with him. It was a situation of many angles and queer possibilities. His initial impulse was to lay the bare facts before the strutty little Magnolius—but that idea was discarded immediately. Magnolius would not believe, in the first place; and in the second, might get the idea that Freddy was trying merely to injure his rival.

That, then, was out of the question. Also Freddy's reluctance to make a colored holiday for the spectators influenced him in some intensive thought regarding the purely physical aspects of the conspiracy against him.

A glimpse into the next day's festivities was not entirely alluring. He fancied the awful impact of Nathaniel's large lance on his glittery breastplate, the long and ungraceful journey through the air from the horse's back to terra firma. "An' then fooie!" Obviously, it was impossible for him to go through with the tilting. It was one thing to be a scintillant knight in a great pageant, and quite something else again to be a sure hospital case.

"One thing is positive shuah," agreed Mr. Wender. "They ain't gwine put no tin plate on me an' sit me on no horse. Nossuh! If somebody's got to git busted ——"

Suddenly he paused. His body became rigid, his eyes popped open and stared off into space. And then a slow smile creased his lips and he slapped his hands together in wild glee.

"Hot diggity dawg!" he howled. "Ise got it! Sweet mama! Yo' honey chile has schemed him a scheme!"

The possibilities of his idea were so amazing as to bewilder him for a moment. It didn't seem possible that his troubles could have been swept away with a single quiver of a nimble brain. And yet —— He seated himself and cupped head in hands that he might more intensively focus upon the marvelous idea. And slowly he nodded his head

"Ain't no reason why it won't work! An' if it does—oh, Lucy, kiss yo' baby boy!"

Bright and early the following morning Freddy got busy. There was, for one thing, a long conference with Magnolius Beezum. Yes, Mr. Beezum would be glad to go with Freddy to the pageant provided Freddy was sincere in his promise to give him a glimpse behind the scenes. As a matter of fact, Mr. Beezum was extremely impressed by the fact that this particular young gentleman was a knightly participant in the great medieval display.

That much made fairly certain, Mr. Wender, smiling broadly, scuttled downtown, saw to it that his grocery was being properly handled by his augmented Saturday force, and then paid another visit. This one was brief, pointed and decidedly businesslike. Once more Mr. Wender went to his store, and when he finally returned to Sis Callie Flukers' boarding house the afternoon was well on its way

Magnolius Beezum was alone and obviously eager.

"You shuah gwine take me behime the scenes, Brother Wender?"

"I promise."

"Hot ziggity dam! Tha's the fondest thing Ise of."

In itself, this was a stroke of genius. Here was a simple gift which immediately set in the shade all the expensive parties which Nathaniel had personally conducted for the sportive gentleman from Chattanooga.

At six o'clock they partook of a gusty meal and started in a taxi for Blue Lake Park.

A few lights glowed dimly about the place, for the pageant was not due to get under way until 8:30, and the gates would not open until an hour before that time.

But under the grand stand, where dressing rooms had been constructed, there was a scene as of bedlam. L. Jupiter Jones, who was actively in charge of the festivities, was running around like a chicken recently and completely decapitated. He was attempting to assort the costumes, which had been shipped by a Chicago firm. The various members of the cast were moaning and groaning as they tried on with more or less success the uniforms which they were supposed to wear.

Brother Jones' several assistants, including a force of dramatic experts conscripted for the affair from the personnel of The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., were more or less bewildered, but gradually a semblance of order was restored and a good many of the participants were already in costume when the gates finally opened and let into the park the first wave of a flood of colored humanity, which assured the success of the charity enterprise.

Magnolius Beezum hung around with eyes popping and mouth agape. This was a lavish thing and impressive. He saw the large portion of hardware which was eventually given to Freddy Wender, and accompanied that gentleman to his stall-like dressing room Mr. Beezum expressed his unstinted admiration.

"Golly! You Bumminham cullud folks shuah does things up brown"

"You said it, Brother Beezum. An' it's some honor to be a knight in a big sassiety thing like this"

"I'll bet."

"Somethin' no feller never would forget."

"I wisht ——" Magnolius started and then allowed his voice to trail off wistfully.

"You wish what?"

"Nothin'."

"Say it."

"Well—I sort of hanker to be in it myownse'f. Co'se, I ain't fum Bumminham ——"

Continued on Page 76

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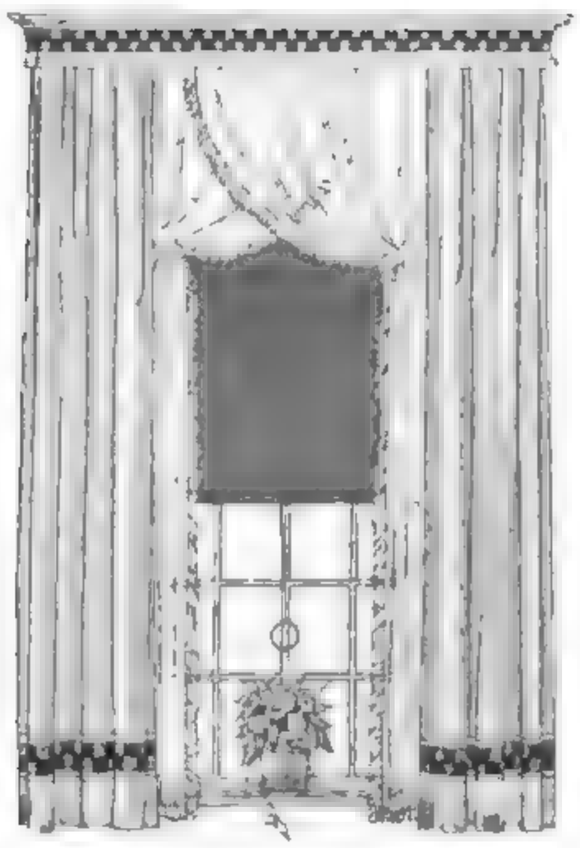

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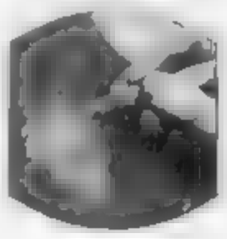

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(Continued from Page 74)

Inwardly Mr. Wender grinned. Outwardly he appeared to have thought of something for the first time.

"You really mean you'd like to knight aroun' a bit?"

"Oh, Lawsy! Woul'n't I, just?"

With a truly regal gesture Mr. Freddy Wender motioned toward his knightly trappings.

"Put 'em on, Brother Beezum."

"S-s-s-says which?"

"Put 'em on. They is yourn."

Magnolius shook his head slowly. "I don't understan' all I knows about this. What you mean—put 'em on?"

Mr. Wender explained. "I tries always to show my hospitality, Brother Beezum. An' when you is my gues' in Bumminham an' craves to pageant—why, I does all I can to let you do so. So you puts on them armor an' goes on an' be a knight. Tha's all."

At first Magnolius could not believe that such generosity was possible. And when he was finally convinced and argued into acceptance he almost fell on the neck of Mr. Wender in his effort to weep tears of gratitude. He averred that it was the most marvelously stupendous exhibition of unselfish generosity that he had ever experienced.

"Shuh! Brother Beezum you don't know nothin'. When I hosts, I hosts. Tha's me. Only you got to keep them visor down, 'cause they'd shuah raise Cain did they ever know I let you knight fo' me."

Magnolius promised. And the task of costuming him proceeded with considerable dispatch and a modicum of neatness. True, the costume which had been intended for Freddy Wender fitted the slender form of Magnolius about an hour too late and he rattled around inside like a small but energetic pea in a large dry pod. But through a lifted visor he gazed rapturously at his mirrored reflection; all agleam with the romance of a gone era, knightly from his plumed head to his armored feet.

"Gosh!" he murmured. "I sholy does feel noble."

"An' you looks twice as noble. I guess I woul'n't do nothin' like this fo' no av'age feller, but ——"

"I understan', Brother Wender. An' the most thing I has got is appreciation."

"Good. Now when the bugle sounds, us goes to the stable together an' I he'ps you on yo' horse. Only remember nobody ain't to know it's you. An' all you got to do is come ridin' down the field against that other knight an' you misses each other an' then rides back again an' does the same thing. An' then of course you takes paht in the big peerade at the end."

Magnolius nodded. "Tha's suttinly simple. By the way, Brother Wender, who is this other knight which I rides against?"

Freddy shrugged. "Golly! I don't know the name of ev'ybody takin' part in this contes'. Just one of the fellers—I dunno who exac'ly. Besides, what diff'ence does it make?"

"Nothin' special. Gee! I wish I had a pitcher of myself in this suit."

Already the pageant had started, and from afar came the shrill summoning blast of a bugle. Freddy was galvanized into action. "Tha's us!" he said sharply. "C'mon to the stables."

The horse was easily located. The task of elevating Magnolius Beezum to the saddle presented greater difficulty. But at length the job was done, the equine steered toward the lists, and the huge, blunt-tipped lance given to the royal knight with instructions as to the proper position and method of usage. Magnolius heard but did not speak—merely nodding his plumed head. And just then Freddy Wender leaped back into the shadows as a gayly caparisoned horse pranced by, bearing on its broad back another knight in full armor.

Safe from detection Freddy emerged again and gave final instructions to the unsuspecting gentleman from Chattanooga. Magnolius made it plain that he understood. And then, awaiting the tilting cue, Freddy glanced into the arena.

The pageant was in full and successful swing. The grand stand was packed to capacity and wealthy colored folk occupied specially constructed boxes where the view was not so good but the prestige excellent.

In the neighborhood of second base two young damsels of dusky hue were just finishing the final gasps of the Dying Swan to the mournful strains of Professor Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra while Joan of Arc and her warriors watched impatiently.

Finally both swans demised, Joan took her place at the head of her tinpanny army and paraded around the field to the rousing strains of The Marseillaise. They drew up eventually in front of the grand stand, at which time the white-clad bugler cantered out to the shortstop position and shrilled his signal to the knights errant.

Instantly Nathaniel appeared at his end of the field, his horse capering ponderously. The crowd rocked with applause. Just a second later came the ironclad figure of the unsuspecting Magnolius Beezum. As per instructions they rode slowly toward the boxes where sat the King and Queen of the Pageant, saluted somewhat stiffly, bowed to Joan of Arc and returned to opposite ends of the lists.

And then a breathless hush fell over the multitude, for of all the impressive features of the pageant, this was the most striking. And, peering from the gloom of the home team's bench, Freddy Wender permitted himself the luxury of a large and throaty chuckle.

"An' here," he muttered, "is where somebody gits tilted sho nuff."

It was all ridiculously funny from his point of view. His magnificent gesture of renunciation in favor of his guest had aroused that gentleman's gratitude to the investing point—or almost. Also, by substituting Magnolius, he had saved himself the physical discomfort of being thoroughly lanced by the large and vicious Nathaniel. And last, but by no means least, he had only to inform the unfortunate Mr. Beezum later that his enemy had been Nathaniel, to make very sure that Mr. Grump's scheme was thwarted and Mr. Beezum's money invested safely and sanely in the grocery business.

Of course it was possible that the circumstances brewing were a trifle unfortunate for Magnolius—but then Freddy eased his conscience with the thought that he was supposed to have no knowledge of any evil intent on the part of Nathaniel Grump. And as for Magnolius—that gentleman didn't even know that Nathaniel was the opposing knight.

And now the rival knights approached. The horses did not do any fancy prancing. They came toward each other rather reluctantly—a trifle dazed by all the pomp and panoply. Despite the excessive burden of his metal clothes, Magnolius was bearing himself magnificently although he was obviously having a bit of trouble keeping his huge lance in proper position. The horses galloped heavily by each other, reached the end of the lists, turned and started back.

And now the same idea seemed to come simultaneously to the two men. Each wore a large and businesslike pair of spurs and each clapped them to his horse. It was done by both on the same instant, and the two horses leaped toward each other at top speed.

Magnolius, who rode not at all badly, was thrilled. And as for Nathaniel, that gentleman compressed his lips grimly beneath the polished visor.

"Right now, Mistuh Wender," he muttered, "is where you gits what is comin' to you. An' you gits it so good that when it comes time fo' you to meet with Brother Beezum tomorrow mawnin' you is gwine be completely absent."

They came closer and closer to each other, their horses developing amazing speed. The crowd leaned forward tensely, as though sensing the disaster which was about to occur. Freddy Wender, watching closely, grinned an unholy grin. "Look at

Continued on Page 78

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(Continued from Page 76)

Nathaniel set hisse'f. Oh, Lawsy! What a wallop somebody is gwine git!"

Now they were almost in mid-field. Magnolius was riding lightly and enthusiastically. Nathaniel was bent forward, lance set firmly, feet braced in the stirrups. They were almost within range, and then ——

There was the sudden and violent impact of wood on metal; an eerie shriek from inside the visor of Knight Pro Tem Magnolius Beezum; a gasp of astonishment and delight from the crowd; and following that and limned in the glare of the three big searchlights, an armor-clad figure separated itself suddenly from the back of its horse, described a parabola in the air and plowed into the turf in a decidedly ungraceful and rather ghastly fashion.

There was a surge onto the field. Nathaniel continued to the end of the lists and disappeared, intending to doff his uniform and return to help with the first aid. To those whom he met he expressed keen regret at the accident. But inwardly he was chuckling.

"Oh, sweet mama! Didn't he fly th'oo that air? Socko! Right on the button!"

Out on the field Joan of Arc was first at the side of the stricken warrior, and beside her were a few assorted French kings. Dr. Lijah Atcherson arrived and demanded air—and they bore the limp form of the armor-clad into the dressing rooms under the grand stand before Florian Slappey bade the festivities proceed.

And so it was that when they finally pried open the visor, only a few of them were present, and Freddy Wender's explanations were easily and gracefully made. They were all fearfully regretful. Magnolius was not seriously injured, but there wasn't a doubt that his nerves and bones were considerably jarred.

They took the injured man to Sis Callie Flukers' in an ambulance, and when Nathaniel made inquiry at the park a few minutes later, there was no one there to inform him that the victim had been not Freddy Wender but the gentleman from Chattanooga. He did learn that the knight had been shipped home in an ambulance and that he would probably be laid out for a couple of weeks, but it was not until the next morning, when Magnolius failed to put in appearance for their business conference and Nathaniel went to Sis Callie's to inquire, that he received any glimmering of what had really occurred.

He was admitted to Magnolius' room. That gentleman lay in bed, swathed in bandages which reeked with liniment. Nathaniel stared at him in amazement.

"Golly!" murmured Mr. Grump solicitously. "When did you happen to an accident?"

Magnolius groaned.

"Yestiddy."

"Where?"

"Out to the pageant."

"How come?"

Painfully Magnolius explained. And as he explained, Nathaniel's eyes grew wider and wider, for he began to discern many things which were not visible to the gaze of the financier from Chattanooga. Through it all there was only one note of thanksgiving in the brain of Mr. Nathaniel Grump; he was delighted that Magnolius did not suspect the identity of the knight who had spilled him so ignominiously into the dust.

"An' hean I is," wailed Magnolius, "laid up fo' two, th'ee, four weeks maybe—in a strange town—an' ——"

Nathaniel expressed sympathy in honeyed words. He was boiling with anger against Freddy Wender, for he knew just what Freddy had done, and why. And meanwhile he realized that he must make hay immediately, else Freddy would enter and inform Magnolius who the assaulting knight had been. And so he plunged into a vivid and glowing description of the advantages to be had by investing in the Mutual. Magnolius put out a restraining hand.

"Nothin' doin', Mistuh Grump. Ise awful sorry—but I has a'ready invested in Mistuh Wender's grocery business an' I ain't got no mo' investin' capital."

Nathaniel's heart sank. "Already invested in Freddy's business?"

"Uh-huh. I signed a 'greement this mawnin'. It had been all drawed up by Lawyer Evans Chew, an' ——"

"But that don't mean you can't invest somethin' in insurance. Now, my company ——"

"Insurance business ain't no good," stated Magnolius positively.

"Man! You don't know nothin'."

"Like thunder I don't. Look at me. Just befo' I went to that pageant yestiddy Brother Wender happened to give me an insurance policy in yo' company. Said it was a good company an' I ought to be insured in it. Of course he di'n't know that an accident was gwine happen to me ——"

"Of course not!"—caustically.

"An' yet it did. An' heah I is all accidented up. Nossuh, Mistuh Grump; what I has learned about the insurance business is this—any investin' I does in it will be buyin' policies an' not buyin' stock."

So Freddy had overlooked no single detail! Nathaniel groaned loudly. There was one thing though—he couldn't stand the idea of paying the wealthy Magnolius twelve-fifty a week during the period of his indisposition. That was too much like piling an Ossa of insult upon a Pelion of misfortune. It would be easy to prove that his accident had been in fact no accident at all, in as much as he himself had designedly unhorsed the other knight. It was a delicate legal point, but it might enable him to evade payment. He broached the subject gently.

"S'pose," he growled, "that it should be proved that how come you to be hurt yestiddy wasn't no accident. Suppose that was proved."

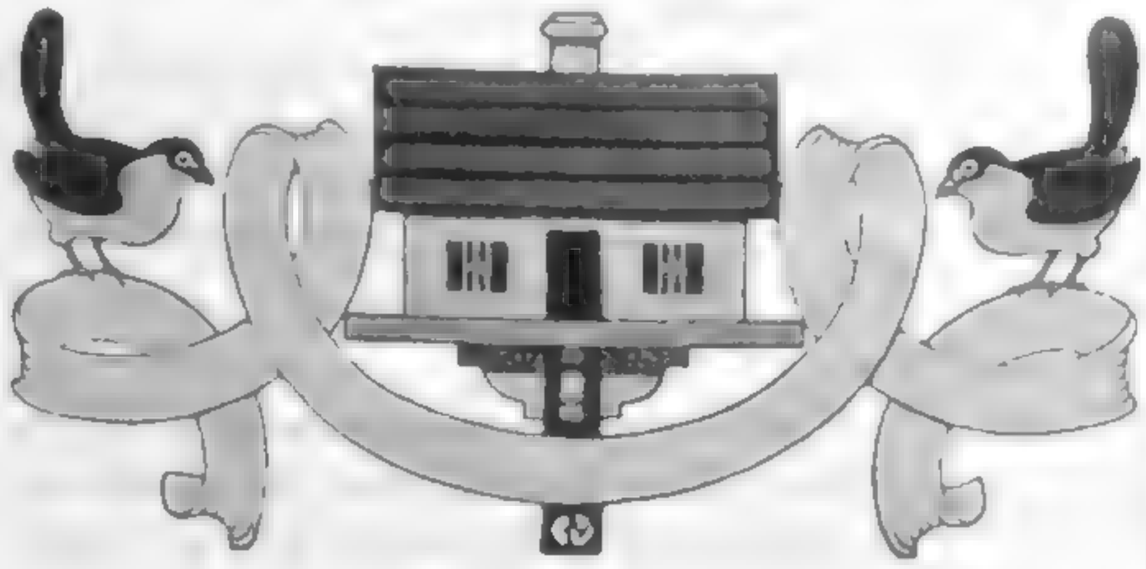
Magnolius tried to sit up in bed, and his eyes flashed fire. "I wish it could!" he snapped.

"Huh?" Nathaniel was surprised. "Why?"

"Because," grated Mr. Magnolius Beezum, "if that could be proved, I shuah would sue the feller which bumped me off that horse. An' I'd sue him fo' twenty thousand dollars."

It was the final and most unkindest cut of all. Nathaniel Grump waved a despairing hand.

"So far as I is concerned," he groaned, "I guess we just better admit that what happened to you was entirely accidental!"



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Included in the price as standard equipment are Nash-design 4-wheel brakes, full balloon tires, and five disc wheels.

(1561)

ASSMER OR TIZZICK

(Continued from Page 21)

only i cant make them myself. i dont see what they is mad about. Missis Natt Weeks diddent mean to do it. she dident know the old tomcat was there and when she found out he was cooked they dident eet him.

MARCH 7, 186— brite and fair. seams to me we have a awful lot of good weather. Beany sed his granmother dont have the tizzick xcept when it is rany so peraps she will get well befoar i get my $1. dollar or peraps my $.50 cents or even my $.25 cents but i hoap not. i am hoaping it will rane but i dont xpect it. it never ranes xcept on picnick days and the 4th of Julys.

MARCH 8, 186— brite and fair. i dont believe it is ever going to rane again. it must be tuff to be a doctor and have to wate for peeple to get sick. Beany says his granmother hassent squehawed once.

MARCH 9, 186— brite and fair. i gess i mite as well say goodby to my $1. dollar or peraps my $.50 or even my $.25 cents.

MARCH 10, 186— i am tired of wrighting brite and fair. Beanys granmother has got well. today she licked Beany and give me a feerful bat on the ear and chased Pewt cleer down to the high school fense.

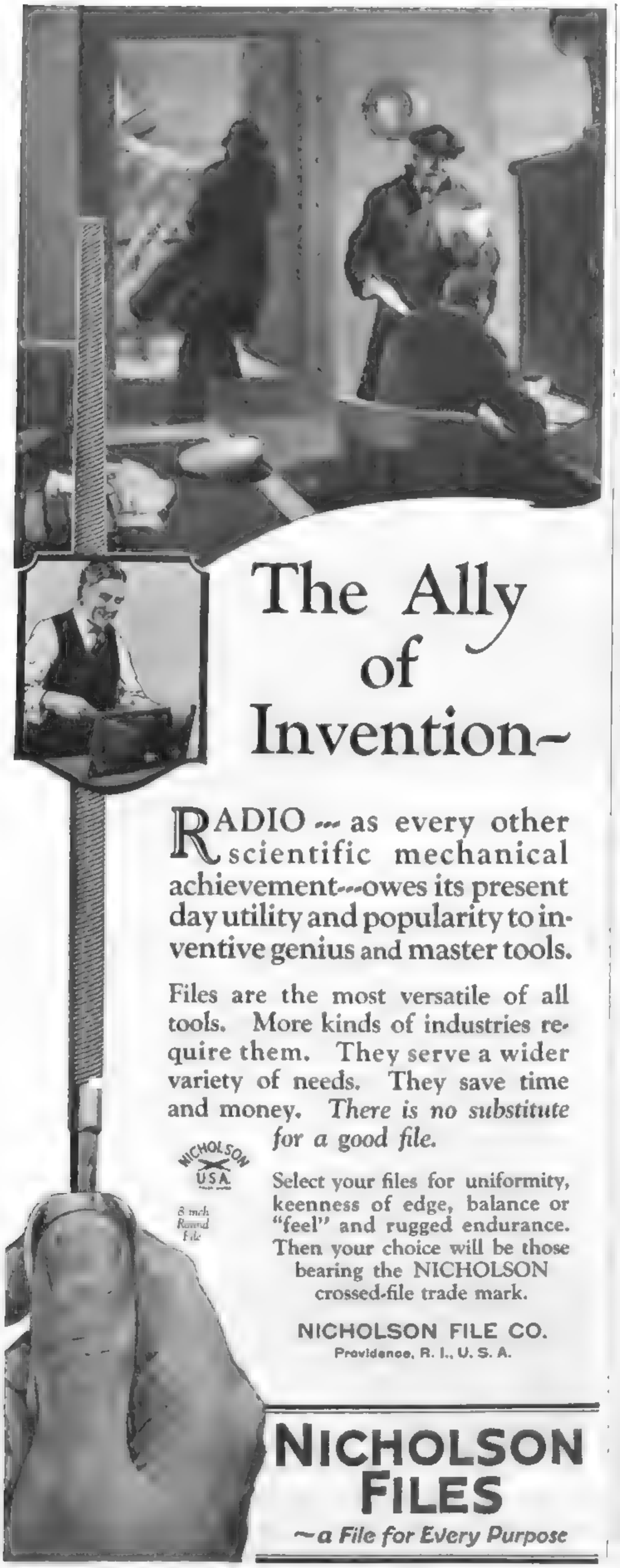
MARCH 11, 186— it is clowdy today. my ear sounds like a bumblebee trying to get throug a window pain. Beanys granmother hit me a awful lick. if she has the tizzick agan i wont say a word to save her. i wood rather lose my $1. dollar or peraps my $.50 cents or even my $.25 cents than to save a womans life whitch hits me such a awful lick and jest for nothing. i hoap it will rane and she will squeehaw all nite to pay her for hitting me such a lick on the ear.

MARCH 12, 186— rany and windy as time and snowey two. it is tuff to have it rane on saterday haff holiday. but today it aint so tuff becaus Beanys granmother is wirse than she ever was befoar. Beany he told me to come over as quick as i cood becaus peraps i wood never have another chanct. so we went up and got Pewt and went over.

Beanys granmother was sitting in a arm chair and squehawing awful and Beanys mother and his sister was fanning her and Mister Watson Beanys father was ringing out knapkins in hot watter and putting them on her gozzle and saying why in hel dident the doctor come. i tell you i was glad the doctor dident come and i went in and sed i know what will cure you and she sed for hevens sake squeehaw, tell me squeehaw what it is squawoo.

i have wrote it down jest as she sed it but i gnew what she ment. Doctors have to know them things. so i sed my father sed if you wood wet your feed you wouldnt have enny trouble. well what do you think, insted of $1. dollar or peraps $.50 or even $.25 cents they all got mad and gawed me terrible and Beanys granmother stoped squehawing and gumped up and sed my father was a low minded retch to maik fun of a old lady whitch was dying by intches and Beanys father he sed i was a wirthless little devvil and he grabbed me by the ear and neerly pulled it out so that my face was onesided and i had to waulk on my tipto and he waulked me over to my house and told my mother that i had insulted his wife's mother whitch was granmother Baxter and that he wood settle it with Mister Shute the ferst time he saw him becaus he told me to do it and no man living shood insult his wife's mother whitch is Beanys granmother without settling with him. and he waulked off stiflegged and woodent lissen to what mother sed. after he'd gone mother asted me about it and i told her and Aunt Sarah. Well mother scolded me and sed it was a awful thing to maik fun

(Continued on Page 82)



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Quaker State Motor Oil is made from 100% pure Pennsylvania crude oil—*everywhere* recognized as the best for motor oils. Quaker State's exclusive *super-refining* process utilizes only the *cream of the crude*—a barrel of crude producing only 2½ gallons of Quaker State Motor Oil. Naturally, Quaker State Motor Oil is higher-priced by the gallon than inferior oils, but measured by car miles run it is the cheapest oil you can use.

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(Continued from Page 80)

on a unfortunait invallid and that i had hurt the fealings of verry kindhearted nabors and probably maid a grate deel of truble for all of them. i told her father sed it and I suposed it was true and she sed dont you know yet when your father is goking and i sed no. then she sent me out of the room and i went out the front door and shet it hard and then opened it eesy and come in and lissened. Aunt Sarah sed to mother o dear i am afrade Harry has made a awful lot of truble for us and mother sed i am afrade so Sarah. i dont blame the Watsons for feeling as they do and it is dredful unfortunait but it is so funny that i cant help laffing and she and Aunt Sarah laffed and laffed. then Aunt Sarah sed it sirves George rite for making a goke of everything. and i dont for the life of me see how he is going to get out of it. then mother sed well if their is a man in the world whitch can get out of it he can. then they laffed sum moar and i went out. i gess i am in for a licking but if they can laff about it i gess they will get father laffing and he wont lick me very hard.

i saw Beany this afternoon and he sed his granmother was all rite. he sed the doctor sed the xcitement distracted her atension from herself. i wunder what he ment. ennyway she acked distracted when she gumped up and sed father was a low minded retch.

MARCH 13, 186— it is Sunday today. yesterday was a very xciting day. last nite when father came home mother dident tell him what i sed to Beanys granmother til after supper, when she told what i had did i wish you cood have herd him. he sed i was the cussidist fool he ever see in all his born days. he sed i didnt have branes enuf to fill a salt spoon. and he asted me what i done it for. i sed well father you said if they wood wet her feed she wood be all rite and i thought they had aught to know it and as you were in Boston i thought i wood tell them. if you had herd her squehaw i gess you wood have told her. then father slaped his hands on his hed and sed geerusalem the golden naim ever deer to me dident you know that is what they do to old plug horses with the heeves. i dident supose ennyone was fool enuf not to know that. you have got me in a scraip.

then mother sed you hadent aught to maik a goke of serius matters and father sed et too bruty and i dident know what he ment and then he sed how sharper than a sirpents 2th it is to have a thinkless child. i gnew what he ment then you bet.

then mother and Aunt Sarah began to laff and father rumpled his hair and sed by godfrey it may be all right to laff but it dont help a feller out mutch. then father waulked up and down the room 9 or 10 times and sed i cant get out of this for less than 9 shillings whitch father always sed when he ment $1. dollar and $.50 cents and mother she sed what are you going to do George and he sed i am going down to the drug store and buy a botle of port wine and taik it over to the old lady and i gess that will smooth things over with a lettle eesy taulk. so he put on his hat and told me to stay in til he got back. i have got to go over to Beanys with him. i told father i dident want to go but he sed that dident make enny diference i wood have to go jest the same. i told father that the last time i went over there Mister Watson Beanys father had lugged me home by the ear and lifted me up so thet i dident tuch the ground but a few times. father he sed i needent be afrade. that the only man that mite bring me home by the ear wood be him and he wood probly waulk me home by the gnap of the neck.

so father he went down town and i wated. bimeby he come back with a botle rapped in paper and we started. father he sed for me not to say a word and to let him do the taulking and that if i let aout a single yip i wood be sorry i did. so we went over and gnocked on the door. Beany's father came to the door looking awful stern. father he sed hello Wats you look as if you had liver complaint and father laffed and Beanys father kind of grunted and me and father went in. Beanys granmother was setting in a rocking chair and Beanys mother and his sister Lucy was ther sewing and they all looked mad and dident laff a bit. i never saw Beanys mother look mad befoar for she laffs and gokes with Beany all the time and so does Beanys father and Lucy is good natured most of the time. But they looked as if they had set down on a tact.

But father dident notise it and he sed good evening Missis Watson you look as young as your daughter and more like her twin sister, how do you do Lucy i haven't seen enny one looking so fresh and prety for a long time. if i was only 30 years younger i should be round here so mutch you wood think i lived here, and how do you do madam he sed to Beanys Granmother. you certingly look mutch better then when you came here. i gess the country air is helping you. life in the city is very trying. Beanys granmother come from Biddiford Maine.

well when father he sed these things to them they felt better and they kind of smiled at father but they all glore at me and even Beanys granmother dident look quite so mad but she sniffed and sed a good deel you care how i am Mister Shute when you send sutch a message to me.

father he looked sirprised and sed mesage. what mesage. i dont understand you dear madam. what mesage sed Beanys granmother sniffing an awful snort, you were kind enuf and polite enuf and gentleman enuf to send wird to an unfortunait old lady whitch was suffering from tizzick that if she wood wet her feed she wood be all rite. i never was so insulted and wounded and hirt in my life. then Beanys granmother she sniffed and reeched for her smeling botle and took 2 or 3 snifs of it and began to wipe her eyes and draw her bret hard and missis Watson she sed now mother now mother now mother 3 times i think ther is some mistake. i never gnew Mister Shute to insult ennyone, and Lucy she sed so two.

father who was setting looking pussled sed i thank you ladies i dont understand it yet. i certainly dident send enny mesage to you. about a weak ago this boy was asking me what was good for short breth and i give him sum fool anser as i frequintly do but i ment it as a goke and it went out of my mind as soon as i sed it. i supose he thought i really ment it and he wanted to help you. of coarse it is my fault for gokeing so mutch but i always have and i gess i always shall. i am also to blame for not inquiring about your helth befoar and only today i brot home a botle of port wine for you for i thought a little wood help you, and when he sed this father unrapped the botle and gave it to her with a bow. well i never saw a old lady so pleased and Beanys father he sed there mother i knew that George Shute never sed enny sutch a thing about you and Beanys mother she sed she woodent beleeve it when she herd it and father bowed and amiled and then Beanys granmother she sed she supposed i ment well but dident gnow verry much and she asted father how he suposed i cood know very mutch with such a shaped hed and father he tirned red and stoped smiling and looked funny and sed peraps i wasent so bad as i looked and Beanys granmother she sed mersy no she hoaped not for it wood be dredful if i was and then father sed goodnite and he went home. father was kind of grumpy for a while but bimeby he began to laff and sed well Joey, he calls mother Joey you know, i got out of it without lieing a bit and everyone of them wood vote for me for president and he told mother and Aunt Sarah how he did it and then mother she sed George you aloud them to believe that you brougt that botle of port wine from Boston for that old lady and father he sed all i sed was i brougt it home on purpose for her and it was the truth and mother she sed i think you let them get the rong idea and father he sed that is diplomercy and if the goverment had sent him to China insted of old Anson Birlingame tea wood only cost $.03 cents a pound and fire crackers $.01 a

Continued on Page 84

The CHALLENGE

SHE paused in front of the glistening show-case, arrested by a package she knew well. Already her arms were full of bundles, for she had purchased everything on her list. Yet the shape and size and color and name of that package indicated to her the very embodiment of quality. Like millions of other women, she had read of it and was familiar with its uses.

Now she named the product and said, "I'll take that, please."

In display windows and on the shelves of all the stores in all the land, products meet challenge daily. If some are bought on sight, as this product was, it is almost certain that they have been well advertised. Their makers did more than build a mill and install some machinery and set men to work. They prepared a market to accept their goods by cultivating a knowledge of them in the consumer's mind.

The economic value of this plan is in avoiding resistance. Advertising speeds all the processes of distribution. It smooths the pathway of goods to jobbers' warehouses. It gains the cordial support of retailers. And then, when the final challenge comes, it keeps them moving into homes.

Through every step there is saving, in capital employed, facilities used, effort spent. In fact, the whole modern scheme of merchandising by the aid of advertising is so thoroughly logical that it is fast becoming a question not of whether it shall be done, but how well it can be done.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Continued from Page 82.

buntch. gosh i wish they had sent him. ennyway father can get out of scraips better then enny one i ever gnew. i wish i cood.

MARCH 14, 186 – there was a snowstorm last nite and it snew all day.

MARCH 15, 186— nothing mutch today.

MARCH 16, 186— brite and fair. nothing mutch today neether.

MARCH 17, 186— old Francis licked 14 fellers today with a bile on his hand whitch was tyed to his neck with a sling. i escaped for onct. the fellers started a rebelian because they thougt he coodent lick them. with a bile on his hand. they will never start another.

MARCH 18, 186— brite and fair what do you think. the doctor has told Beanys granmother that she must smoak hemlock and stuf like that to cure her tizzick. she says she wont smoak it in a pipe and so Beanys father wants me to maik her sum segars. he sed Beany dident know how. Beany dident dass to tell him that he cood make them. Beany has made hundreds of them. they asted Pewt but Pewts father was there and Pewt dident dass to say that he knew how to maik them and so he sed he dident know how and he sed the fellers sed i cood maik the best sweetfern segars they ever smoaked. so when Beanys father asted me i sed i wood do it. i woodent lie about it because father always aloud me to maik them xcept when i put them in the oven.

Tonite when father come home i told him about what the doctor sed and what Mister Watson Beanys father asted me to do about the hemlock segars and father sed dont tell me enny such fool story as that and i sed honnest hope to dye and cross my throat Mister Watson Beanys father sed the doctor told him to let her smoak sum hemlock. and father he sed i will go over and see Wats and he went over and Wats sed the doctor sed that i cood put in ennything that mite stimulait the aixion of her lungs. that it wood maik her coff sum but unless her truble was two far advanced it wood cure her. father sed he had asted what wood hapen if her truble was two far advansed and Mister Watson Beanys father sed he sed it woodent hurt her enny way. so father sed i cood go ahed and i went up and got Pewt and told him to get what he cood and he done it and Beany he got what he cood and we went into my kitchen and mixed them up. Pewt put in sum dride corn silk and sum dride gold thred that you get by diging up the grond under pine trees in the woods and sum dride skunk cabige. he also got sum hayseed. it wasent verry clean because he got it out of the hen coop.

Beany he put in sum sweetfirn and a little sulfer and a peace of tar whitch we pounded with a hammer and until it was jest like powder. I scraped sum sawdust from a peace of rattan and also a peace of graipvine and cut a peace of rubber boot as fine as i cood. also sum mullin leef and finaly we put in a big spoonful of kian peper. we thougt that wood stimulait her. then we mixed them as good as we cood. then Beany he sed it wood be better to maik the cigars bigger than the ones we smoaked because she was a big woman and gneeded a lot of smoak. so i went up stairs and asted father and he sed despirrit cases gneed despirrit remidies and as long as the doctor dident say enny thing about the size of the segar i gess you had better maik it mans size. So insted of maiking the case by winding a peace of Godys lady book round a pencil we wond it round a carpinters pensil whitch is four times as big round then we paisted them with paist and dride them and stufed them. we maid 10 of them befoar the 9 oh clock bell rung. then befoar the fellers went home we lit one of them and Pewt took a whiff of it and coffed his hed most off and had to drink abot a pale of water. and father hollered down stares what in thunder are you boys doing down there are you birning a rubber boot and Beany sed i put my boots two neer the stove but it is all rite now and father sed phew it is as mutch as we can do to get our breth you had augt to be moar cairful. so the fellers went home. i am going to taik the segars over the next time she has a spel. i hoap it will be soon.

MARCH 19, 186— today it raned in the afternoon because it was saterday. it most always does. well tonite Beanys granmother had a awful spel and after super me and father went over with the segars. Beanys granmother was there in her chare sqeehawing wirse than ever. Beany run up after Pewt because it was only fair becaus Pewt helped to maik the segars, so when Beany came Mister Watson Beanys father xamined the segars and put one in his mouth and drawed in his breth and sed it was stufed two tite. so he run a darning needle throug it 2 or 3 times and sed it drawed perfect. then he showed Beanys granmother how to draw in her breth with the segar in her mouth, and then he told her to blow out all her breth and when he sed the word to draw in as hard and as long as she cood. so she done it and when her breth was all out she looked all kind of shrivelled up and Beanys father had lit a mach and put the segar in her mouth and lit it and sed now mother breeth in as hard and long as you can and she done it and sweled up and all at once her eys began to stick out and she spitt out her segar and gumped up and smoak begun to poar out of her mouth and nose and eys jest like a stove when you have shet the drafs, and she begun to claw both hands for her gozzle and dance round, and holler hoag hoag hoag aggoo hoag and scat them most to deth. well there was a awful time and they had to open the winders and fan her and she drunk 2 pales of water just like a horse. only moar, just like Pewt drunk water last nite when he tride to smoak one of those segars.

Well father went home as soon as he cood when she began to holler but i stade until she got most of the smoak out of her. when i got home father was trying to tell mother and Aunt Sarah and he laffed so he coodent and he kep saying o suffering doodle bugs i thougt i shood die and he asted me what we put in the segars and when i told him he laffed until he had to set down and wipe his eys. and he sed he hadent had so mutch fun sinse Bill Clark threw the skunk into the advent chirch revival and locked the door.

wel it was a very xciting evening. i never gnew a lifelier one. i hoap Beanys granmother wont dye. i shall be anchious to hear how she is tomorow.

How Do You Do Madam He Jed to Beanys Granmother. You Certingly Look Mutch Better Then When You Come Here

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So Light, Cool and Trimly Fitting —you're never conscious of it

"Unconscious summerwear." That's what men call this Allen-A summer union suit. It fits so well you never know you have it on.

If you've been looking for summerwear that really *fits*—that does not merely bag around the body—here's something worth remembering.

You'll find Allen-A Summerwear is properly shaped and proportioned. Made with the same expert care as the famous Allen-A spring-needle knit union suit.

It will not bunch or bind or gape—if you are properly fitted. And, note this, for it is important: Your dealer has a special way of measuring you for Allen-A. It assures you perfect fit. If your dealer does not carry Allen-A, just send us a card. We will gladly direct you to one who does.

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Hosiery
For Men, Women and Children

Underwear
For Men and Boys Only

Why drive a shabby car?

A far more Durable, more Beautiful Finish for your Car!

First Developed for War Planes

The necessities of war service for airplanes called for a painting material for wings, fuselage and pontoons, that had never been produced in the history of painting. Valentine's corps of chemists tackled the problem and produced a material that met the need for extreme production speed plus undreamed of durability with the completeness characteristic of the great achievements in so many lines during the war.

With this material a plane could be painted complete with five coats in four hours and flown one hour after the application of the final coat.

Perfected in Seven Years for Automobiles

Its appearance was satisfactory for war purposes but too dull and lustreless where beauty counts as it does in motor cars. As Valentine & Company have for over ninety years produced the varnishes and colors used in finishing the finest carriages and motor cars, it was only natural that they tried to combine the wonderful speed and durability of this new material with the beauty of their automobile varnishes and colors and the waterproof qualities of their world-famous Valspar.

On account of the radical differences in the nature of the materials involved, it looked at first like a problem impossible to solve; it did, in fact, take seven years of incessant work with unlimited facilities and chemical talent to do it.

More Than a Lacquer—More Than a Varnish

Others have produced nitrocellulose lacquers for a wide variety of uses, and many have produced varnishes of every imaginable type, but Valentine & Company have produced in Nitro-Valspar a product combining the best qualities of both, with an eye single to the perfect finish for motor cars.

Nitro-Valspar is Different

It cannot be emphasized too strongly that Nitro-Valspar is different from any other automobile finish on the market.

Nitro-VALSPAR

—the finish that stays new

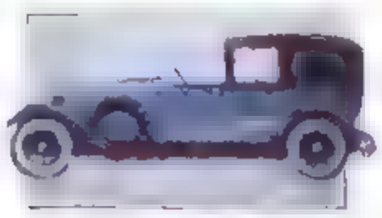
Why drive a shabby car ?

Nitro-VALSPAR

Three Choices of Finish

First: Natural *Nitro*-Valspar Finish—Nitro-Valspar left just as it is applied has a beautiful satin finish—far smoother than the usual lacquer. It is easy to keep clean either by wiping dry or washing in the usual way; it is practically immune to scratching or marring, and the color won't rub off!

Second: Polished *Nitro*-Valspar Finish—On account of the unequalled smoothness of the finished surface, Nitro-Valspar is easily brought to a high and uniform polish which, like the natural finish, is easy to care for and is practically scratch and mar-proof.



Third: Varnished *Nitro*-Valspar Finish—Most nitrocellulose lacquers will not "hold" varnish, but Nitro-Valspar may be successfully varnished if desired. Nitro-Valspar plus Valentine's Super Finishing Varnishes produces a brilliancy and depth of lustre and color unequalled by any other materials. And this combination affords a durability many times greater than the usual varnish finish.

Nitro-Valspar Must be Applied by a Professional Painter

On account of the extreme speed with which Nitro-Valspar hardens it is not practical to put it on with a brush—it must be applied with compressed air and an air brush or "gun." It may, therefore, only be used by the motor car manufacturer or the professional automobile painter with his equipment for refinishing your car.

On account of the time saved by the Nitro-Valspar System, your car is refinished in a few days instead of in two or three weeks.

Nitro-Valspar produces unequalled results in both appearance and durability because every coat of the System—primer, surfacer, and color is Nitro-Valspar. All coats air-dry with great rapidity, eliminating entirely the use of force drying equipment.

Have your car Nitro-Valsparred now and drive a new car all the time!

Send for Free Folder

There's an attractive folder showing the range of beautiful Nitro-Valspar colors. We have a copy ready for you. It tells all about Nitro-Valspar and how you can get a Nitro-Valspar finish on your car. Write for this folder—it's free. Also send name of your auto painter. Address Valentine & Company, 454 Fourth Ave., New York City.

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Nitro-Valspar Valentine's Varnishes Valspar-Enamels

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Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston Detroit Toronto London Paris Amsterdam

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Nitro-VALSPAR

—the finish that stays new

A real aid in choosing the correct Spring hosiery

IN SPRING—more than at any other season—feminine loveliness is at its best. More reason why the spring wardrobe should be chosen to accentuate one's natural and becoming charm.

Little wonder that literally millions of American women should have found in Real Silk a style service that is almost indispensable.

Assisted by the Real Silk Representative who calls at the home, they are offered a dependable solution to perplexing problems of correct dress—not only in the selection of hosiery, but in following accurately the ever-changing whims of fashion.

And besides—quite as important—is the marked saving which they make in buying hosiery direct from the Mills at Mill prices.

TO INSURE SERVICE, TOP, TOE AND HEEL ARE MADE OF FINEST LISLE.
EVERY PAIR IS GUARANTEED

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THERE IS A BRANCH OFFICE IN YOUR CITY. CONSULT 'PHONE DIRECTORY

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS INCORPORATED — REAL SILK — FROM MILL TO MILLIONS

This gold button identifies the authorized Real Silk Representative when he calls at your home

WITHOUT COST TO YOU—Correct color combinations of hosiery, dresses, hats and shoes for either street, sport, afternoon or evening costume are insured by the use of the Costume Color Harmony Charts. With the assistance of our New York and Paris Style Bureaus, I personally designed these charts for your convenience, and I will gladly send them to you without cost. Just fill out the coupon and mail. —KATHERINE HARFORD

[THIS COUPON BRINGS TO YOU MISS HARFORD'S NEW COLOR HARMONY CHARTS FREE]

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Please have Miss Harford send me, without cost or obligation, her Costume Color Harmony Charts.

Name

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Obtainable Only through Representatives Who Call at the Home

THE CHANNAY SYNDICATE

(Continued from Page 44)

He shrugged his shoulders, pushing the box of cigarettes toward her.

"I have only one regret," he observed, "in case any accident should happen to me—that I shan't be there to see Drood and his fellow conspirators when they find the will which I have just planned."

She shuddered a little.

"You haven't any nerves, have you?" she remarked.

"Prison life," he replied.

They dined immediately after Martin Fogg's return—not in any way cheerlessly, for in some queer fashion Channay found the girl's presence stimulating, and he was at his best, notwithstanding that background of unacknowledged anxiety which at times made conversation difficult. With the rising of the moon, father and daughter went homeward, the latter reluctantly.

"I think we ought to stay," she suggested half seriously.

Channay shook his head.

"There is only just sensation enough for one," he told her. "I doubt whether the night will bring me even a thrill."

Nothing whatever happened through the night or on the following day. At twilight Martin Fogg and Catherine arrived; the former eager to try his new plaything. They all tramped out across the marshes, whitened a little with the faint frost, until they found Channay's favorite position behind a high dike bank. With the darkness came a few duck, two of which Channay shot, and at all of which Martin Fogg blazed happily away. A faint fall of snow followed the darkness, and as soon as the flighting was over they turned homeward, pausing once or twice to listen. There was a curious brooding silence everywhere. The sea—it was almost full tide—was noiseless. The birds seemed to have found their homes for the night, and with the slight flurry of snow the last vestiges of wind had dropped. Catherine shivered a little.

"I don't like this silence," she admitted.

"Either our duck-shooting friends are lying low, or it was a false alarm and those fellows were merely what they professed to be," Channay observed, pausing to light his pipe.

Just at that moment there was a familiar indescribable sound—the swish-ping of a bullet close at hand, followed immediately by a report from the other end of the dike. Channay dropped his pipe, but picked it up almost at once, and with it his hat. He laid down his shotgun, pulled out his automatic and ran a few steps in the direction from which the shot had come. Suddenly he stopped short. The duck shooters were not such fools after all. Between him and the place from which the shot had been fired was a great morass through which no one could pass, bounded on one side by a stagnant lake. He shrugged his shoulders and came back.

"First effort a failure," he remarked, "but they have a marksman with them."

Catherine was frankly terrified. She caught hold of Channay's arm and forced him to hurry. Martin Fogg, bareheaded and carrying his gun in an absurd fashion, lingered behind, his blinking eyes searching everywhere for some suspicious object.

"No more duck shooting," Catherine declared firmly when at last they reached the shelter of the house.

"Consider my housekeeping!" Channay protested.

"I can buy them in the village for eighteen pence," she told him scornfully. "Why don't you get out of this and come up to London? It's getting awfully cold."

"I'll give it another day," he decided. "I might consider a move then. Not that I'm at all sure it would be wise. I think London is rather their happy hunting ground."

There were complications, however, about their proposed departure for London. On the following morning Parsons came to his master with an air of grave concern. The garage had been broken into and all four tires of the car had been cut. Channay listened to the recital with the air of a chess player who watches with mild amusement a move on the part of an inferior player.

"When you go to the village this morning, Parsons," he directed, "telephone to Norwich for a fresh set. Have them sent out by car and have the man who puts them on drive the car down to Jarvice's garage. Ask them to put it in a lock-up box and give you the key, and to be sure they tell no one that it is there."

"Very good, sir," Parsons replied. "And shall we be leaving these parts soon?"

"Almost at once," his master promised. "Are you nervous?"

"It isn't I, sir. It's the missus," Parsons explained apologetically. "All last night she kept on waking and hearing footsteps around the house and the sound of oars in the creek. If you'll pardon my saying so, sir, I think they've got us pretty well hemmed in."

"If they have, they don't seem to do much about it," Channay replied. "These fellows who come out on jobs like this are generally cowards. They want to try to hit upon a plan by means of which they risk nothing. They mayn't find it quite so easy."

"I've got padlocks on the back doors and I've moved heavy furniture up against the lower windows," Parsons reported. "You'll keep indoors after twilight as much as possible, sir?"

Channay promised, but on the following night the lust of excitement crept into his blood. There were masses of black cloud all over the sky and a strong wind blowing; but here and there were clear spaces overhead, and from behind the jagged edge of the rolling clouds there was at times a gleam of moonlight. Channay took some Number Three shot he kept for geese, filled his pocket with cartridges and, with his automatic in the hip pocket of his breeches, left the house during a moment's darkness. He followed the creek for some distance and then turned round and stole across the dike bank from seaward. Arrived at the spot where he usually stood, he lay down upon his stomach and watched. Presently he heard the coming of duck. He made no movement. Almost simultaneously, his eyes becoming trained to the gloom, he saw a dark figure about eighty paces distant. He lifted his gun and, still without rising from the ground, fired at the duck, already out of range. Almost immediately a bullet whistled above him, just where his head would have been. Still upon his stomach, he returned the fire with his shotgun. He saw the black form stagger and heard a cry of pain. Instantly he scrambled to his feet, crossed the dike, climbed up a bank of shingle and dropped on the sands. Listening intently, he could hear a rush of feet toward the spot where he had been lying. He waited, tense and expectant. In a moment or two one of the party climbed cautiously up and stood on the bank, looking around. Channay fired again, and with an oath the shape disappeared. There was a murmur of angry voices, and this time Channay delayed no longer. He took to the hard sands and ran. He heard his pursuers floundering in the marshland, but they had no chance of cutting him off. He reached home safely, and at once bolted and barred all the doors and windows.

"Anyone called, Parsons?" he asked, on his way up to the bathroom.

"A boy has been here from the village, sir," Parsons announced. "He brought a message from Mr. Fogg. He asked if he and his daughter could dine here tonight, as they are going to London tomorrow in any case. I took the liberty of saying yes, as Mrs. Parsons is well prepared."

"Quite right," his master approved.

Channay, bathed and changed, made his way to the study, mixed the cocktails, opened yesterday's papers and settled down to wait with an air of pleasurable anticipation. It was eight o'clock however—half an hour after the appointed time—before his guests arrived. Mr. Martin Fogg was carrying his twenty-eight-bore gun, which he set down gingerly upon the hall table, and from which Channay quickly extracted the two cartridges.

"The duck party arrived home just as we were starting," Catherine explained. "They had very little to say about it, but two of them are wounded. Not very seriously, the doctor reported, but one of them will have to go to hospital."

"Good!" Gilbert Channay declared. "I gave them Number Three shot for a treat."

"You've been out on the marshes?" she asked, with a note of reproof in her tone.

"I had to," he admitted, as he handed her a cocktail. "Remember that the greatest principle of defense sometimes is to take the offensive. They had one go at me. Let me see, that leaves only three, doesn't it?"

"Four now," she replied. "Another arrived this evening. Father will tell you."

"Drood himself," Martin Fogg announced gravely. "I wish you had taken our advice and got away yesterday, Mr. Channay."

"How could I?" the other protested. "The car wasn't ready. The man only got the tires on this afternoon. Tomorrow morning, if you like. We'll dine in town. You shall choose your favorite restaurant and we'll see if these fellows are any handier on their own happy hunting ground."

Catherine shivered.

"You treat the whole thing altogether too lightly," she complained. "I don't. I'm tired of it. Why don't you make terms with this Mr. Drood?"

He laughed scornfully.

"If I did that," he said, "I should go through the rest of my days feeling that I was a coward."

"You would risk your life for an idea!" she exclaimed bitterly.

"The best lives the world has ever known," he rejoined, "have been given for ideas. After that trite saying, let us go in and dine."

They lingered longer than usual over the meal. Mrs. Parsons had produced some unexpected partridges, and Parsons, without orders, had opened a second bottle of champagne. With the serving of coffee, Martin Fogg left the room to report upon the weather. Channay spoke briefly of his plans.

"When this present little affair of Channay versus Drood, or Drood versus Channay, is over," he confided, "I think that I shall go to Monte Carlo. Do you think we could induce your father to bring you down there, Miss Fogg?"

"I am not sure whether I want to go," she replied.

"Why not?" he asked earnestly. "What do you want in life? Travel, a career—or a home?"

She leaned back in her chair, looking away for a moment into space, and then returned his gaze, her clear brown eyes as unflinching as his, her little smile an answer to the interest, deeper than curiosity, which lay beneath his words.

"You ask me more than I know myself," she confessed. "Self-analysis makes one feel so self-conscious, or else I really think it would be amusing, at any rate, to make the effort, to understand oneself a little more. I don't think that I'm a weak woman; I don't think that I am altogether an idiot; but somehow or other I feel so atomic, if you know what I mean—torn into little bits—the home of too many differing desires. The worst of it is, I have no courage. I want experiences which I should never have the courage to undertake. I want to travel along paths in which I should be terrified to find myself. Yet I want the knowledge which comes from all these things. . . . I hope I make myself

(Continued on Page 93)

"Hello Daddy—don't forget my Wrigley's"

Slip a packet in your pocket when you go home tonight ~ ~ ~

Give the youngsters this wholesome sweet for pleasure and benefit.

Use it yourself after smoking or when work drags. ~ ~ It's a great little freshener/

Wrigley's is beneficial to teeth, mouth, throat ~ and digestion ~ ~

"after every meal"

WRIGLEY'S

Sealed Tight Kept Right

DIFFERENT FLAVORS Same Quality

This flame heats

¶ This cut-away view shows how the blue flame of the Florence goes straight to the cooking. The heat is *focused* just where you want it.

the kettle ~ not the kitchen

See how the focused flame of the Florence sends the heat straight where you want it!

COOKING heat thrown out into the kitchen means a three-times-a-day drain on your time and temper. Cooking heat that goes straight to the bottom of the kettle gives the best results in the least time.

That's the working principle of the Florence—the oil range with *focused heat.* Specially designed burners send the heat directly into the cooking, where you want it.

Naturally, this more efficient stove helps you cook better meals. The certainty and the simplicity of the Florence cut out all the guesswork. You can have the right heat—where you want it—at the turn of a lever. To start the Florence you have only to turn a lever, touch a match to the asbestos kindler, and the range is ready to cook your dinner.

Florence kitchens are cool in summer

No use to hope for a cool kitchen if your cooking stove throws much of the heat out into the room. The Florence uses the heat for cooking and leaves the kitchen cool—a pleasant place to work on a hot summer day.

Your first glimpse of the Florence will tell a story of service and beauty. The sturdy frame is built for years of hard use; the shining enamel means just as many years of good looks. Here's an oil range any good housekeeper would be proud to own!

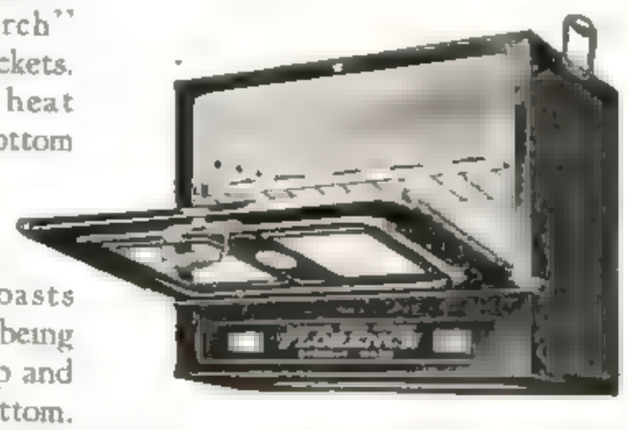
Go see for yourself—

Ask one of your neighbors who use the Florence to show you how convenient it is—how it lights at a turn of the lever and a touch of a match to the clean asbestos kindler. No wicks to trim. Let her tell you how reasonable the Florence is in its demands for kerosene—one of the cheapest fuels known, and one that is always easy to obtain.

Or—go to the nearest department, furniture, or hardware store and look the Florence over. If you don't know the name of the Florence dealer nearest to you, write us and we will give you his name.

Just look at the oven

Many women give the wonderful Florence Oven the credit for much of the good cooking the Florence stove turns out. There's no other oven like it.



The "baker's arch" prevents heat pockets. The patented heat spreader at the bottom insures even distribution of heat and guards against your roasts and baked things being underdone on top and burnt on the bottom. The asbestos lining holds the heat and saves time and fuel. And there is a heat indicator on the oven door which shows the amount of heat in the oven.

FLORENCE STOVE COMPANY, PARK SQUARE BLDG., BOSTON, MASS.
DIVISION OFFICES: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, New Orleans, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Cleveland

Makers of Florence Oil Ranges, Florence Ovens, Florence Water Heaters and Florence Oil Heaters

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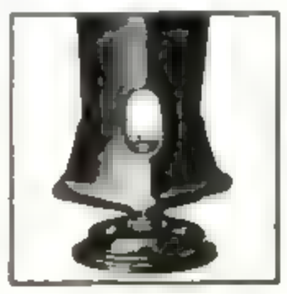

The Florence Leveler—One of the Florence's many refinements is the clever leveler—a simple device attached to each leg, which adjusts the stove to any unevenness in the floor. Just turn the screw in this leg leveler to the exact height necessary as indicated by the spirit level on the feed pipe.

Send for Free Booklet

"Get Rid of the 'Cook Look'" is the name of a booklet that contains valuable and interesting information about the Florence Oil Range. If you will give us your name and address we will send it to you free of charge.

FLORENCE Oil Range

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a million a day

THE profit on one Ford car means little, but the number sold yearly has built one of America's foremost industrial successes. White Owl is founded on this same sound principle of smaller profit per sale. The result is that no other cigar embodies more *remarkable* value—and no other has for its slogan, "a million a day."

2 *for* 15¢

Package of 10 *for* 75¢

White Owl

After all nothing satisfies like a good cigar

General Cigar Co., INC.

Try to visualize
a million It stag-
rs the imagi-

to visual-
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very from them to
ull flavored cigars of
remarkable VALUE.

(Continued from Page 89)

perfectly clear," she added, with an amused little laugh.

"Perfectly," he answered. "I cannot say that I know exactly what you want, but I know what would be best for you."

He leaned a little forward. By accident, at first, his hand touched hers. Her eyes, which had wandered away, suddenly flashed back. It was a moment the significance of which neither of them in the least understood, a moment pregnant with emotions, entirely latent perhaps in her case—for she was singularly honest—undivided. Just then her father returned.

"Winter," he pronounced, "and dark as pitch. Have you broken the news to our host, Catherine?"

"I never thought of it," she confessed, turning toward him. "Have you guessed why you see me wearing a knitted frock instead of an evening toilet? We want to stay the night. May we?"

"You are more than welcome," he answered readily. "Your rooms have always been ready, but I suspect that your demand upon my hospitality is rather more for my sake than for your own."

"Not at all," she assured him. "It is a bitterly cold night, and it will be so comfortable not to hurry off. You are going to play to us—real music—and then I will oblige with some jingle. Father has a volume of absolutely new detective stories which he is going to read and make fun of."

"All the elements"—Channay sighed contentedly—"of a very happy evening."

It was a little short of midnight when, with old-fashioned silver candlesticks in their hands, everyone said good night in the hall. It was another hour before Channay undressed. The music which he had been playing, and some of the more sentimental melodies with which Catherine had followed, seemed to be ringing in his consciousness, to have driven the rougher edges and apprehensions of the moment into the background. For another hour he lay awake, listening to the wind. It was about twenty past three when, after a brief sleep, he awoke suddenly, yet without any definite sense of disturbing sound. He lay still and listened. He could hear nothing, yet the feeling of uneasiness increased. He swung himself out of bed, thrust his feet into his slippers, took his automatic pistol in one hand and his torch in the other and crept out onto the landing. Still he could hear nothing. The rain was screaming against the windowpane and the wind booming away outside, but inside—silence. Nevertheless, he was not satisfied. He descended the stairs, and on the last step paused abruptly. There was the distinct sound of a stealthy movement in his study. A sudden sense of excitement made him forget all caution. He crossed the hall on tiptoe and threw open the door. The room was unlit, but looming over the writing table was the shape of a man who was flashing into the open drawers the light of an electric torch.

"If you move," Channay said quietly, "I shall shoot. Stay there until I've had a look at you."

The figure became motionless, but in that second Gilbert Channay realized that in his impetuous advance he had committed the unpardonable offense of leaving his flank unprotected. His arms were seized from behind. Another pair of arms was around his neck. Something was pushed between his teeth before he could even raise his voice. There was the feel of metal upon his wrists and a horribly familiar click. He heard a fierce triumphant whisper almost in his ear.

"We've got him!"

"Hold him there while I light the lamp," the man who had been inside the room directed.

Channay made no movement. He realized that if he was to have a chance at all the time for action had not yet arrived. The lamp on his table was lit and the figures of three intruders became visible. It was Drood himself, burly, forceful, menacing, who had been rummaging his study table. One of the two who had seized him from behind was the man who had visited his house a few days before.

"Rather rash, aren't you, Channay, for a man who knows that there's trouble about?" Drood sneered. "Ah, I forgot, you can't answer. Put him in that chair."

The two men pushed him into his own easy-chair.

"Take the gag out," Drood ordered.

They obeyed.

"You can shout if you like," Drood told him. "Your butler and his amiable wife are safely tied and trussed. You'll have to shout loud enough to be heard at the mainland for it to do any good, and there's a gale blowing outside."

"I hadn't the least idea of shouting," Channay assured him. "Can't we get to business? An explanation of some sort would be in order."

"The explanation," Drood said, "must naturally be a little primitive. I want fifty thousand pounds. If I get that I might consider taking the safest course and letting you live."

"And if I give you nothing?" Channay asked coldly.

"We shall kill you," was the matter-of-fact reply. "A certain amount of risk, of course, but not much. You will be found on the marshes in a bog hole, into which you have stumbled, with your gun by your side."

"The manservant and his wife?" Channay inquired.

"We have means of dealing with them," Drood answered—"regrettable, but necessary."

"And what good financially does my death bring you?" the captured man demanded.

Drood smiled—an unpleasant, brutal smile.

"That is the part of the whole scheme," he announced, "upon which I congratulate myself most. You may not know it, Gilbert Channay, but you have signed a will, now deposited in the office of my excellent friend Mr. Morrow, the lawyer, leaving your estate to the surviving members of the Channay Syndicate."

"I see," Gilbert Channay observed. "An excellent scheme, but unfortunately the will won't be worth the paper it's written upon."

Drood turned around suddenly. There was a scowl on his face, but there was also unbelief.

"Why not?" he growled.

"Because I executed a will of my own within the last two days and posted it to my own lawyers in Lincoln's Inn yesterday," was the mocking reply.

Drood crossed the room and stood over his prisoner.

"Channay," he exclaimed, "if I thought that was the truth ——"

"It is the truth right enough," Channay assured him. "By the bye, couldn't I have my hands free? This is really a little melodramatic, and you've got my pistol."

Drood took no notice. There was something terrible in the grimness of his face. He believed.

"How did you know?" he asked.

"You think, perhaps, that I have the courage of a fool," Channay replied. "I could assure you that I don't play altogether a lone hand. I have friends. I have friends even at this moment, whom I hope to God ——"

He broke off in his speech. Drood, too, was listening. The two men, who were helping themselves to whisky and soda at the sideboard, raised their heads. Drood took a few steps toward the window, then came to a sudden paralyzed halt. There were no bolts to protect it, for it was the window by which he himself had entered after the fastenings had been treated by a professional hand and the actual resistance was slight; but through a mass of splintering wood and shivering glass there stepped into the room a figure so strange as to be almost ludicrous. Mr. Martin Fogg in pajamas of vivid blue and pink, his hair looking redder than ever, in his eyes a gleam of wild excitement, stood there with his new toy, the twenty-eight-bore shotgun, clasped firmly in his hands. He waited for no threats, he acted upon no precedent, his sense of the melodramatic seemed woefully absent. Without a word of explanation he pulled the trigger of his weapon and let fly. Shot rattled in every direction. Drood, with a horrible curse, spun around, gripping his leg, only suddenly to feel the other one give way beneath him. The two men had scarcely time to take a single step toward this nightmare of an intruder, when a woman's voice from the abruptly opened door stopped them.

"Stand still! Mine's an automatic! If I fire, you're dead!"

They stood still. Just inside the window, with his legs astride, was Martin Fogg, the light of battle in his eyes and two fresh cartridges in his gun, and guarding the door was a woman holding with remarkable steadiness a weapon which they knew much better and feared much more. Whilst they hesitated, Martin Fogg let fly again. The men wheeled about. Four hands shot into the air. Drood was already lying upon his side, groaning. Gilbert Channay, who had taken shelter behind an easy-chair with the first discharge of Martin Fogg's gun, rose suddenly to his feet.

"Keep them covered, Catherine!" he cried, using her Christian name for the first time. "Undo these things, one of you fellows."

He held out his hands.

The nearer of the two obeyed, talking rapidly all the time.

"Governor, we were only here for a lark—thought you wanted frightening. Those were the boss' words. You can take our guns. I've got a half dozen pellets in my leg now."

The handcuffs clattered to the carpet. Gilbert Channay accepted the guns which the two men offered him. From the floor Drood spat at them.

"Get out of the house and run!" Channay directed. "This way!"

He passed in front of them into the hall, walking backward, and threw open the front door, watching their every movement and listening intently for any sound in the library.

"You won't be safe until you get to London," he warned them. "I shall give information at daylight."

They vanished into the night precipitately. Channay came back, to find Catherine looking at him in amazement.

"Mr. Channay," she exclaimed, "I do believe when you got up from behind that chair—yes, and even now you're laughing!"

He pointed to the figure of her father, still toying with his gun, still gazing longingly at the prostrate and cursing figure of Drood.

"My dear Catherine," he rejoined, "you buy your father's ties. It's time you did something about his pajamas!"

There was a miasma of remands and committals. The attempted burglary at Seaman's Grange had excited an amazing amount of interest in the whole locality. Gilbert Channay went to visit Drood in the Norwich Infirmary. The latter greeted him sullenly.

"Channay," he said, "you can count me beat. I know when I have met a better man. I'm through."

"You didn't reckon on Mr. Martin Fogg," Gilbert Channay remarked softly. Drood proved at that moment that he shared one quality with better men. A humorous grin illumined his face.

"Never seen anything like him," he admitted, sitting up and wiping his eyes. "If any ordinary man had stepped in with an automatic I should have downed him. I reckon I'm a second quicker on the draw than most; but, honest, when I saw him standing there in those pajamas and with that colored hair, and his silly toy gun, I thought my brain had given way and I couldn't do a thing. . . . They tell me I'll get six months. If you'll start me with a

—to help agents or dealers

There are about 800,000 retail businesses in the United States with trade confined to a section of a city, or to a neighborhood, that cannot employ the great force of newspaper advertising.

But the owner of the small retail store as well as the large one can profit by using the blotters which manufacturers supply them. They can use dealer help blotters just as effectively as do the sales representatives of many aggressive organizations.

Blotters can be sent out without postage expense in statements. They can be wrapped in packages or distributed from house to house.

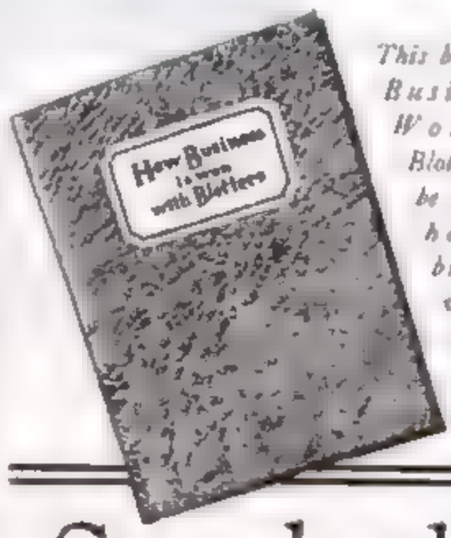
Blotters are 50% utility and 50% advertising are considered as merchandise—are kept when other forms of printed matter are tossed aside.

They stay upon the housewife's desk when she writes out her shopping list. They are at the farmer's elbow when he orders goods by mail. They are on the desk of the busy executive when other forms of advertising have been consigned to oblivion.

Retailers are finding that half-empty envelopes are waste. The mailing of monthly statements can be made to bring in customers as well as cash if blotters are inserted in outgoing envelopes.

Most manufacturers now furnish blotter campaigns that enable retailers to cash in to a greater extent on the demand that national advertising creates.

STANDARD PAPER MFG. CO.,
Richmond, Va.



This book "How Business Is Won With Blotters" will be sent to the heads of businesses who request it.

Standard Blottings
TRADE-MARK
"More Mental Impressions from each printing impression"

MILLERS FALLS

BALLOON TIRE JACK No. 130

Price $6

Slightly higher west of the Rockies

New — simple — strong — safe

Made for balloon tires

THERE had to be a new jack for balloon tires. Millers Falls Company have tried to produce the best jack in the world for the purpose, in No. 130. You ought to see it work. It will slip under an axle 6¾" off the ground and raise it 10". It will pick up 2 tons. Your wife, your children, can operate it. The long extension handle helps.

A great combination of speed, power, and ease. It's even better than our No. 145 for regular tires, which has been making friends these four years. You ought to know all about it. If your dealer can't tell you, write to Millers Falls direct.

For regular tires No. 145 Price $5

MILLERS FALLS COMPANY
Millers Falls, Mass.

28 Warren Street, New York 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago

Manufacturers of Mechanics' Tools, Hack Saws and Automobile Tools

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET OF MILLERS FALLS JACKS

trifle when I get out I'll be grateful. No threats, mind. I've finished."

"I'll give you five hundred for every month," Channay promised.

"Then please God they give me twelve," were Drood's valedictory words, as the nurse came to remove his visitor.

"Father isn't coming," Catherine announced, as she greeted her host in the vestibule of Mario's Club Restaurant, "and I've lost my job."

"It sounds rather an alarming series of calamities," Channay observed as he bent over her hand. "Your father's absence, under the circumstances, I can scarcely be expected to regret; but the job—do you mind much?"

"I am resigned," she admitted. "I have come to the conclusion that Nature meant me to be an idle woman. I have ambitions, I suppose, but I can't seem to focus them."

He led her into the restaurant to a corner table laid for three. One place was cleared away and they sat side by side amongst the cushions.

"Do I understand," he asked, "that the Daily Line has had the hardihood to dispense with your services?"

She nodded.

"I am bored to death with the work," she confided. "It's all drudgery. Last night I was sent to report on a reception held at the house of one of the new nobility. It was all very dull and usual, with the exception of the new nobleman himself. He was neither dull nor, I hope, usual. He took me into his library to copy my notes and suggested that we end the evening with a dance—here, I think it was. He must have had a lot of experience," she went on meditatively. "Most men are so easy to escape from. He wasn't. So I went back to the Daily Line and tore up my notes, and here I am, a free lance."

"You wouldn't like a job as private secretary, I suppose?" he ventured.

"Not to you," she replied, helping herself to caviar. "Your scheme of life is too bloodthirsty. I like adventures up to a certain point, but I have had enough of battle, murder and sudden death for a time. Not so, father," she continued. "I honestly believe, if they'd take him back, he'd rejoin the force, he's so pleased with his last exploit. I heard him tell his tailor that he must have hip pockets in all his trousers."

"Why didn't your father come today—really?" he asked.

"To tell you the truth, there is a coolness between us," she confided. "I wouldn't let him wear either of his new ties this morning. The one he had set his mind on was a mixture of purple and green with a thin red line. He insisted that he had bought it because they were the colors of a defunct rowing club he was once connected with. Anyhow, it couldn't be thought of. He's been grumpy ever since, and just as I went to tell him that it was time to start the telephone bell rang. He became deeply engrossed in some mysterious conversation and finally sent me off alone—said he'd see you later."

"The first advantage I've ever known from your father's somewhat aggressive taste in neckwear," Channay murmured. "Now tell me about this newspaper business. Are you going to give it up?"

"Absolutely," she answered. "You know I was mistaken when I thought that I wanted to earn my own living. I try to come into touch with all this feminist business, but I'm not really a bit ambitious. I was meant to be a drone. All my aspirations are artificial. It is the glamour of everything that attracts, not the thing itself. So long as father's able to pay my bills, and I can have decent clothes and go to the seaside for three months in the year, and see the new plays—I prefer the stalls, but I might put up with the dress circle—I'm perfectly contented. It's a terrible confession, isn't it? But the long and short of it is—I'm an ordinary woman!"

"I am inclined to contest the point," he declared.

"And I beg you not to," she pleaded. "I shall become dumb with self-consciousness if you persist. Let us talk of something else."

"Tell me some more about the incidents last night," he suggested.

"There isn't much to be said about that," she observed. "I don't know how it is, but there always seems to me to be something a little undignified in anything like a scrimmage with a man. They say in politics that Lord Heatherton has been one of the most persistent and pushing of the younger generation. He certainly carries out his principles in the minor details of life."

"Heatherton!" Channay exclaimed quickly

"Now I've told you his name," she sighed. "I didn't mean to. It doesn't really matter. If you were father, I might be afraid of his sallying out to Grosvenor Square with his twenty-eight-bore gun."

"Why shouldn't I do something of the sort?" he asked.

"You haven't the right," she replied coolly. "And besides, you have too much common sense. . . . Tell me what sort of people come here. The place seems to have a note of its own."

"Cinema actresses, producers, film magnates, theatrical agents, a few authors, a few actors, and a good many young ladies who have, or might have, business interests with such," he told her. "Then, of course, there is always a sprinkling of perfectly respectable people who come because they think it's different, and a leaven now and then of the tarnished aristocracy. Amusing for an occasional visit, but cloying as a habit."

"What made you choose it today, then?" she asked.

"Because socially I am in a peculiar position," he answered. "The fact of having enjoyed his majesty's hospitality for two or three years is scarcely counted a recommendation in the most exclusive circles. I can see a lady at Claridge's, for instance, looking at me from the next table with indignation, and a heavy father at the Ritz conveying his young daughter to some other part of the room."

"You're talking rubbish!" she exclaimed indignantly.

He did not pursue the subject at the time, but returned to it a few minutes later.

"I wonder," he reflected, "exactly how I should stand if at any time in the future I should wish to marry and settle down. I have money—stolen money, but honestly stolen—and I conformed properly to the social fetish of public school and university."

"How should I know about such things?" she answered bluntly. "My father was a policeman and my mother a grocer's daughter."

"But respectable," he murmured—"eminently respectable."

"Aren't you rather wasting your time considering such a subject?" she observed. "To me, you always represent the perfect type of the civilized adventurer. I don't believe you could settle down if you wanted to, and a more impossible person as regards women I never met. You don't even trouble to be civil to them. You were absolutely rude to me for weeks before you decided that I didn't count."

He sipped his wine thoughtfully. She continued her lunch, unconscious or unmindful of his obvious contemplation of her.

"An experience like mine," he remarked, "is sobering. Besides, I am approaching that time of life ——"

"You are thirty-eight," she interrupted. "I know all about it. Father is fifty-four, and I know at least three women who are trying to marry him. That is really the only anxiety I have with regard to my future life."

"You might marry, yourself," he suggested.

"Very unlikely," she replied. "I have no qualities, no accomplishments, and

(Continued on Page 96)

Under the shock of big gun fire

It was by using a short stem—closely coiling the filament—and putting in strong supports—that the lamp was developed to serve the Government in its battleships—and to serve industry in factories and mills, where the vibration of machinery is severe.

Under the terrific concussion of gunfire, the lights of the battleship still burn. Yet in each lamp the vital part is a tiny filament a third of the thickness of a hair! It was in the Research Laboratories that tungsten wire was developed to withstand such shocks.

MAZDA SERVICE explores the world for new ideas on incandescent lamps, and works out the scientific developments that bring lighting to its highest efficiency. The benefits of this research are given to those incandescent lamp manufacturers entitled to use the symbol MAZDA on their lamps. And only the manufacturers so served may use the MAZDA mark.

MAZDA

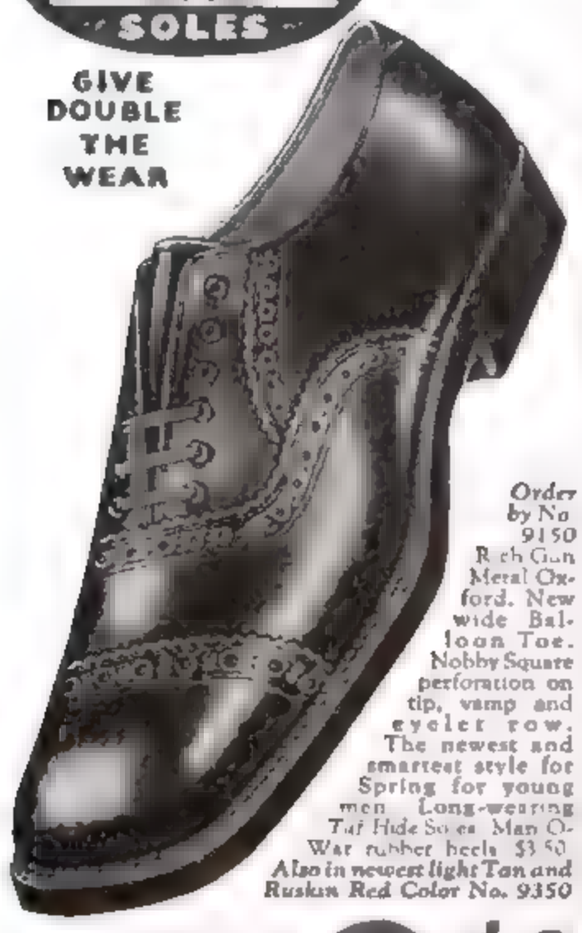
THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE

RESEARCH LABORATORIES *of*
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

THE WONDERFUL
Newark
SHOE FOR MEN

WITH TUFHIDE SOLES

GIVE DOUBLE THE WEAR



Order by No 9150 Rich Gun Metal Oxford. New wide Balloon Toe. Nobby Square perforation on tip, vamp and eyelet row. The newest and smartest style for Spring for young men. Long-wearing Tuf Hide Soles. Man O-War rubber heels $3.50. Also in newest light Tan and Ruskin Red Color No. 9350

They cut your shoebills!

$3.50 One Pair or a Thousand $3.50 Per Pair

Sold in NEWARK Shoe Store Branches all over the United States

YOU'VE probably paid much more for shoes many a time and not had nearly the service out of them that NEWARK Tufhide-soled shoes give at $3.50. That has been the experience of thousands of men who have put this wonder shoe to the test!

Most of the wearers of NEWARK Tufhide-soled shoes are men who always paid much higher prices than $3.50 for shoes. They are not only saving real money in the *fewer* purchases of shoes they now make, but saving also the *cost of repairs!* The style, wear and value we give in NEWARK Tufhide-soled shoes at $3.50 will be a positive revelation to you. NEWARK shoes are made in popular leathers and favored styles—from the smartest Balloon lasts for young men, to the sturdiest work shoe. All one price—$3.50. Buy a pair NOW! Descriptive folder mailed on request.

When ordering by mail, include 10c Parcels Post costs.

Don't Let the Price Deceive You!

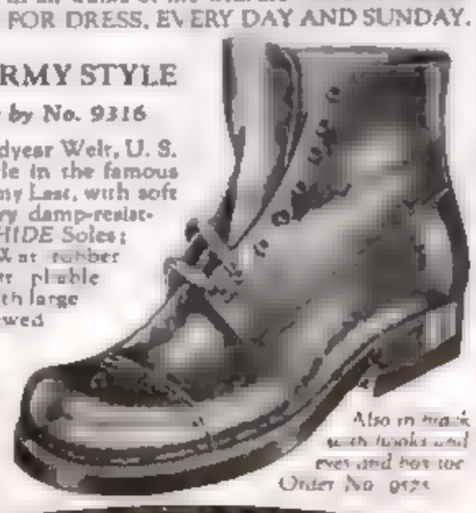
The NEWARK is the Ideal Shoe for

Policemen, Postmen, Firemen, Street Car Men, Railroad Men, Mechanics, Truckmen, Farmers, Salesmen and men in all walks of life who are hard on shoes. A SHOE FOR DRESS, EVERY DAY AND SUNDAY.

U.S. ARMY STYLE

Order by No. 9316

Tan Goodyear Welt, U. S. Army style in the famous U. S. Army Last, with soft toe; heavy damp-resisting TUFHIDE Soles; Man O War rubber heels; soft pliable uppers with large tongue sewed on both sides to keep out dirt and grit. $3.50



Also in black with hooks and eyes and box toe. Order No. 9325

AGENTS WANTED

We want Field Men and Women to sell NEWARK TUFHIDE-Soled Shoes for men wherever we have no stores. Liberal commission. Write for details.

Newark Shoe Stores Co.

Stores in all principal cities

General Offices:

715 W. Lombard Street, Baltimore, Md.

(Continued from Page 94)

tastes beyond my station. . . . Here comes the hero of my adventure last night," she added, dropping her voice. "He is really rather nice-looking, you know. I suppose mine was quite the wrong attitude."

A fair man of medium height and pleasant expression was moving down the room, nodding to a few intimates. He apparently failed to recognize Catherine, but he came to a standstill as he saw Channay. So far as a man whose *savoir-faire* in most of the crises of life had never been questioned could be said to appear embarrassed, he, for a moment, had that appearance. He diverted his course a little and paused before their table. He did not offer his hand; neither did Channay. Yet there was something about the newcomer's manner which denoted a desire to ingratiate.

"Well, Gilbert," he exclaimed, "are you going to say how do you do to me?"

"With pleasure," Channay assented. "A man in my position," he added, with a little mocking smile, "is never quite sure as to the attitude of his erstwhile companions."

"Don't be an idiot," Heatherton replied, with increased confidence. "I should like to have a talk with you. Will you come and see me some day? There is a little matter to be straightened out between us, isn't there?"

"Yes," Channay admitted, "there is a little matter to be straightened out. Up to the present, Browning—Lord Heatherton it is now, I think—I have refrained from entering anyone's house. If you care to come and see me at 89 Milan Court, I am at home most mornings between ten and eleven."

"Tomorrow morning, for instance?" the other suggested.

"Tomorrow morning would suit me admirably," Channay assented. "By the bye, let me present you to my friend, Miss Fogg. Lord Heatherton—Miss Fogg."

For the second time this very accomplished man of the world showed signs of discomfiture. He recovered himself quickly, however.

"I am very pleased to meet Miss Fogg," he said, with a little bow, and still with a complete absence of any recognition.

He passed on to join some friends higher up the room. Catherine looked after him with a smile.

"On the whole, tactful," she decided. "Now please tell me how you happen to know him."

Channay drew out a pocketbook and laid it upon the table. From an inner receptacle he withdrew a strip of paper, yellowed with age and containing a list of names. His finger rested upon one about three-quarters of the way down.

"George F. Browning," he pointed out. "It was George F. Browning, Bart., then. He got a peerage the year I made my little bow to society. I read it in a Sunday paper—one of my special treats."

Catherine shivered a little as she glanced across the room.

"He, too, then, is one of your enemies," she remarked. "What are you going to do about him?"

"His case presents difficulties," Channay admitted. "Without a doubt, Browning has progressed in the world. Nothing could ever have made him a gentleman, but he is nevertheless a peer and, I understand, popular. I have all the commoner's respect for nobility. I am not at all sure that I ought not to forgive him."

She helped herself to another cigarette.

"I rather like you when you're talking nonsense," she confided. "It relieves the situation a little. All the same, I should like to know what you are going to do with him."

"It is a problem," he confessed. "I should like to bring flaming tragedy into his life, to bring him up against such a situation that he should spend his last hours in agony, with a revolver and a brandy bottle at his side—and I have only until tomorrow morning at half past ten to make plans."

"You'll think of something," she assured him hopefully.

Lord Heatherton, on the occasion of his visit to Channay on the following morning, showed every desire to place their relations upon a friendly footing. He lit a very long cigar and made himself comfortable in an easy-chair. His manner was distinctly genial.

"Very good of you to congratulate me and all that, Gilbert," he said, referring to Channay's welcoming speech; "but between you and me, a title and all that sort of thing takes a devil of a lot of living up to, especially with the missus, who is inclined to be extravagant, as you know Myra always was. I used to make quite a decent bit by having my name on the board of City companies, as you very well know; but I daren't do it now unless the thing's really good, and when it is really good they don't want figureheads. So there's the text for you and here's the sermon. I want money like the devil."

"Ah!" Channay murmured.

"Now there's that matter of my claim to a certain number of shares in the Nyasa mines, isn't there?" Heatherton continued. "I've seen Isham, of course, and I've heard what your attitude is. You feel that you have a grudge against us others for not seeing you through it, and you're not disposed to part. I don't blame you altogether, although as a matter of honor ——"

"We'll leave that out, if you don't mind," Channay interrupted.

"Very well," the other assented. "I'll put it to you like this: You're a young man, you're rich, you've got to live and you don't want to live like an outsider. I say it without boasting, I don't think there's anyone could do more than I could to get you on the tracks again. What I propose is that you come to a friendly arrangement with me about my shares in these mines and that I do my level best to get you back where you belong. It's a rotten phrase, but shall we say, in society? I'll give a dinner for you—one at my club and another one at my house. Myra was always a pal of yours, and I'm sure she'd enter into it like a shot. This is bald, Channay, but you know I made my way in the world through plain speaking. Are you prepared to treat?"

"You must need money pretty badly," Channay observed.

"I do," was the frank reply. "All the same, the other thing isn't going to hurt me, even if there are one or two men I couldn't talk round. It never makes you any the less popular to try to help a pal who's had a knock. There are plenty of men now who'd like to be your friends if you'd let 'em, Channay. We were at the varsity together, and all that; but you've always had one big advantage over me. You were an athlete and I wasn't, and men never forget the fellows they played games with."

"So this is your proposition," Channay ruminated after a few minutes' pause.

"It is," Heatherton assented, "and I don't want you to look upon it too much as a bargain, either, Channay. As you know, I wasn't in nearly so assured a position four years ago; but if there'd been a chance any way of intervening—I'd have done it. I did try all I could, behind the scenes."

Channay was silent for several moments. All the time that worn little document with its terrible story seemed to be burning in his pocketbook. He made no allusion to it, however. He appeared all the time to be thinking out his visitor's proposition.

"When do you require this money?" he asked at length.

"I want five thousand now, like the devil," Lord Heatherton confessed, with a gleam of anticipation in his eyes. "The rest could wait over for a little time."

Gilbert Channay took his check book from his pocket, wrote out a check payable to the order of his visitor and passed it over.

"There is five thousand pounds on account," he said. "The actual transfer of the shares we can talk about later. I will accept your offer of a men's dinner, to take place when convenient to you. The other one at your house we will postpone for a time. I am scarcely used to women's society yet."

Lord Heatherton folded the check with a sigh of relief. What a clever fellow he was.

"Just as you like, Gilbert," he agreed, "although I know Myra will be wanting to get at it. I'll let you know the date and I will send you a list of the guests. I'm glad we've come together again, old fellow. If there's anything I can do for you, don't hesitate to let me know."

"I will do so with pleasure," Channay promised in a colorless tone.

"I'll get some good chaps," Heatherton continued. "Peterfield will come, I know. I don't think I shall ask Isham. You haven't seen anything of him lately, I suppose."

"Not very lately," Channay admitted.

Heatherton shook his head somberly.

"All U. P. with him, I'm afraid," he confided. "He's drinking hard—going downhill in every way. Gave me quite a shock to see him in Piccadilly the other day. His wife looks like a ghost too. They're never together nowadays, though. . . . Well, so long, Channay. You'll hear from me in a day or two."

Heatherton took his leave, passed through the hall of the hotel, dispensing greetings everywhere, stepped into a limousine and departed for his committee room at the House of Lords. He was the very prototype of the genial, shrewd, successful man of the world. His bearing was full of self-assurance and self-esteem. His supremely beatific moment, however, was when he gave his chauffeur a brief instruction through the speaking tube.

"Call at the bank, John."

There were all the elements of a great success about that party which Lord Heatherton conscientiously arranged at the club about a fortnight later. He had found the task surprisingly easy. Channay had been popular amongst his men friends, had never been guilty of anything likely to bring him into personal discredit with them, and they were all inclined to accept a charitable view of the momentary lapse which had brought him to disaster. There were two or three refusals from members of the very old-fashioned set; but when the table was finally arranged it was found that there were six members of the committee itself present and perfectly adequate representatives of the worlds of sport, fashion and finance.

Obeying a tactful understanding, initiated by Lord Heatherton, no reference whatever was made to any special circumstances connected with the matter. Everyone shook hands with Channay as though their separation had been an ordinary one of a few months only. No allusion was made to anything untoward in his three years' absence from familiar spots. The thoroughly British gift of being able to greet a man returned from half a lifetime's exile in India or Africa as though they had met a few days before in Bond Street found perfect exemplification in the deportment of every member of the little gathering.

Such references as were made to the past at all were to the days of Channay's prowess at cricket, both at the varsity, for his county and for the Gentlemen. Cricket gossip provided a very suitable subject for that preprandial quarter of an hour of cocktails, which might possibly have been the most difficult time to get over. As it was, everything went well.

Channay, though his manner was one of extraordinary restraint, showed not the slightest sign of nervousness or awkwardness. Halfway through dinner, when the champagne had circulated freely, nearly every man was already thinking out some scheme for bringing the guest of the evening back into the circle of his everyday life. When Lord Heatherton rose to his feet with the coming of the port he was received with tumultuous applause. It was not everyone who thoroughly approved of this very distinguished young politician, but on this occasion at least they felt that he had done the right and generous thing. He had come forward like a man to help reinstate a pal

(Continued on Page 99)

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No need—if your furniture is finished with Duco.

This finish is your assurance of really lasting beauty. The wear and tear of household use leave it unmarred. Dampness, salt air, or extremes of heat or cold do not harm it.

Genuine Duco intensifies the rich beauty of the wood it protects. Just a damp cloth keeps its softly lustrous finish undimmed through the years.

Duco is applied with special apparatus by the manufacturers whose names appear at the right. Ask your dealer to show you furniture finished in this enduring manner.

Protected by Duco, the furniture you buy today becomes the heirlooms of tomorrow.

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Chemical Products Division: PARLIN, N. J.
Canadian Distributors: Flint Varnish and Color Works, Toronto

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1. It is the hardest, toughest, most durable finish made
2. Steam, boiling water, hot dishes etc., do not mar or soften it
3. It is waterproof
4. Does not scale, crack or [illegible]
5. Cannot print or get tacky
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The following manufacturers of furniture now use Genuine Duco:

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Continental Manufacturing Company, *Jacketed Metals*
Crown Chair Company
Davis Bros. Desk Company
Decorators Furniture Company
H. D. Dougherty Co., *Hospital Furniture*
Easton Furniture Company
Empire Chair Company
Englewood Desk Co.
Faxon Furniture Company
General Lawn Chair Company
Frank A. Hall & Sons, *Metal Bed Ornaments*
Hanson Furniture Company
Heaners Manufacturing Company
Herrick Manufacturing Company
Jones Pewter Company
The Lane Company, *Cedar Chests*
Charles P. Limbert Company
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Martin Furniture Company
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Moeller Furniture Company
Newark Chair Furniture Company
Nugart Furniture Company
Nichols & Stone Company
Northern Furniture Company
Parkersburg Chair Company
Seworth & Fritz
H. O. Schoenhaut, *Hospital Furniture*
Slaughter Brothers
Smith & Hildebrandt, Inc., *Steel Office Furniture*
Sterling Furniture Company, Grecnsboro, N. C.
Stumpf Berkhardt Co.
Taylor Chair Co.
Tidal Cooling Furniture Co.
Tindall Wagner Furniture Co.
Wadsworth Industries
Wellman Furniture Company
White Furniture Company
Whitney Reed Corporation

Other Uses

Genuine Duco Clear Finishes are adaptable to almost any product made of wood designed for household or office use. Genuine Duco dries without evidently open application and thus saves materially on handling time, storage space and investment on finished product. It cannot be [illegible]. It must be applied by pneumatic spraying machine or mechanical dipping. Demonstration on request of any manufacturer. It is already being used successfully in the following industries:

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Pens, Pencils, etc.
Washing Machines — Lamps
Handles for Tools
Brooms, Brushes, etc.
Novelties — Toys
Umbrella and Cane Handles
Radio Cabinets — Rug Darts
Vacuum Cleaners
Billiard Cues — Golf Sticks
Bobbins and Wood Turnings
Coated Fabrics — Caskets — Clocks

Duco Colored Finishes

can be used on practically any product, wood or metal requiring a lasting finish in color. They are already in successful use in those industries listed above and also the following:

Automobile Bodies — Truck Bodies
Automobile Accessories
Furniture — Electric Parts
Gasoline and Oil Pumps
Bath Fixtures and Accessories
Toilet Seats — Typewriters

• • •

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Families, whose manifold activities call for several cars, generally are Ford owners. And in such households it is usually the most frequently used car in the garage.

Ford Cars are extremely easy to drive; they are rarely out of commission; their reliability has become traditional.

In other words, they possess qualities—aside from economy in purchase and use—that commend them even where cost is not the chief consideration.

Among all classes, Ford Cars have won lasting respect and goodwill because they fulfill every need of the majority of people.

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RUNABOUT, $260; TOURING, $290; COUPE, $520;
TUDOR SEDAN, $580; FORDOR SEDAN, $660

All prices F. O. B. Detroit

On Open Cars Starter and Demountable Rims $85 Extra
Full-Size Balloon Tires Optional—Closed Cars $25; Open Cars $45

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

MAKE SAFETY YOUR RESPONSIBILITY

(Continued from Page 96)

who had had a nasty knock. It was a sporting and thoroughly British thing to do.

Heatherton had probably never been so popular with these men as when, after proposing the king's health, he said his few words concerning their guest. As might have been expected, he was neither prolix nor prosy. He spoke of the deep sorrow which he and his associates had felt at the time of Channay's trouble at their inability to do anything to help him. He, Channay, of his own will, had taken a great responsibility, which subsequent events had entirely justified, but which the law had regarded from a grim and unbending point of view.

However, that was in the past. Gilbert Channay was back with them again; for such indiscretion as he might have been guilty—and he himself ventured confidently to state that he considered Channay's offense never amounted to more than an indiscretion—he had amply atoned, and it was up to them to bid him welcome and to see that he took the place in their lives and thoughts to which, as a thoroughly good fellow, he was entitled.

There was a little more in the same vein, all very eloquent, very tactful, and delivered in those silvery and rounded phrases which had earned for Heatherton the reputation of being quite one of the foremost of after-dinner speakers. When he sat down, having proposed the health of their guest, there was uproarious applause, which was redoubled when the latter rose to his feet. There was a quietness and reserve in Channay's deportment amongst this gathering of men inclined for once to let themselves go a little, to find in this reunion an excuse for something approaching license, which at any other time might have seemed to them ominous. It was certainly a moment which none of those present ever forgot.

The strangers' dining room at the club was a very handsome apartment with high windows, luxuriously curtained, on one side, and with a valuable collection of oil paintings around the other walls. The table in the middle of the room had been extended to accommodate precisely the number of guests present. Its profuse decorations had excited everyone's admiration, and the club's famous twin magnum decanters in front of the chairman made a brave show. The overhead lights had been turned out and the illumination was soft and impressive. The waiters had left the room, and the silence which followed the dying away of that prolonged and welcoming applause was curiously intense.

Everyone was keenly interested in what Channay might have to say. They expected a few words of gratitude, especially directed toward Lord Heatherton, who sat sipping his port, a little flushed but well content; a slight reference to his absence, relieved, perhaps, with a flash of humor; some expression of his plans for the future; an allusion or two to some of his older friends who were present. Nothing of the sort happened. With Channay's first sentence, spoken without a note of emotion or even feeling, the warning was delivered. Everyone felt that the unexpected was going to happen. It did.

"Lord Heatherton and gentlemen," he began, "I am more ashamed of myself this evening than when I stood in the dock and was sent to prison on a technical charge of fraud. Then, at least, I was, according to my lights, so far as anyone can be who is engaged in the great game of finance, an honest man. Tonight I am a trickster. Under any other circumstances it would have been a great joy to me to meet so many of my old friends. Knowing, as I do, that I am here in an utterly false position, it has been and is still a very painful experience."

Already a slow change was visible in the faces of the men grouped around the table. Their air of pleased and curious anticipation had disappeared. They were listening in faint but growing perplexity. It was certainly a very singular opening, this. Heatherton, more than anyone, was conscious of some sinister portent. He had abandoned his careless and easy attitude and was leaning forward with his elbows upon the table, his cigar burning unnoticed between his fingers.

"I am here," Channay went on simply, "as the result of an infamous bargain in which I have been only nominally a participant. These are the facts: As you all know, I alone was left to bear the brunt of what I still consider a very justifiable attempt to make money for my syndicate. But what you do not know is this—that I became the victim of a scandalous conspiracy on the part of every other member of the syndicate, except Rodes. The plot was simple enough. Every member of the syndicate, except one, agreed not to give evidence on my behalf. Everyone was to attest, if called upon, to my guilt, and during that temporary incarceration, which they could easily have prevented, the funds of the syndicate, including my own possessions, were to be divided among them.

"I am not telling you a fairy story, gentlemen. I have here the most iniquitous agreement that was ever penned, signed by every member of the syndicate except one. The one dissentient, I may remark, was not our host of this evening—Lord Heatherton. I shall ask you to examine this copy of the original agreement which I hold here, if anyone should desire it, for your inspection."

With unfaltering fingers Channay passed around the table a typewritten copy of the document which he had obtained from Isham. Everyone received the sheet and examined it, at first a little dazed, afterward with swift comprehension of its brutal cynicism. There was a little murmur. Many eyes were turned toward Heatherton, who remained, however, speechless. After a moment or two, Channay continued.

"The plot I have revealed to you," he said, "was only partially successful. Deserted by everyone on whom I had the right to rely, I went to prison; but, alas, a great disappointment was to come. The same arrangement which made me alone responsible for the affairs of the Siamese Corporation, made me the sole nominal custodian of those funds which had gone into the Nyasa mines.

"The shares had been applied for in my name and allotted to me personally, and not a soul except myself and the lawyer who held my power of attorney could deal with them. They have remained in my name, except those that my brokers decided to dispose of, until my release.

"Since that time, various members of the syndicate which bore my name, ignorant of the fact that their perfidy was known to me, have attempted to claim their portion of the shares. Amongst them I come to our host tonight. Lord Heatherton is a very clever man. He realized the situation perfectly. He knew that without a *quid pro quo* he had very little chance of obtaining his portion of the syndicate's profits, of which, by the bye, I believe that he is grievously in need. Accordingly he came to me and proposed a bargain.

"'Pay me my thirty thousand pounds,' he said, 'and I will put you right with the world. I will use my influence in club land, in society and in the City. I will start by giving you a dinner, and in return be so kind as to advance me five thousand pounds at once, of which I am badly in need.'

"That is the story of my misfortune and the story of my presence here tonight. The renewal of your friendship, inspired and spurred on by Lord Heatherton in return for my check of five thousand pounds, I do not value. I decline the consideration of any man upon such terms, and my presence at this dinner tonight has not been for a single moment with the object of worming my way back into my old place in your esteem, but simply to expose the lack of morals, the pernicious habit of mind and the utterly false attitude toward life of your successful but very infamous friend, Lord Heatherton."

Before anyone could realize what was happening, Channay, who was seated nearest to the door, had left the room. A sort of paralysis had fallen upon the little company and no one attempted to stop him. A moment later, however, one or two of them rose.

They stood about in little groups, talking. Heatherton, his cigar cold in his fingers, his face dark and troubled, essayed to join them.

"Can I say a few words?" he asked.

One of the company turned toward him.

"I don't think it would be of any use, Heatherton," he said, "unless you could disprove what Channay has said, and I don't think you could do that."

"No use at all," another man echoed.

"I'm going to try to find Channay," another announced.

One by one they slipped quietly from the room. Heatherton watched them with cynical eyes, back in his place, face to face for the first time in his life with a position with which even his Machiavellian subtlety could show him no safe means of dealing. He walked slowly homeward, turning the matter over in his mind, seeking for some means to destroy Channay's plain statement, some method of rehabilitating himself with those twenty men. In his library, his secretary, awaiting him impatiently, turned at his entrance with a little exclamation of triumph.

"A special messenger has brought this letter," he announced, holding it out.

Heatherton took it into his hands, broke the seal and read. He had known beforehand what it might contain—the one invitation to gain which the whole of his life had been devoted. He sat down in his chair with the letter in his hand. His secretary watched him in surprise. He had imagined a moment of mutual joyfulness and self-congratulation. There was no trace of anything of the sort in his chief's face. He ran feverishly through the list of the men whom he had invited to that ghastly dinner and his heart sank.

"Is anything wrong, sir?" his secretary asked.

"A slight complication," he observed, with an effort. "Leave me for half an hour, Angus."

For half an hour Heatherton sat twisting the letter between his fingers, thinking vain and futile thoughts.

Then his secretary came back, bearing another letter.

"This has just come from the Duke of Oakham, from the Carlton Club," he announced. "The messenger said that there was no answer."

Heatherton tore open the envelope. There were only a few lines, written evidently within the last hour. They were from the duke, the vice president of the dinner, to whom, only a few hours ago, he had been "My dear Heatherton":

"*Dear Lord Heatherton:* Unless you are in a position absolutely to disprove the statements and story, including the raison d'être and consideration for the dinner to which you invited us this evening, it is my own opinion and the opinion of every one of the undersigned that you will do well not to accept the invitation from the Prime Minister, which I gather has reached you this evening. OAKHAM."

The idea of a tarnished life, a struggle among second-rate people, discarded by the best, always under a cloud, was impossible to one of Heatherton's disposition. He tore up the duke's letter, left that other very flattering invitation upon his writing table and methodically destroyed all his personal correspondence and records. His disappearance was so sudden and unexpected that the newspapers were inclined to make a mystery of it at first. It developed, however, that he had gone overseas to one of the colonies—where, if casual reports were to be believed, he did not meet with any great success.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Mr. Oppenheim. The next will appear in an early issue.

WALTER HIERS

is as funny as he is fat. Don't fail to see him in "A Rarin' Romeo" and "Tender Feet."

"Dynamite Doggie", the latest Tuxedo Comedy, featuring Al St. John, is another "scream."

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AN AMERICAN IMMIGRANT IN JAPAN

Continued from Page 4

are differently constructed from ours, I think; their bows are marvels of automatic grace and pliability, and they fold and unfold with a rapidity that would leave me breathless

The tram bowled along through a district of offices and warehouses, while the crowd thinned at each stop. Suddenly, with an abrupt turn, the line crossed a wide square, and looking down from the wide stone bridge which we crossed, I saw the home of my sampans.

All along the muddy shore, for it was low tide, boats were drawn up, with their men squatted on the deck eating rice with chopsticks or smoking tiny pipes as they waited the turn of the tide. On the opposite shore was a long open market whose booths displayed all kinds of fish, fruit and vegetables, scrubbed till their colors fairly gleamed in the sunshine. Ahead of us opened a fascinating vista of a long street before whose every building a graceful bamboo pole flaunted great banners of cotton blazoned with gaudy pictures and the picturesque sprawling black ideographs of Japanese writing. It was Theater Street, the banners advertisements of movies; but it looked like the encampment of a medieval army.

The tram chose a middle course between Theater Street and the rear of the market, along a road of little houses whose paper *shoji*, open for the sun and breeze, revealed colorful vignettes of everyday life—a boy lying flat on his stomach on the straw mats, reading; an old grandmother sitting in the sun to smoke her long silver pipe; a tiny mother kneeling before a fat baby, feeding him with daintily held chopsticks. Men and women in kimonos, boys and girls with babies tied to their backs with broad red cords, thronged the road. At last I had reached Japan.

Street-Car Difficulties

The difficulty of the moment was that, though in it, I was not of it. I had no idea of my whereabouts, nor could I speak a word of the language. And at this point the conductor came for my fare.

I handed him one of the unfamiliar coins at random, but he refused to accept it, asking some interrogation which I could not understand in spite of many repetitions. Looking around the car in perplexity, I perceived that each passenger held in his hand a small ticket and that the tickets were of varying colors. Evidently each color signified a different route, and the amount of my fare would be determined by my destination. Unfortunately, I had no destination; neither could I explain my exploratory undertaking in Japanese. Indubitably I must buy a ticket, yet I could not purchase one until I could name it

It was a hard nut to crack, but I solved it by adopting a mascot. He sat opposite me, a little Japanese boy about ten years old, with cropped black hair, enormous black eyes, and a faded little kimono of black-and-white cotton stuff fastened none too securely with a faded brown sash. In his hand he held a blue ticket.

I pointed at the ticket, the conductor looked blank, so I leaned across the aisle and put my finger on the little lad's ticket, meaning that it was my wish to be supplied with a similar blue strip. The little fellow, however, was persuaded that I had dark designs upon his lawfully acquired bit of pasteboard. He scrouched away fearfully, tucking the precious bit of blue paper into the bosom of his kimono.

Fear of the Foreign Devil

The conductor was less suspicious by nature and grasped the point of my pantomime; selecting the proper amount from the coins in my hand, he gave me a blue ticket. Shortly afterward the little boy stretched his dangling feet down to insert them with a deft wriggle—"deft" is quite proper in that connection; Japanese feet are often as clever as their hands—into the thongs of his little *geta*, and got off the car.

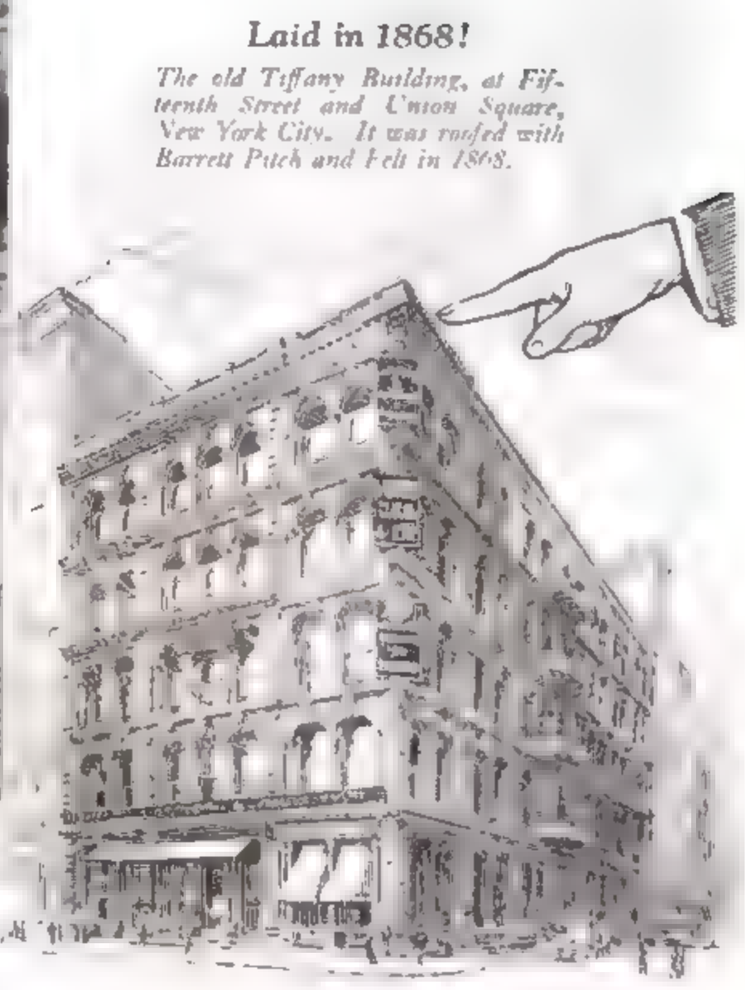
I followed him, but at first he did not see me, so intent was he on watching the car move forward before crossing the street. When he turned and found me close beside him, his little brown face was a study in horror. He took to his heels like a frightened rabbit.

How Japanese boys can run in wooden clogs held only by a thong across the great toe, tilting forward three inches at each step, I do not know; but my little boy ran like a sprinter, never losing a clog in his flight. I suppose he ran home for dear life to pant out a horrifying tale to his mother about a foreign devil that tried to kidnap him.

His desertion left me without a guide, but it was my lucky day. Down the street sounded an odd intermingling of silvery notes with harsh iron clinkings as a band of ten or twelve pilgrims from the country swung past. They were all of an age—old

Continued on Page 102

American Fourth of July in Yokohama, Japan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The old Tiffany Building, at Fifteenth Street and Union Square, New York City. It was roofed with Barrett Pitch and Felt in 1868.

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Without charge or obligation a Barrett Service Man will inspect your roofs. He will render an unprejudiced report of their condition and explain upkeep methods that often save expensive repairs.

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Barrett ROOFINGS

The Grand Hotel, The Bund, Yokohama

The Grand Hotel After the Earthquake, September, 1923

Continued from Page 100

men and old women, with gray hair and deeply lined brown faces. It was hard to tell the sexes apart, for both wore tight-fitting white cotton trousers bound as high as the knee with strips of white cloth like putties, topped by wide-sleeved short white kimonos and gigantic mushroom-shaped hats tied on with straw cords over blue kerchiefs. The men had iron-tipped staves which rang on the ground at each step, and the women carried little bells.

As they marched up the street I fell in behind them. Occasionally they would stop before a house to intone a cracked chant, whereupon the householder would hand out a few copper sen, in return for which she received a paper prayer for the welfare of the house.

A Moving Sight

At length we mounted some well-worn stone steps to a terrace on which stood a gray wooden temple in the midst of a little grove. The ground was as smooth and hard as a floor from the ceaseless tread of clogs. Scattered among the trees were little weather-beaten wooden penthouses sheltering lichened stone statues.

The pilgrims went into the temple and were received by a priest in gauzy green-and-gold robes. To the soft throbbing of a gong mounted between large bronze dolphins, lights blossomed on the altar among gilt images, and a chanted service began.

I wandered aside to the shrine of a benevolent-faced stone god. Dozens of bright scarlet, green or yellow ruffled bibs draped the statue, and little bright-hued kimonos, tattered by wind and rain, hung from the roof over the god. A faint odor of incense rose from the slab at the god's feet, which was thick with soft white ashes; and in front, overflowing the tiny inclosure, lay a heap of baby playthings. I saw a battered doll, balls, rattles, woolly dogs, and—most pitiful of all—a little baby *geta* of scarlet lacquer, scuffed and scratched, with frayed silken thongs.

Instinctively I knew that the baby who had worn that clog would never run again on this earth with tottering little footsteps; those footsteps echoed only in some desolate mother's heart. This was the god who loved little children; these pitiful mementos were the relics of dead babies, brought here by sorrowing mothers who besought the protection of the god for their little ones in the shadows of the after world. Tears filled my eyes; my shallow sight-seeing was rebuked silently. I turned away softly and left the temple grounds.

Out on the sunny street, I was instantly surrounded by a flock of boys and girls, the older ones each with a baby on its back. Curiosity ran high, but courtesy triumphed; they ran along by me in silence till I stopped before a little shop whose floor was covered with trays filled with a most amazing variety of objects, from Japanese pipes and tobacco pouches up to copper kettles and old sandals. I had found a secondhand store in Japan.

Between the street and the raised floor of the room was a kind of entry with dirt floor, covered by the overhanging roof and filled with merchandise of all sorts. An aged man squatted on the mats in the room among the trays of wares, his bald head sunk like a dozing tortoise in the collar of his dark kimono. I stepped into the little entry, the children massing behind me to watch while I looked over the hodgepodge of articles.

I had just picked up a quaint little ivory netsuke, a two-inch figure of the jovial god of good luck holding a bundle from which peeped the head of a laughing baby, when I started at the boom of a gong coupled with the wail of a child. A big Japanese boy had edged in after me till he was standing just beneath a large copper kettle suspended from a rafter. His baby brother on his back had bumped his little head on the kettle, and when baby cried, big brother began to hop up and down mechanically on his *geta* to joggle him off to sleep. At every hop the shaven little poll received a fresh bang, and another wail pealed out. Big brother was so engrossed with my every move that he failed to grasp the situation, till I finally took him firmly by the shoulder and led him out of range of the kettle.

The old man chuckled toothlessly, and his wrinkled wife, shuffling in from the kitchen with a tray of tea, gave the big boy a vehement scolding in soft Japanese syllables, with approving nods to me for my share in the episode. They served me tea in a tiny cup without a handle, while I tried to indicate by signs that I wished to buy the netsuke, holding out a handful of coins and picking them up one by one questioningly.

Smiling, the old man placed the netsuke in my hand and selected two small coins from my palm, with a bow. Twenty cents in American money the little ivory figure cost me, though the old man might have helped himself to ten times as much without protest.

Later, when I came to bargain in the curio shops conducted for tourists, I yearned for the old man of the secondhand shop, for the prices in the curio shops were always high, to allow for haggling and for commissions to the ricksha men or guides who brought one to the shop. My old man in the secondhand shop spoke no English, had had no dealings with foreigners; he knew no better than to charge me the same price he would have asked of one of his neighbors.

When I left the cool shade of his home the glare and heat in the street were almost unbearable. Even under a sunshade I felt faint, and marveled that the children could endure it on their bare heads. It was nearly noon, so I signaled a passing ricksha man, who lowered his shafts for me to climb in.

"Grand Hotel," said I, as distinctly as possible, but he only scratched his head and looked puzzled.

"Nani? Nani?" he asked.

How Japanese Pronounce English

The big boy who had bumped baby brother's pate so unmercifully came to the rescue.

"I spik Engerisu. Where you go?" he inquired.

English is taught in the public schools all over Japan. Later, when I came to travel widely in the interior, I often found bright schoolboys fourteen or fifteen years old who would volunteer as interpreters. In another generation English may be a second language for the Japanese, even as the Dutch today are competent linguists because the world cannot be bothered to learn Dutch.

"Grand Hotel," I told my little interpreter, who turned scornfully to the ricksha man.

"Gurandu Hoteru," he translated.

The ricksha man's face lit up instantly with comprehension. English, unless a Japanese has been educated abroad, becomes rather peculiar in Japanese mouths, for according to Japanese custom, every consonant must be followed by a vowel, and there is no "l," "v" or "th." Thus "beer" becomes "bieru"; "glass," "gurassu"; and "hotel," "hoteru."

Forty minutes of swift trotting under the burning sun brought me back to the Gurandu Hoteru in time for tiffin. My family scolded, declaring that I might have been lost, robbed, heaven knows what, on such a foolish expedition.

I listened meekly, with an inward smile; my morning had shown me that somewhere over beyond, the Japan of my fancies really existed.

My girlhood education antedated by some years the modern sophistication and liberty. I went to a convent school, and in vacations was chaperoned to dances and carefully excluded from grown-up conversations on interesting subjects. With such a background the gay cosmopolitan group whom I met at the Grand Hotel was as interesting and as startling as though in my convent days one of the gentle nuns had lent me a copy of Les Contes Drolatiques for an afternoon's reading.

Continued on Page 107

RIVALS THE BEAUTY OF THE SCARLET TANAGER

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It abolishes Finger Cramp like the Full-Handed Duofold Pen

It's a perfect Color Match, too

Lady Duofold Pencil was $3.50 Now $3 if black $1 extra

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JUST as Parker's Over-size Duofold Pen supplies a full-handed barrel for man-size hands, so this Over-size Duofold Pencil gives men a firm, full-handed pencil-grip that feels like real business right from the go off.

Here's the way—hold it gently. For this big fellow won't try to escape like under-sized pencils. It makes a great difference in thinking and figuring whether your hand and mind are relaxed, or your fingers are hanging on for dear life to keep your pencil on its course.

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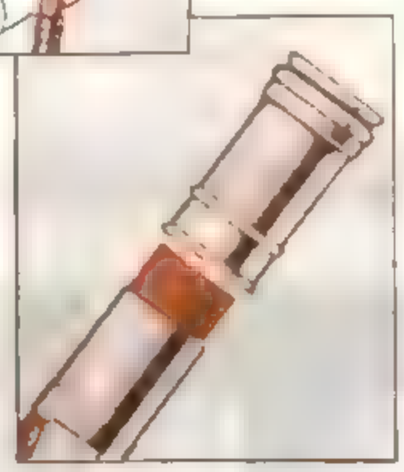
Every Parker dealer throughout the world cordially invites the public to step in and try this pencil this week. Remember to pull off the handsome Gold Crown and see what's underneath—a big, healthy eraser—three times average size. Under that a deep well for your extra leads.

A Pencil designed by a master jeweler—made of Duofold Pen stock—hence a perfect color match in lacquer-red, or the same in flashing plain black if you like—both styles gold trimmed. But we recommend the color—for it makes this pencil every bit as good looking and hard to mislay as the classic Duofold Pen. Has the same Gold Pocket-Clip too. And a long tapering point like you whittled on your old wood pencils in school-boy days.

Yet this Duofold beauty costs a bit more than under-sized pencils. "Big Brother," $4; Over-size Jr., $3.50; Slender Lady Duofold, was $3.50—now $3. Once you get hold of a Duofold you'd rather let go of the money than the pencil.

Turn left till it clicks—then slip Lead in Tip. No need to extract "insides"



Big Healthy Eraser—3 times average size, capped under Gold Crown

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY • JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

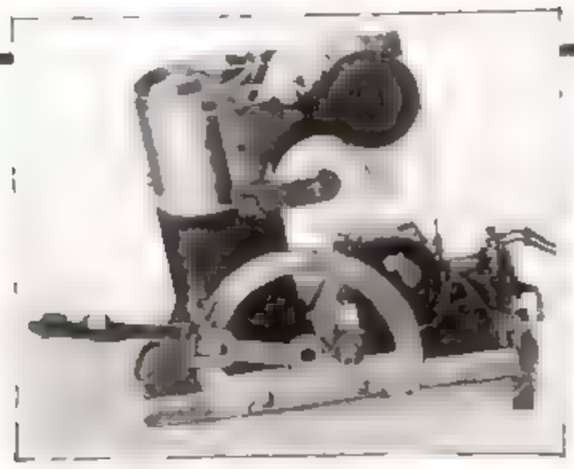
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA • SAN FRANCISCO

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, 2 AND 3 NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON, ENGLAND

Parker "BIG BROTHER" Duofold Pencil OVER-SIZE $4

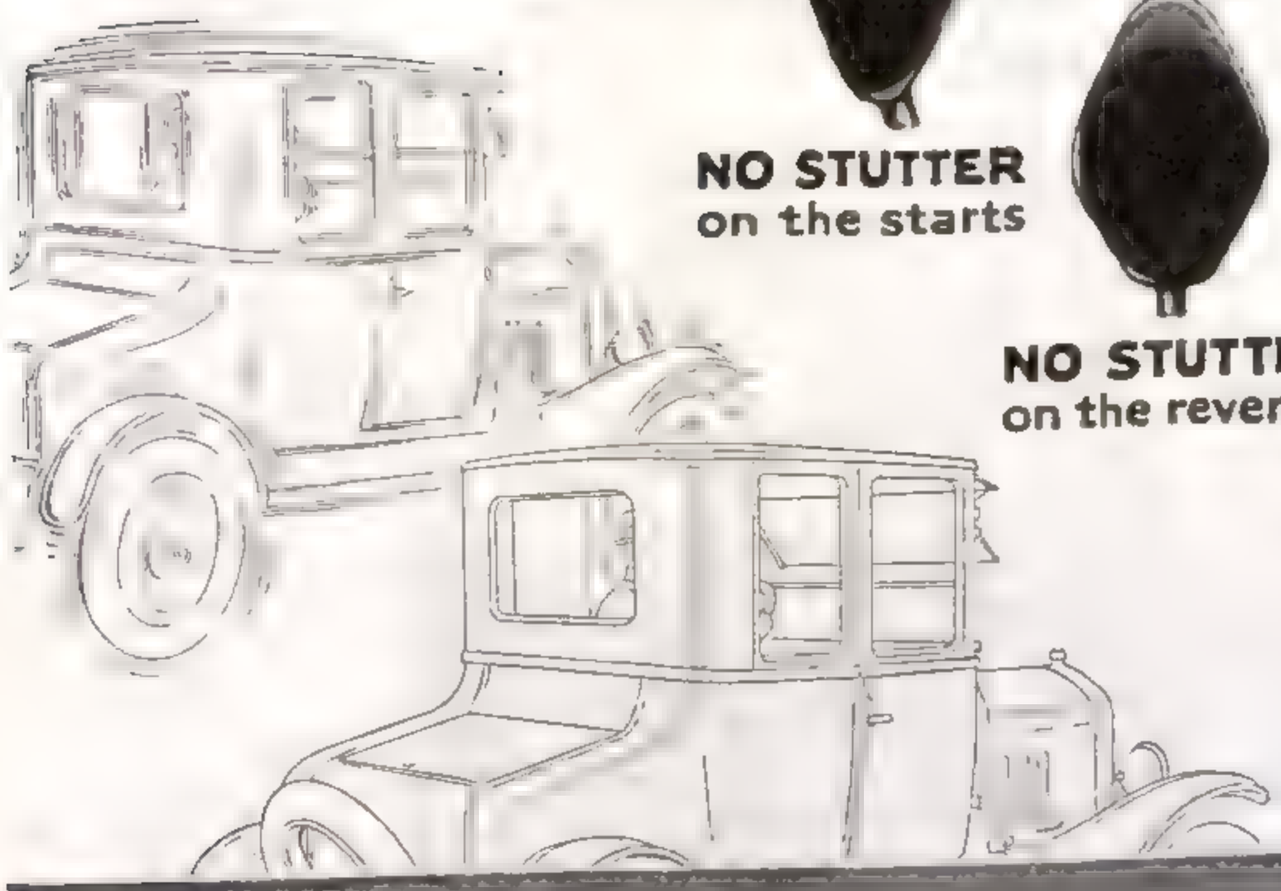
Team-mate of Duofold Pen

Red and Black Lacquer ... Reg. Trade Mark ...



This special apparatus, called the "Decelerometer" was devised by the U. S. Bureau of Standards to make a picture of the action of an automobile when the brakes were applied. A momentary application of the brake causes a pendulum to move forward—the release swings it back. A pencil traces this motion on a moving sheet of paper. During "stuttering" the line traced by the pencil looks like a cross-cut saw with ragged irregular teeth. When no "stuttering" occurs this line is smooth.

When you press the Ford Pedals——



NO STUTTER on the starts

NO STUTTER on the reverse

NO STUTTER on the stops

WHAT HAPPENS? One of two things. Either the car starts or stops with a smooth, easy motion as any Ford car should—or it changes speed with a series of jerks and jolts that shake the whole car on its springs.

What your Ford does depends on the oil you are using.

The oil tells the story.

"Stuttering" is not the fault of the car.

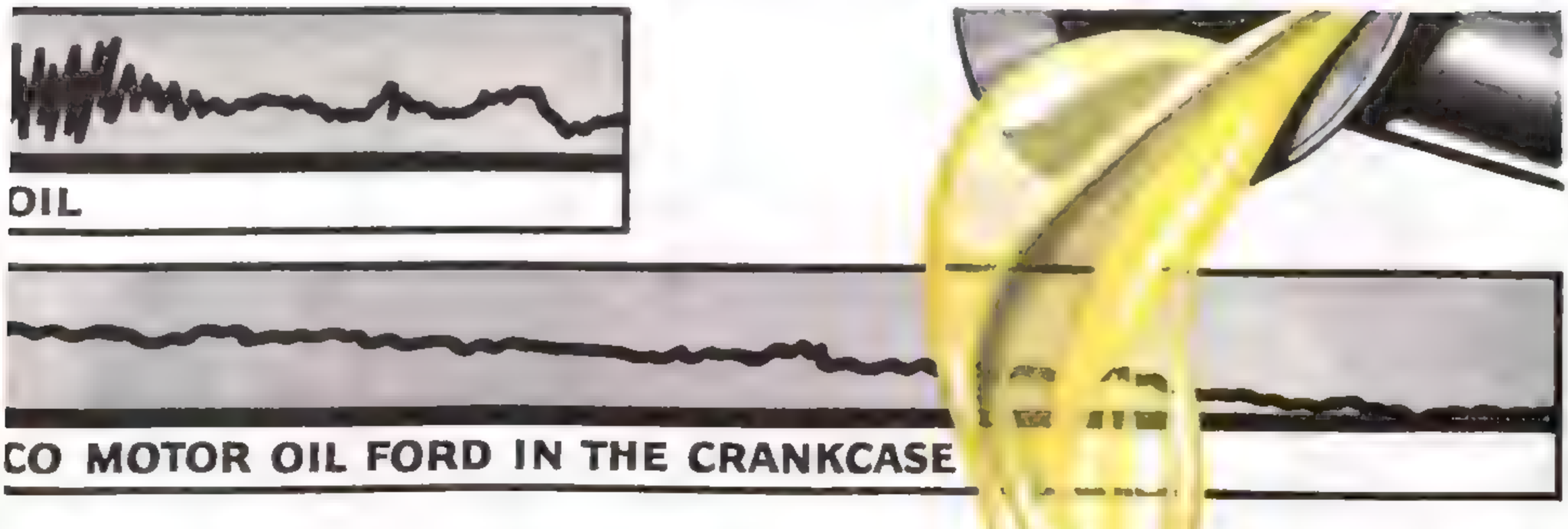
Some oils lubricate the engine—some reduce brake band stutter.

Texaco Motor Oil Ford does both.

Texaco Motor Oil Ford is the perfect lubricant for Ford engines—and it immediately softens glazed brake bands (the cause of "stutter") and keeps them soft as long as Texaco is used.

Texaco Motor Oil Ford is used by Ford owners everywhere.

TEXACO



THE STURDY FORD CAR is a marvel. It is recognized for its ruggedness, dependability, and economy. It is respected for its performance in competition on the road anywhere. No finer steel can be used in any car at any price. The Ford engine stands on its merits, *and delivers.*

But the one characteristic, mistakenly applied to Ford cars, has been the "stuttering" of transmission bands. This fault is no fault of the car in its design or its material. It is the result of two causes:

First, because of its low price and low upkeep, there is a tendency to overwork and neglect the willing servant—which means, that in any other car many parts similar to the transmission bands would be replaced when worn. (New transmission bands will usually remove the cause of "stuttering" at once.)

Second, an oil was needed that would keep new bands soft and soften hard glazed bands, and at the same time serve efficiently to lubricate the Ford engine, and form no hard carbon in the cylinders.

This last defect—not in the car but in the oil—has been completely overcome in Texaco Motor Oil Ford, and now you have available, wherever Texaco Motor Oil Ford is sold, the absolutely right oil for the Ford engine, an oil that will prevent glazing of bands, and soften the glaze of hardened bands in an hour's time.

With Texaco Motor Oil Ford in the crankcase, you can press the low speed pedal lightly or impetuously and your Ford will start from a stop as smoothly as any car in the world—yet without any hesitation. You can press the brake pedal gradually, as you should whenever possible, or jam it down suddenly, as so many drivers do, and come to a stop with certainty and yet with silence and ease. You can forget all about your reverse pedal when you reverse, and let the foot action be as automatic and unconscious as it ought to be, your attention toward the rear of the car, and effect a smooth, non "stuttering" backward motion.

How Texaco Motor Oil Ford was discovered

For many years The Texas Company had been investigating the whole subject of Ford lubrication and particularly the action known as "stuttering."

The problem facing The Texas Company engineers was to develop an oil equal to Texaco Motor Oil in lubricating qualities, containing no animal or vegetable oils, or soaps of any kind, and which would at the same time eliminate "stuttering" under all conditions.

We first studied the relative "stutter" value of all the hundreds of oils on the market and finally found how to produce an oil that would do the trick without resorting to the use of animal or vegetable compounds.

Lighter oils produce "stutter" much more easily than heavy oils. Texaco Motor Oil Ford as finally refined has a "non-stutter" value so much greater than heavy oils that even when diluted after long service it still does the work.

Then we studied carbon deposits. Tests equivalent to over 6000 miles of actual service showed the non-carbonizing qualities of Texaco Motor Oil Ford to be up to the high standard of all other Texaco Motor Oil.

Texaco Motor Oil Ford flows freely in a cold engine and has the necessary body to maintain a thorough piston ring seal at high temperatures.

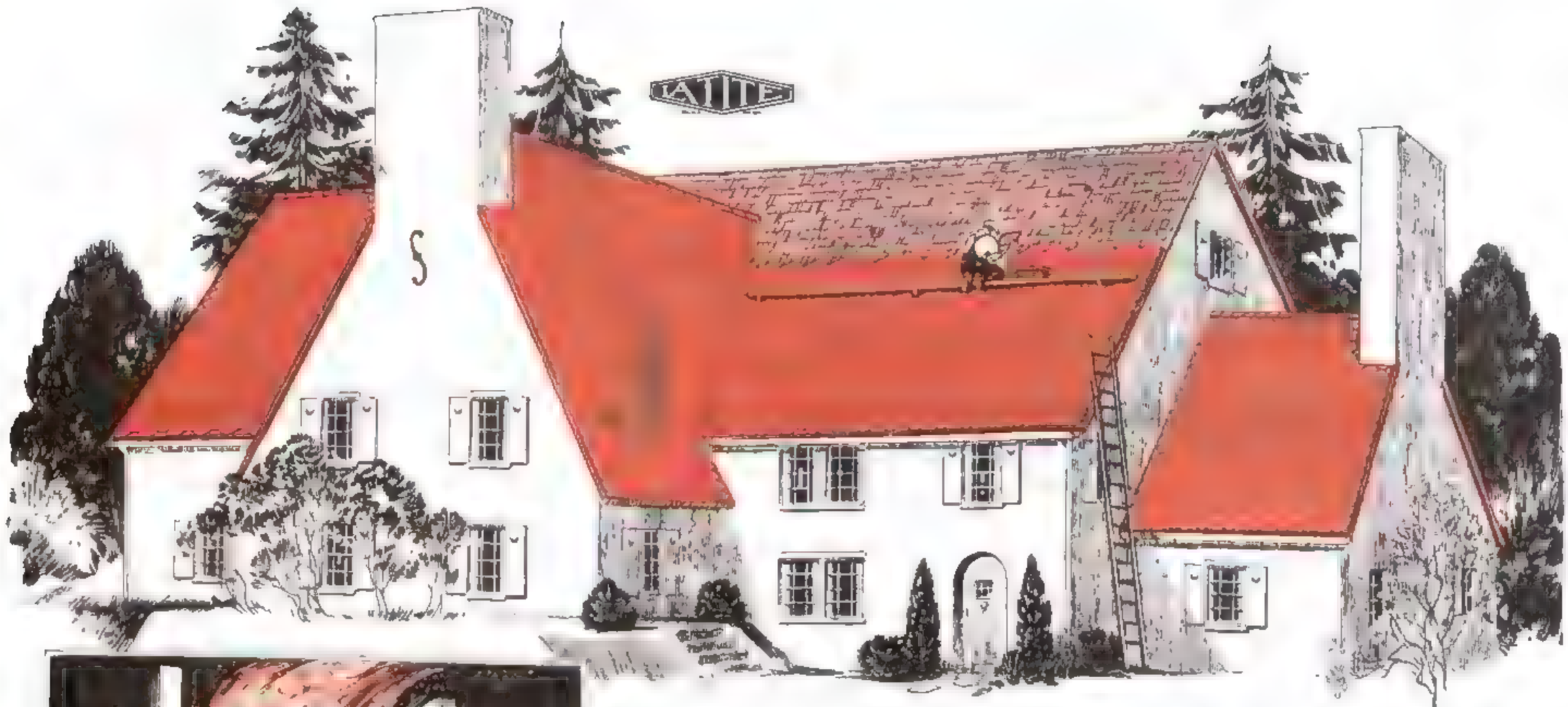
It has a zero pour test and remains fluid at extremely low temperatures. Texaco Motor Oil Ford successfully passed every laboratory test and a very thorough road test totalling over 94,000 miles before it was even offered to the motoring public.

It has proved worthy of the name TEXACO.

Have your crank-case drained and refilled with Texaco Motor Oil Ford—see the same clear, clear golden color as in other Texaco Motor Oil. And a five-gallon can would be the most valuable accessory in your home garage

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U.S.A.
Texaco Petroleum Products

MOTOR OIL FORD



Old worn-out shingles invite fire.

Genasco Latite Shingles, by reason of their granulated slate surfacing, are strongly fire-resistant—therefore give you added protection against fire as well as weather.

Added protection against fire and weather!

That's one big advantage of laying Genasco Latite Shingles right over your old wood shingles—whether it's your home, barn, stable or garage.

Genasco Latite Shingles are strongly fire-resistant because they are surfaced with granulated slate. This slate comes from the quarry in three natural and unfading colors—red, green and blue-black. Therefore no paint or stain is needed to keep the shingles permanently beautiful.

Genasco Latite Shingles are weather-safe because each shingle is locked tightly to those underneath. They owe their great durability to tough, rugged felt saturated and then waterproofed with the famous Trinidad Lake Asphalt Cement.

Re-roofing the "Genasco Way"—right over your old shingles—has other advantages. You save the cost of tearing off the old roof. You avoid litter and dirt. And *your home is not exposed to the weather while re-roofing.*

Insist on Genasco Roofing protection. Most leading builders and building-supply dealers furnish Genasco Roofing. Write to us for illustrated booklets, using coupon below.

Front and back views of a Genasco Latite Shingle showing the "key"—*invisible on the completed roof*—that locks each shingle to those underneath. This is the exclusive feature that makes Genasco Latite Shingles so well adapted for laying over old wood shingles.

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Genasco Latite shingles

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The Barber Asphalt Company, Philadelphia

Sirs:—Please send me booklets describing the products I have checked:—

Genasco Latite Shingles ☐	Genasco Built-up Roofing ☐
Genasco "Sealbac" Shingles ☐	Genasco Mastic Flooring ☐
Genasco Roll Roofing ☐	Genasco Asphaltic Paints ☐

Name _____

Street _____ Town _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 102)

The Grand Hotel was a Sargasso Sea to which drifted the flotsam and jetsam of the world. It was a laboratory in which one watched the interplay of naked human emotions and saw the inexorable products of the crucible of life.

On the other side of the canal, in the homes of the Bluff, a routine of housekeeping, rearing of children, building of friendships and pursuit of business occupied the inhabitants. In the hotel a frenzied pursuit of excitement possessed the men and women; sight-seeing, dancing, gambling, drinking and flirting absorbed their days and most of their nights. The man who introduced a jigger of ether into his cocktails was the hero of the hour; the girl who plastered an embroidered screen with cream puffs from the tea table earned undying fame for a week.

What the Japanese thought of these antics can only be surmised, but it surely could not have been complimentary to the races represented by the riotous individuals.

After a few days at the hotel I moved up on the Bluff, that narrow ridge lying south of the city of Yokohama reserved for foreign residences. Along its crest twisted and turned a single narrow dirt road without sidewalks, and on that road, or the tiny little lanes which branched from it, were built the three hundred-odd houses of the foreign community.

Every style of architecture but Japanese was to be seen on the Bluff. Great red brick châteaus stood cheek by jowl with clapboarded frame houses of New England vintage; stuccoed mansions faced a typical brick tenement building; sandwiched into odd corners were tiny bungalows copied from English India.

The Menace of Demons

The show place of the Bluff was Temple Court, a large red wooden house, its immense tiled roof curved like a Buddhist temple, with grinning red devils mounted at each end. When the house was first erected the servants in the neighboring house left in a body, declaring that the demon figures would surely cast the evil eye upon them. To avoid washing his own dishes and cooking his own meals, the tenant of the house upon which the carved devils bent their malignant gaze was obliged to mount a small brass cannon on his own roof, trained full upon the ugly statues, which effectually banished the curse. The cannon was there until the great earthquake of 1923 brought down both house and demons.

Neighbors were plentiful and promiscuous. With the influx of Russians after the revolution of 1917, houses on the Bluff were at a premium; and although they commanded rentals that would have precipitated a governmental investigation at home, the hotels were always crowded with people awaiting a chance to lease a house; and a householder who was lucky enough to go home for a few months on leave was besieged with applicants who paid fabulous prices for the house furnished and staffed with servants.

In Japan anyone who is not Japanese is a foreigner; consequently the foreign colony on the Bluff was a curious potpourri of nationalities. Across the street from me lived the Chinese minister with his dainty little wife and his collection of rare porcelains; on one side I had Russians, on the other an American married to a Portuguese lady. The Spanish consul lived around the corner; a German was near at hand; and within the radius of a city block were English, Scotch, Swiss, French, Austrians, Italians and various Scandinavians.

The English dominated and predominated, dictating most of the little details of our life. We all had tea at four o'clock, even the men in their business offices; we dined at eight in the evening. We called our midday meal tiffin, and we never sent one another notes. Oh, dear, no! We exchanged chits.

Even the two country clubs proclaimed by their names the pervasive British flavor. The L. L. T. & C. C., popularly called the Bluff Gardens, was in reality the Ladies' Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club; and the Y. C. A. C., on solemn occasions, turned out to be the Yokohama Cricket and Athletic Club.

Fourth of July was the only day in the year when the American eagle could make his screams heard. Then patriotism spurred the five hundred Americans in Yokohama to subscribe a fund of several thousand yen to finance an elaborate program of entertainment for the whole foreign community. Perhaps it was a childish gesture; but at any rate, it was effective, for everyone admitted that there was nothing quite so gay and delightful as Fourth of July when the Americans were hosts.

Fourth of July Festivities

Down at the United Club champagne flowed like water while the American consul made a neat little speech at noon. Out at the Y. C. A. C., on the beautiful plateau overlooking Mississippi Bay, where Perry's American ships anchored when they opened Japan to the world, devoted Americans perspired through nine innings of the national game and were rewarded by a lavish tea to which all foreigners were invited. Afterward there was barely time to rush home to dress before going to the Grand Hotel for dinner amid exuberant red-white-and-blue decorations. Dancing to an American jazz orchestra impounded from some ocean liner ended the day.

At nine o'clock in the evening there was a pause in the gayety as we gathered for half an hour in the windows of the lounge looking over the harbor. Within, the lovely dresses of the women turned the room into a flower garden. Without, in the darkness of the harbor waters, calm within the long breakwater, bobbed thousands of luminous Japanese lanterns festooned on sampans. A hush fell on the room.

Suddenly, with a boom as of a bombardment, from a raft moored by the breakwater, fiery columns of light rushed up, up to the sky; green, red, golden bombs burst to send showers of colored stars drifting down. The Fourth of July fireworks had begun. And when at the end the Stars and Stripes flamed against the black velvet sky, my throat tightened and I saw tears in the homesick eyes around me.

The L. L. T. & C. C., on the other hand, was thoroughly British; its solemn pompousness was a ludicrous example of the effect of isolation upon expatriated souls.

The Japanese Government, in the early days of foreign settlement, granted a large tract of land on the southerly slope of the Bluff for recreation purposes, on condition that part of it be laid out and maintained as a public park. Accordingly, at the summit there was a sweep of green English turf where amahs brought pink-cheeked, golden-haired babies to play; at the base lay a patch of well-trodden bare ground on which Japanese boys in *geta* and kimonos essayed baseball; and between were three levels of terraces for the tennis courts. The banks of each terrace, which were about twenty feet high, were covered with azalea shrubs, uniformly clipped and trained by a corps of *uekiyas*—gardeners—whose alternate duty was to chase balls for players.

Fuji, God of Little Children

A set of tennis on a sunny afternoon in May, the court perfectly surfaced, two stalwart men to fetch balls, as though one were a crack tournament player, the banks of the court blazing sheets of pink azalea—that was the ultimate refinement of sport.

But, like all Edens, the Bluff Gardens catered to a small and select society. Joining the L. L. T. & C. C. required as much wirepulling and ceremony as getting a command to the Court of St. James. A committee of twelve ladies presided over the club, and every month a fateful little black box went the rounds of the committee accompanied by a list of proposed new members with their backers. Men could not become members of this feminist organization; but if properly sponsored, were permitted to make themselves liable for dues in return for the privilege of playing on the courts. A young man who craved this permission was obliged by custom to call ceremoniously on each of the committee to be looked over. A single black ball in the box sealed the fate of an aspirant, as the damning symbol was recorded in a Domesday Book handed down in the secretary's office.

Four Big Dances

I suspect that the L. L. T. & C. C. came into being as the ladies' revolt against the masculine exclusiveness of the United Club, whose sacred portals were closed to women. Be that as it may, the ladies ran their tennis club most efficiently, and the committee of twelve functioned more harmoniously than most women's committees do.

The women of the Yokohama foreign colony were not "jiners"; they left most of the activities of the community to the men, who were indefatigable about getting up all sorts of things, from a regatta on the water front to a ball for the ambassador. The four great national balls, held yearly on appropriate holidays, were managed by men.

Saint George's Ball was the most elegant, as there were more Britishers to supply the funds than the other nationalities could boast; Saint Andrew's, when the Scots appeared in all the glory of the kilt to dance reels and sword dances, was the most colorful; the Columbia Ball on Washington's Birthday was America's contribution; and the merriest of them all was Saint Patrick's, when seventeen loyal sons of Erin recklessly ran up enormous bills to produce an entertainment equal if not better—they swore it was far better—than the ball given by the thousand Englishmen.

In the red brick Gaiety Theater, which stood at the head of Camp Hill, in the center of the Bluff, went on all the fun making of the community. There we held our balls, the meetings of the Yokohama Literary Society, the rare movies and rarer traveling road companies which showed five-year-old plays in old costumes, and the immensely popular performances of the Amateur Dramatic Society. Later, after the revolution, we had Russian ballets, opera companies and concerts; once even an exhibition of violent cubist paintings. The Bluff Library occupied a tiny little building near the cemetery, and the Yokohama Foreign School was in the same neighborhood.

The Yokohama Foreign School was a corporation whose shares were subscribed by the foreigners, and whose classes were

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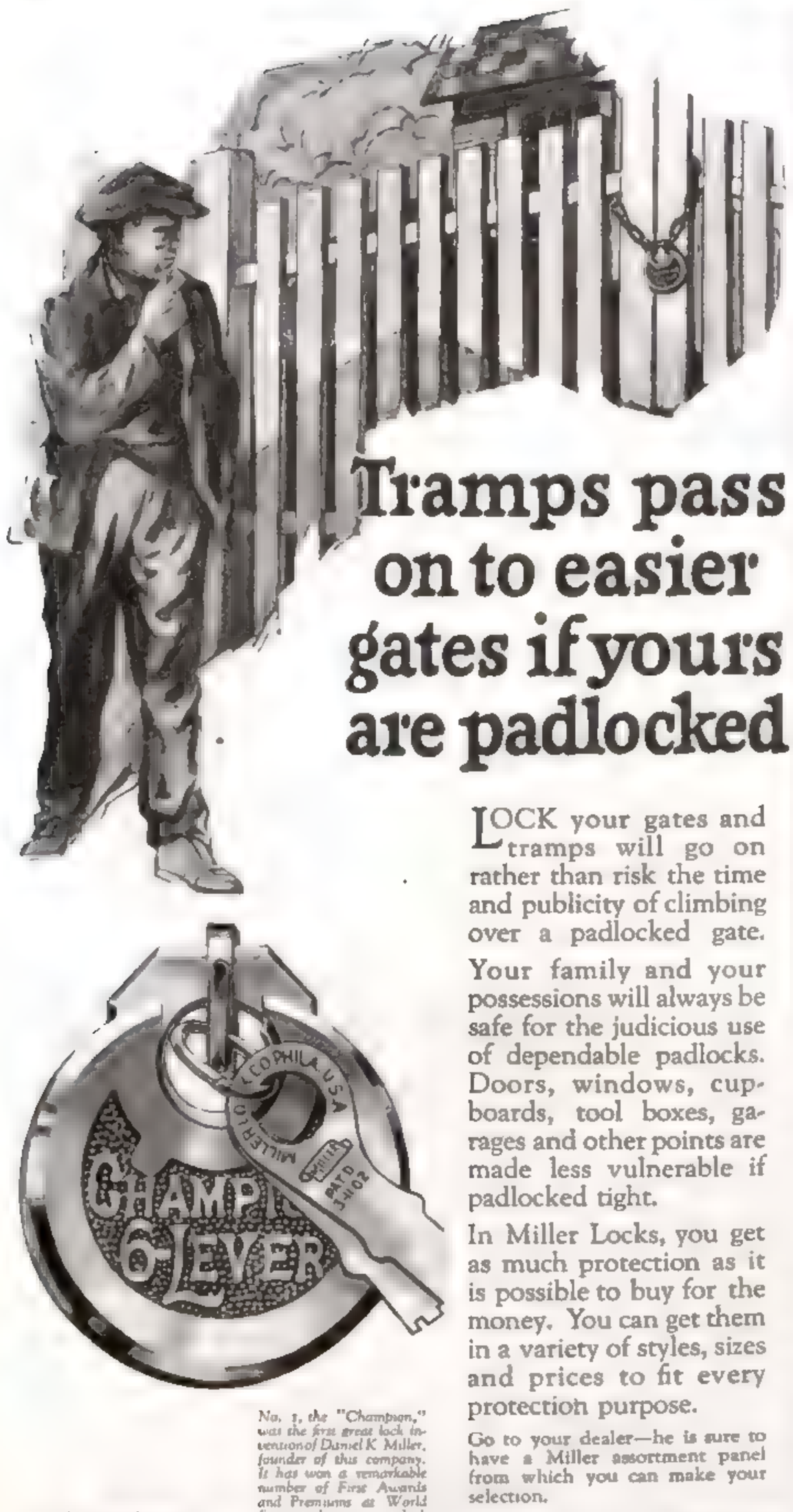

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LOCK your gates and tramps will go on rather than risk the time and publicity of climbing over a padlocked gate.

Your family and your possessions will always be safe for the judicious use of dependable padlocks. Doors, windows, cupboards, tool boxes, garages and other points are made less vulnerable if padlocked tight.

In Miller Locks, you get as much protection as it is possible to buy for the money. You can get them in a variety of styles, sizes and prices to fit every protection purpose.

Go to your dealer—he is sure to have a Miller assortment panel from which you can make your selection.

No. 1, the "Champion," was the first great lock invention of Daniel K. Miller, founder of this company. It has won a remarkable number of First Awards and Premiums at World Fairs and remains a lock of unequaled security. Made for hard service.

To the merchant:—
Miller Panel and Display Stand Assortments make padlock sales easier. Ask your jobber about them.

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Leadership since 1871
Padlocks—Night Latches—Cabinet Locks
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strictly limited to foreign children. The committee was offered a donation of one hundred thousand yen contingent on the admission of Eurasian children, but refused the gift, so strong was the feeling that race lines must be kept intact.

It was perhaps the most extreme example of nonassimilation that the modern world has seen, that foreign colony on the Bluff. Two thousand heterogeneous whites in a city of five hundred thousand yellow-skinned people; homes, churches, theaters, schools entirely of foreign architecture; no mingling with the native population except for employing a few as servants; costumes, languages, customs brought intact from their own countries. The foreigners even paid practically no taxes to the Japanese Government, for the property in the Settlement and on the Bluff was held in perpetual lease, exempted by a decision of The Hague Tribunal from the necessity of paying taxes on buildings erected thereon.

The perpetual leases were ever a sore point with the Japanese, who felt that they had been practically extorted from their government when it was weak and unskilled in international diplomacy. Whenever a lease came into the market, as many did when Japan declared war against Germany, through confiscation of alien property, Japanese were present at the auctions to bid the price up far beyond the means of foreigners and so restore the land to Japanese ownership.

The Japanese Government maintained the roads through the foreign colony, supplied a police station with patrols, and a fire company of sorts; but there was a constant undercurrent of dissatisfaction on the part of the foreigners. It was the fashion to rail against the inefficiency of the police and the fire department. In truth, conflagrations were frequent and disastrous, and the scanty equipment of the fire force availed practically nothing; but no one ever remarked in their defense the truth—namely, that the foreigners persisted in erecting highly inflammable buildings in a district where there were no high-pressure mains, and heated them with open fireplaces and oil stoves in spite of the frequent earthquakes and typhoons which toppled down houses and stoves at a minute's notice.

Misunderstanding

Like hermit crabs, we foreigners, when we found ourselves on the shores of Nippon, scuttled into shells as much like our former homes as we could find, adapting ourselves not at all to the conditions of the country, and absorbing nothing from the native population.

If Japan, back in the days of Perry and Townsend Harris, had felt free to throw open her towns and cities to foreign occupation, with no settlements marked off by sentries, so that the foreigners might have dwelt among the Japanese, it seems as though today there would have been a closer national understanding, less prejudice.

We rented a furnished bungalow on the Bluff for the summer, till we could find a permanent abode. The search was no simple matter, as there were no real-estate agents; and although the Yokohama Gazette sometimes carried advertisements of houses to let, the congestion of immigrants at the peak of the wartime expansion in Japan was so great that there were a dozen applicants for every house advertised.

Our staff of servants included two *kurumayas*, one for Dana San and one for me.

"*Kuruma*" is the Japanese word for "ricksha," and a *kurumaya* is the man who draws the *kuruma*. "*Ya*" is a most convenient little suffix, whose translation would be "the person who makes a business of." Thus we had "*yubin-ya*," the postman; "*denki-ya*," the electrician; "*gomi-ya*," the rubbish collector; "*ueki-ya*," the gardener. Literally, "*ue*" means "planting," "*ki*" is "tree," and with the addition of "*ya*," the English version might well be described by the slang phrase, "You said a mouthful." It would be manifestly inconvenient to say fifty times in a morning spent in the garden, "Honorable person who makes a business of planting trees."

Kasama was the name of Dana San's *kurumaya*. He was with us only a few months, but the cause of his leaving was one of those pitiful misunderstandings whose remembrance saddens us years after.

One morning, when as usual a gentle rain was falling, Dana San ordered the man to put on his rubber raincoat to save his uniform. We supplied the uniforms for both men.

"*Kino doku desu ga, Dana San; ame no kimono naku narimashita,*" answered Kasama.

Now "*naku narimashita*" is an equivocal phrase much used by the Japanese to soften bad tidings; it may mean that a person is dead, that a thing is lost or that it simply is not at hand. At that stage of our residence, Dana San and I knew only a few of the commonest Japanese expressions; everyone told us it was a waste of time to study Japanese, and that it was possible to get along with a word or two, as most tradesmen spoke more or less English. Dana San was invariably irritated by the Oriental euphemisms and idioms. If his tailor said "*Shigata ga nai*" when asked why a suit was not done on the promised day, which means literally, "Doing method there was none," and idiomatically, "I just couldn't help it," Dana San considered it an insult instead of a bit of Buddhist philosophy. Thus, when Kasama said his raincoat was "*naku narimashita,*" Dana San interpreted it as "lost" and gave the man a piece of his mind in good American fashion, exhausting his slender stock of Japanese swear words in reprimanding such carelessness.

The Troubles of Kasama

There are some countries where to call a man a fool, or even a damfool, only clears the atmosphere all around; there are some races who white men find need a good "cussing" to get any results; but in Japan, to lose your temper or call a man "*baka*," which means "fool," or "*chikusho*," which means "hairy beast," is an unforgivable insult.

Kasama drew Dana San to the office without a word, but an hour later the "boy" at the house brought me a little bundle containing Kasama's uniform, including the missing raincoat. Kasama had resigned.

I questioned Usui, my own *kurumaya*.

"Kasama's wife is very sick, Okusan," he explained. "Three days baby has been coming; midwife could do nothing. Kasama called the doctor, but Kasama is a poor man with many children; the Ishii San said Kasama must first bring the money.

"Kasama had no money, so he pawned his new raincoat. When Dana San became angry, Kasama sold his *tansu*"—chest of drawers—"to redeem the raincoat and brought it back. Kasama is an honest man, Okusan."

I sent Usui straightway to Kasama's house with money and word that his position would be open to him when his wife was better, but Usui brought back the money sadly. Kasama's wife and the new baby were dead, and Kasama did not wish to work for us any more.

I felt like a murderer, thinking of that poor woman lying in agony for three days on the *tatami*, a wrinkled midwife powerless to alleviate her suffering, her little children dumbly watching her die—all for want of the ten yen which would have procured a skilled physician. It shamed me to think that harsh words and unkind suspicions had beaten on Kasama's sorrowful heart. Until then I had been content, like most foreigners on the Bluff, to pick up only a few words of Japanese; but the tragedy of knowing that if I had been able to speak freely to Kasama he might have asked aid of me in his trouble resolved me to learn the language in earnest.

I spent most of the time for the first two months after my arrival in Japan tracing down clews to houses. After breakfast Usui would bring around the *kuruma* and

(Continued on Page 110)

Victors in Olympic *Soccer* and *Tennis* Championships *choose Keds!*

EVERY four years the Olympic games draw the greatest athletes from all corners of the globe.

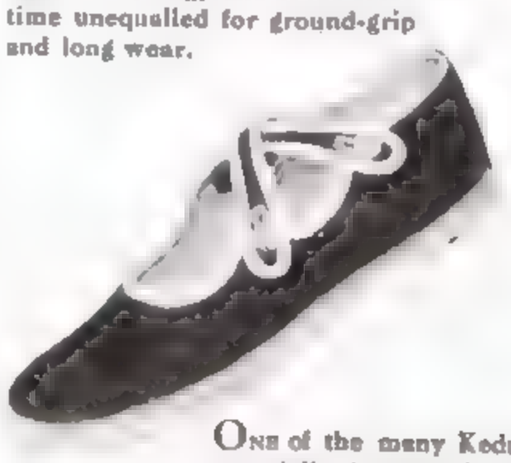
ONE of the most interesting and picturesque events at the last Olympic games was the winning of the Soccer Championship. In match after match the team sent by little Uruguay came off victorious—in the end winning the world's title.

In their gruelling daily work throughout this hard-fought series every member of the team wore the American athletic shoes that are becoming internationally famous—Keds.

In addition the Olympic Tennis Championships—men's and women's, singles and doubles—all were won on Keds!

The very same long-wearing qualities that make Keds the choice of these leading athletes have made them also the standard vacation shoes everywhere. For games, hikes, camping, outings and all summer outdoor uses—Keds are ideal.

They are light and comfortable—yet so tough and durable, so strongly constructed that they have set record after record for long wear.



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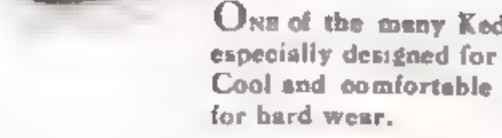

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Not all canvas rubber-soled shoes are Keds. That's an important point to remember, because no other shoe can give you real Keds value and service.

Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company, and every real Keds shoe *always* has the name Keds on the shoe.

Keds are a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes—varying in price according to grade, size and style from $1.25 to $4.50.

If you want the longest wear your money can buy—if you want the standard shoes for every sports and vacation use—look for the name Keds whenever you buy.

Accept no substitute for Keds!

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Our Keds Hand-book of Sport contains information on games, sports, camping, and dozens of other interesting subjects. Sent free if you address Dept. A-10, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

[NOTE] They are *not* Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe

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The STANDISH

Homes that Hold their Value Year after Year

One of the Basic Causes of Lewis Leadership

BECAUSE Lewis Quality Homes are built to *live in* for a generation or more, they do not deteriorate like the houses built to sell. Lewis Homes *stay good* down through the years, reaching a ripe old age, sound, enduring and as handsome as ever—the mellowed beauty of the years.

This outstanding plus-quality in Lewis Homes is strikingly reflected in the re-sale value when you come to sell—you can ask *and receive* a higher price because of the known prestige and leadership which distinguish Lewis Homes everywhere. That, of course, is the acid test of honest building.

New designs of compelling beauty, wholesale factory-direct prices, personal service. Filling out the coupon will bring you full details of these and other distinctive features of the Lewis Plan.

Lewis Homes

LEWIS MFG. COMPANY
Established 1894
Bay City, Mich.

SEND FOR THIS BOOK OF 100 BEAUTIFUL HOMES

LEWIS MANUFACTURING CO.
DEPT D, BAY CITY, MICH

Please send me your book of Lewis Homes showing over 100 beautiful photographic views of Lewis Homes with floor plans, for which I enclose 25¢ stamps or coin.

Name

Street or R. D.

City State

(Continued from Page 108

off we would go, down the main road or along the narrow lanes, asking other *kurumayas* if they knew of houses to let, ringing at the gates of houses that looked vacant.

Eventually Usui got me out of bed one morning to tell me that he had found a house, and by noon I had signed the lease for a small house on a narrow side lane. Behind the servants' quarters in the rear the ground fell away abruptly a hundred feet. I wondered sometimes if an earthquake would not land us all in a heap at the bottom, but for the sake of having a roof over our heads I risked the earthquakes.

Perhaps I am born to be hanged. At any rate, our house stood safely as long as I lived in it, and when I left Yokohama I subleased it to a French couple. A few months later, in the great earthquake of September, 1923, they were killed in that house.

Having found a house, the next question was to furnish it; so, added to the delight that every woman knows in furnishing a house, I had the pleasure of prowling around quaint little shops and dickering with picturesque workmen.

Furniture can rarely be found ready-made in Japan, so ours was made under our own supervision down in Chinatown, where men in black trousers and long blue coats chanted gossip at one another in singsong while they wove the long strands of reed into chairs and tables. I had the furniture painted, a process apparently unheard of in Japan before that time. It was white enameled and upholstered in charming Japanese flowered silk, far prettier than cretonnes, but difficult to utilize, as it came only in a fourteen-inch width. I tried to order some in an extra width, but learned it was made on hand looms in little mountain cottages and that tradition dictated the narrow width as just right for making kimonos.

A Housekeeper's Troubles

With gay upholstery, quantities of flowers and dwarf trees in quaint pottery, and colored prints by Hiroshige and Toyokuni on the walls, the house was quite attractive when we moved in; but before long I discovered the drawbacks of housekeeping in Japan.

Japanese wall paper is made by hand in eight-inch squares and pasted upon the laths, with no intervening plaster; consequently the wind blew through cracks, earthquakes cracked and tore the paper and wet weather reduced it to limp pulp. My pretty cushions and white furniture soon deteriorated into dinginess, covered with soot from the open fireplaces in each room where we burned soft coal. Furnaces were impractical in a country where earthquakes made cellars dangerous and anthracite coal sold for forty-five dollars a ton!

Fortunately, the thermometer rarely dropped to the freezing point, but the winter months were raw and damp, so that we suffered from cold and chilblains. At dinner parties women in Paris gowns squabbled indecorously for the next turn to stand with back to the fireplace between courses, and when we were not entertaining, Dana San and I ate from a card table edged as close as possible to the meager blaze.

At the last minute before moving into the new home it developed that the Chinese had not had time to paint the babies' cribs, so they were left in the natural rattan. Presently the babies developed mysterious sores, angry-looking red spots on their tender skin. Inquiry of the amah brought forth a disgusted response:

"*Nanking mushi*"—Chinese bugs—"Okusan!"

Those Chinese bugs far outrank any American bedbugs ever hatched; they bite like scorpions, smell abominably and flourish like green bay trees. Boiling disinfectants and every kind of insect powder had no effect on them except to drive them farther into the cribs. Finally several coats of paint applied over a thick layer of insect powder disposed of them, but not before any desire I had cherished to travel in China was thoroughly destroyed.

The Japanese were very contemptuous of these little friends of the Chinese, and claim that sons and daughters of Nippon never entertain them; but I found plenty of indigenous insects in Japan which annoyed me as much as the Chinese bugs.

Fleas infested the straw *tatami*, so that whenever we went to a tea house or Japanese inn in the country we surrounded ourselves with a dead line of flea powder; cockroaches scuttled about my otherwise immaculate kitchen; and a plague of mosquitoes buzzed around us for six months of the year.

The mosquitoes were so troublesome, as we had no screens, for screening rusts too fast in Japan's damp climate, that often we sat reading in the living room with our feet tied up in pillow slips, and were obliged to sleep under stifling canopies of mosquito netting. Japanese *kaya*—mosquito nets—designed for Japanese houses are more effective than bed canopies, as they are made exactly the size of the room, fastening in the four corners and giving the effect of a screened porch when in position. We found the *kayas* very satisfactory in our little Japanese summer home by the shore.

The mosquitoes were pursued by a fearsome beetle called *geji-geji*, which is cherished by the Japanese because it eats so many mosquitoes; but I never could learn to love it or get over having the horrors when I found one in bed with me. It was six inches long, dark brown in color, and equipped with a dozen pairs of slithering legs which increased its acreage to the size of a bread-and-butter plate; and if we killed one, the legs curled and uncurled in most ghastly fashion for hours afterward.

In the summer hard brown June bugs flew about at twilight, cannoning into our faces like bullets; and all through the day the *semi*, brothers to our seventeen-year locust at home, sat in the trees ululating; thousands of them shrieking in chorus, shrill and piercing as the din of a boiler factory or a steam riveter. Small brown boys in flapping kimonos ran after them with long bamboo poles limed at the end; soft-hearted missionaries remonstrated with the boys for tying their captives to a string and whirling them through the air to hear them buzz; cultured Japanese even write poems on the song of the *semi*. I used to sneak out with a handful of copper sen to subsidize the little boys at their work in hopes of lessening the awful noise.

Common house flies, strangely enough, were rare; but a green-headed fly called the *buyu* had a trick of hovering in the top of the grass, a foot from the ground, whence he stung our ankles secretly.

As each bite generally produced an ulcer lasting for weeks, the *buyu* was not popular with foreigners.

Household Pests

The worst of all the pests was the *mukade*, a small scorpion from three to eight inches in length, distinguished from the harmless *geji-geji* by having very short legs and a red stripe down his brown back. The *mukade* loved warmth and white surfaces; his favorite hiding place seemed to be inside light clothing hung up in a closet. It was truly a thrilling experience to put one's nightgown over one's head and discover at the crucial moment, when it was conventionally impossible to shriek for help or run out of the room, that a *mukade* was inside it with you!

The *mukade* has a nervous disposition; at the least movement around him he strikes every one of his score of little claws deep into your skin, at the same time dealing a vicious sting with his poisonous tail. If you put your hand on a *mukade* in the dark your arm will be paralyzed for half an hour from the agonizing pain, and when he strikes his claws into your skin, each wound will become an ulcer.

There is only one way to deal with a *mukade* and escape unscathed. On discovering the beast on your body, you must freeze into immobility until you can call a servant, who departs to the kitchen to heat a metal chopstick. Perhaps he has to kindle the charcoal first. At the least it is five minutes that seem like five years before he returns to place the red-hot point on the narrow back of the *mukade*. The beast thereupon is supposed to curl up and depart this world without harpooning you first.

I have often heard this procedure advocated, but I have yet to meet an individual who succeeded in carrying the program through to a successful conclusion.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles telling the adventures of an American woman living in Japan. The second will appear in an early issue.

COME, BAY BEE

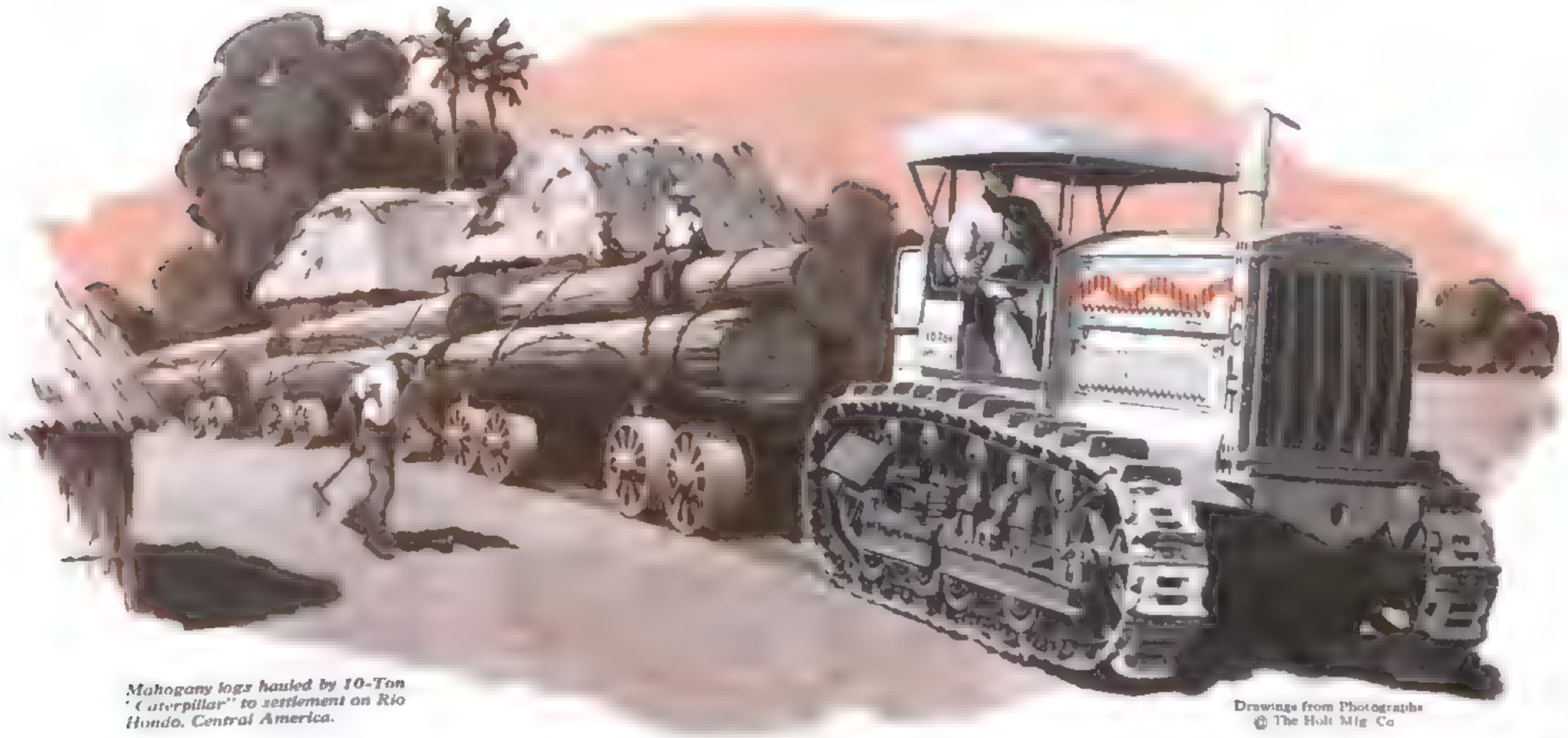
(Continued from Page 20)

back of the Garage and got some of the Perfume that Sheep-Dip Jim, the Bald-Headed Barber, uses to put on the Boys when they go to Dances up at Buzzard's Roost and want to Smell Nice and make a Hit with the Buzzard Roosters, or maybe I should say the Hens and Chickens. We squirted some of Sheep-Dip Jim's Perfume all over the Pretty Flowers so as when the Bees come out the Front Door of their Coop they would see the Flowers and Smell the Perfume and it would Make them feel Good, and while they was Happy the Reptyle Kid and Simple Slim could feed them Sugar out of a Spoon or Sirup out of a Bottle.

The Coop was just a Big Wooden Box all nailed up, and in the Front End was a little crack or door down at the bottom, with some Fly Screen tacked over it, for the Bees to look out of and Get Air while they was traveling from New Hamp Shire to California—which they never got to. We could see them through the Fly Screen, and by the time we had got them moved over into the Shade and the Coop setting on the ground with the Pretty Flowers all over Perfume setting up in front of the Coop and the Sugar and Sirup ready to Feed them, they was getting pretty hungry and Buzzing to beat the Band and the Frog come hopping down to see what was Going On and making all the Noise. When he saw the Bees through the little door he Kept a Cocking his Head up sideways and looking at them and Listening like he knew something about it.

It always takes a Good Boss to get a Good Job done right, and as I owned a Half Interest in the Coop Full of Bees, and the Reptyle Kid and Simple Slim only owned a Quarter Interest each, I told them I would do the Bossing and they could do the Feeding, and while they was Feeding we would all count and keep track as the Bees come up to Eat and try and find out About How Many Bees we had, and then we could figure up about How Much apiece they was worth. The Arizona Law says you have to brand and earmark all the Live Stock you own, but Bees don't have No Ears—Simple Slim says How Do they Hear then and it would be a Hell of a Job trying to Catch and Brand all the Bees we had in the Coop and no sense in it anyway, because there ain't no more Bees around Salome for them to get mixed up with. We found out After wards that Bees is about the Lavest Stock there is running loose around here and they do Their Own Branding and Earmarking. They ain't always Particular either, and if they can't Find an Ear they will Mark an Eye or a Nose or

(Continued on Page 114)



Mahogany logs hauled by 10-Ton "Caterpillar" to settlement on Rio Hondo, Central America.

Drawings from Photographs © The Holt Mfg. Co

In Your Own Home

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The roads over which you drive are doubtless among the thousands of miles of roads built and maintained by "The Nation's Road Maker." To produce the gasoline and oil for your car, "Caterpillars" pioneered in roadless oil fields, furnishing low cost transportation of machinery so that your motor transportation might finally be cheaper. The parks in which your children play, your favorite golf course, are probably among the many built and kept up by "Caterpillar" power.

In your home, your business, your recreation, the "Caterpillar" has a closer interest for you than perhaps you realized. In every part of the world, "Caterpillars" are the most economical for ordinary work. They are indispensable for the most extreme conditions because they perform tasks impossible for any other machine or method. Write us for illustrated booklet.

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For orchard, vineyard and farm use; on engineering projects and public works; in the oil, mining and lumber industries—wherever there is need for the utmost in tractive power and endurance, the "Caterpillar" has no real competitor. There is but one "Caterpillar." Holt builds it.

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GOODYEAR
GOODYEAR BALLOON
"My Goodyear balloon tires to date have run 14,000 miles. They have been so much more comfortable, have saved so much on the wear and tear on the car and all without any apparent loss of power or decrease of operating economy, that I feel that Goodyear balloons are by far the most all around satisfactory tires I have ever used." — O. A. Sweasy, Vice Richmond, Ill.
"After using Goodyear balloon tires on a Ford Sedan for better than 20,000 miles I find them better than is claimed for them as they give such excellent cushioning, making a real pleasure, saving at least 2qt., less wear on car and shedding is almost a thing of the past. My tires show but little wear and I feel proud of them." — S. J. Berry, Burns Brothers, Rome, N. Y.
"Everything that you claimed for Goodyear balloon tires is more than borne out in actual experience. What I am most surprised at is the fact that the tread as yet shows no signs of wear. I am looking forward to changing over my other car next spring unless we decide to buy a new one, in which case I shall insist on balloon equipment." — A. Haskell McManus, Erie, Pa.
"I purchased a set of Goodyear balloon tires in May, 1924, and up to November have had excellent service, no punctures or other trouble. I like the riding comfort a great deal and feel I will get great mileage. I don't think I shall ever use an other tire than a Goodyear balloon tire in sele." — C. M. Bessey, D. C. Ph., Springfield, Ill.
GOODYEAR
Copyright 1925, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

No; all "balloons" are not alike

Goodyears alone are made with SUPERTWIST

The interesting thing in the balloon tire situation today is the enthusiastic approval expressed everywhere for Goodyear balloon tires.

There is a valid reason for this approval.

Goodyear balloon tires do offer pronounced advantages in performance — in wear, freedom from trouble, and economy.

These advantages trace directly back to SUPERTWIST, the celebrated new cord fabric developed in Goodyear mills.

SUPERTWIST is designed specifically to the needs of the modern low-pressure flexible-sidewall tire.

Its superiority lies in its greater elasticity. It far outstretches the breaking point of standard cord fabric.

The tire carcass made of it absorbs shock over a much wider area, and thus is afforded greater protection against stone-bruise, carcass-breaking and similar injuries.

SUPERTWIST is now used in all Goodyear Tires, both balloons and standard sizes.

Its benefits are exclusive to Goodyear users, for SUPERTWIST is used *only* by Goodyear.

SUPERTWIST makes Goodyear balloon tires superbly different from any other balloon tires — as results plainly show.

Yet Goodyears cost you no more.

More people ride on Goodyear
Tires than on any other kind

"At this writing, the Goodyear balloon tires on my Cadillac have given approximately twelve thousand miles, and during this service I have been interrupted with just one puncture. I can not say too much in favor of Goodyear balloon tires because my experience with them has been ideal and I would not operate an automobile today without this equipment." — ELMER V. ROBERTS, *Lima, Ohio.*

"I want to tell you about my experience with Goodyear balloon tires on my Hudson Coach. These tires have covered 5000 miles — including 1700 miles over rough macadam roads, at speeds from 40 to 50 miles an hour. They show no wear and look as though they had gone about 100 miles. The riding qualities are wonderful and the car steers like a baby carriage." — M. STARK, *Wauwatosa, Wisconsin.*

"This spring I purchased a Ford Sedan and had same equipped immediately with Goodyear balloon tires. This car has been used principally for taxi purposes and we have no paved streets. Today the hubometer shows I have driven 11,614.6 miles and the tires look good for an equal number of miles yet." — C. HOWARD OLMSTED, *Eagle River, Wisconsin.*

"In February, 1924, I put on a set of Goodyear balloon tires on a Ford Coupe, and these I used up until its sale in September. At the time of sale the tires were in very good condition, and they are at the present writing, Ordinarily the regular fabric-equipped casing's life is only about six weeks with me, owing to the rough and rocky condition of the roads." — C. P. JONES, Jones Brothers, *Poenhontas, Ark.*

"BALLOONS"

Made with SUPERTWIST

Loose Money in your pocket is the easiest thing in the world to Lose

And you seldom get it back.

Lost money is lost for good—but not for *your* good. Whether *you lost it* or somebody *"found it on you"*, you seldom, if ever, get it back. It's just *gone.*

Millions of dollars, carelessly carried in the pockets of the people, are thus lost annually in the United States. It is this sort of carelessness that makes Crime easy—and *Crime*, and *Carelessness*, cost our people $3,500,000,000 last year.

Watch the crowds at a ticket window, in stores, or in any of the many other places where people spend their money. Note the display of loose bills loosely carried, not only tempting the clumsiest of light fingers but so easily, and, eventually, *so surely, lost.*

How wasteful! Just baiting crime! When the remedy is so easy and right at hand:—

American Express Travelers Cheques

Protect your money and serve you personally when you most need help.

Formerly, it was only travelers in foreign lands who needed the safe money and personal service these cheques assured. *Everybody needs them now*—anybody, anywhere, with the need for $10 to $100 or more in their pockets.

$30,000,000 of travelers cheques were used in the United States last year by people who never went outside of their own town.

Tourists, motorists, summer vacationists, business men and women on their trips bought $150,000,000 worth, while $120,000,000 of them were sold to travelers going abroad.

Everyone, traveler or non-traveler, who has once carried American Express Travelers Cheques in his pocket—who knows their practical convenience and their helpful personal service in time of need away from home, and who has felt the comfort of the safe money feeling they inspired, is an enthusiastic salesman for these cheques to his friends.

Easy to obtain, easy to use, American Express Travelers Cheques are spendable anywhere, acceptable everywhere.

They come in $10, $20, $50 and $100 cheques, bound in a small, handy wallet. Ask your banker about them. They cost 75c per $100.

FOR SALE AT 22,000 BANKS AND EXPRESS OFFICES

Secure your steamship tickets, hotel reservations and itineraries; or plan your cruise or tour through American Express Travel Department.

American Express Travelers Cheques

(Continued from Page 110

the Back of your Neck or any other Old Place that comes in Handy, and I'll Tell the World they Pack a Red Hot Branding Iron too.

The Reptyle Kid thought we ought to give them a Little Smoke first, to make them feel Good-Natured, so he got down on his knees and blew some Smoke in the little front door. I guess they didn't like the Kind of Tobacco the Kid smoked, because they all Buzzed to Beat Hell when he blowed the smoke in their faces, for which I don't blame them, as I have seen a Lot of Tourists get up and Leave the Room when the Reptyle Kid starts Smoking. Slim he went up to the Gas Station and got a Good 5c Cigar and he blowed some Smoke in their Faces too, which made them Buzz and Act Up worse than ever, so I told the Boys that these was probably Educated Bees and they wanted to Eat First and have a Smoke afterwards just the same as White Folks, and for them to quit their monkey business and blowing Smoke and Let's Feed the Bees.

The Reptyle Kid gets his Bowl of Sugar and gets down on his knees in front of the Coop and takes out a Spoon Full and Simple Slim he takes his bottle of Sirup and pours out a Spoon Full of It and gets down in front of the Coop on the other side, leaving a space in between him and the Kid so as the Bees could see the Pretty Flowers when they come out, and I got a pair of Pliers to pull the fly screen loose off from the Front Door of the Coop and let a few Bees out. The Kid wanted to know What to Call them when they started to come out and I told him to call them "Bee Bee," the same as that Girl in the Movies at Hollywood, which Slim then says is rightly called "Bay Bee" and started an Argument and I had to tell them to Shut Up and call them "Bee Bee" or "Bay Bee" or anything else they wanted, so long as they was Ready to Feed them when I Opened the Door and let them Out to Eat, and to be sure and Keep Count How Many there was as near as they could.

I got hold of the Fly Screen over the door with the pliers and only intending to loosen up one end of it and let a few Bees out at first until we see How They Eat, but the staple was stuck pretty tight and I had to give a Hard Pull to get it loose and the whole thing come loose All At Once and I fell over Back Wards and gave the Coop an awful Jerk, and the Bees Come Out to Eat. They didn't need No Calling either.

Simple Slim was squat down holding out a spoon full of Sirup and calling "Come, Bay Bee," and the Reptyle Kid was down on his knees saying, "Here, Bee Bee," and trying to Coax them with his spoon full of Sugar, when the screen pulled loose and let the Bees out of the Coop and I turned my first Back Summer Salt. The Rest of it is mostly Hear Say with me, because the first time I turned over I could see that the Bees were able to Eat without any Help and this was One Job that didn't Need No Boss. It was a case of Everybody for himself, so I Kept Right On turning Back Summer Salts until I was out of Breath, Out of the Way and Out of the Bee Business, too, I hoped: but no Such Luck.

Instinct must have Told them Bees that they Belonged to Me or some of them must have been Curious to See what it was a Rolling across the Desert, because just when I was all Tired Out with Turning Over, One of them Bit Me when I was bottom side Up, and Then I got up and Run—and, Boy, I Run, halfway to Buzzard's Roost, and I would have been a Running Yet if One of My Bees hadn't of got in Front of me and Headed Me off and Stung me under my Right Eye and Started me Home again, with my Tongue hanging out a Rod; and about Half Way Home another one of My Bees Bit me on the Tongue and by the time I got to the edge of Town I couldn't get My Tongue back in my Mouth A-tall, it was so swelled up, and I had to carry it around in a Sling for three days.

Dog-Gone this Bee Keeping Business. There may be Honey in One End of a Bee, but there's Hell in the Other, and I wish now I had Took the Family instead of the Bees. I know I could have Out Run Her if she Got to getting Mean. I think the Honey in My Bees must have Turned to Vinegar somewhere between Here and New Hamp Shire.

When I Left Home that day I was turning over so Fast it made everything Look Like Moving Pictures, and the Last Thing I remember seeing was the Reptyle Kid just starting to say, "Here, Bee Bee," the second or third time and Simple Slim coaxing, "Come, Bay Bee," and both of them getting a Mouthful of Bees and about a Million more all over them. Neither one of them looked or acted like they had a Mouth Full of Honey, and it was worth all the Bees had cost me just to See them. I'll bet that New Hamp Shire man has had a Lot of Laughs, thinking about Me and the Reptyle Kid and Simple Slim feeding his Bees; and I'll bet the Devil or whoever made the First Bee and turned him Loose is laughing yet, thinking about how much Hell a little Honey can stir up.

What gets me is how anyone can pack a coop full of Bees all the way from New Hamp Shire to Salome, Arizona, right in the car with them, and then try to make out like they are afraid to Sleep on the Ground on account of Centipedes and Scorpions and Such. I never Yet did hear of No Arizona Bug of No Kind ever chasing a Man down the road Flying faster than he could run, and then Sting Me, when I was running as fast as I could to keep out of his way and giving him All the Room I could. Centipedes and Such is Tame compared to these New Hamp Shire Bees that is Supposed to Eat Sugar out of a Spoon and Sirup out of a Bottle.

When I got back Close Enough to Town I sneaked around through the Greasewood to my shack and got my Field Glasses and got up on top of the Water Tank to see What was Going On down by the Garage, but I couldn't see no signs of Life anywhere at first, except down by the Bee Coop—and there was the Frog setting at the front door and bobbing up and down Eating the Bees as fast as they tried to come out the Front Door or come Back Home again and tried to get in. The Frog was All that Saved the Town. While I was watching the Frog eating up My Bees, a Big Car of Tourists drove up to the front of the Gas Station by the Garage and a Man got out and looked around for someone to Wait on him, and then a woman started to get out, and just then the Man jumped up in the air and started to Yell and Waving his arms and Acting Crazy like and they both jumped back in their car and the Reptyle Kid stuck his head out of the Garage door with a Double-Barreled Shot Gun and Let Loose with Both Barrels, and I lost a Good Customer. I don't think he even Stopped at the Next Town, the way he Started out of Here.

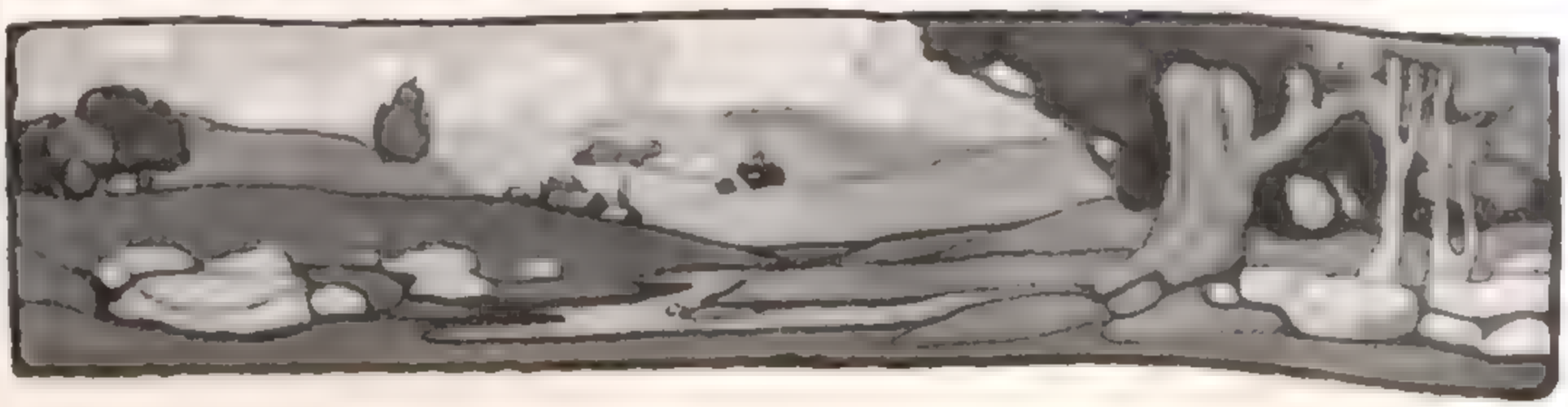
I thought at first the Reptyle Kid had gone crazy with the Bees, but in a minute he stuck his Head out again and shot Both Barrels the same as before, and then I see that he was Shooting at the Bees. He was Pretty Mad, from the way he Looked through the Field Glasses, and his Face was as Warty and almost as big as one of those Prize Squashes you see at the County Fairs back East, from the Bee Stings. He ain't none too handsome anyway, and between him and the Shot Gun and the Bees I figured the Water Tank was the Best Place for me, at the little end of the Field Glasses. I Know All I want to about Bees, and the Lord being willing, I don't Aim to Learn No More. I know they're Loaded, and anything that is Loaded is apt to Go Off, so Why Get Inquisitive when you can Buy Honey by the Can for only 60c a Quart?

The Frog Saved Our Lives. We had to keep the Garage and the Gas Station closed up Day Times for pretty near a Week, until he could eat up all the bees. I used to Watch him through the Field Glasses and Wonder. Night Times we used to sneak down to the Garage and the old Frog would come Hopping In, Grinning and so Full of Hell and Honey he couldn't Set Still, his belly so full of My Bees he looked like a Balloon, and he would cock his head up sideways and smile as if to say, "Ain't We Got Fun?" and every once in a while his stomach would shiver and twitch around like some Turkish girl doing the Who Chee Koo Chee dance. I wonder if they Eat Bees too. I sure have got a Lot of Respect for that Frog, and his Di-Gestion. If it wasn't for him the Garage and the Town would be closed up till Yet.

Simple Slim didn't get back for a Week, and we was commencing to get worried about him and watching for Turkey Buzzards circling around to locate His Body and had telegraphed to Phoenix and Tucson to look for him. I asked him What kept him so long and he said he Run so Far it took him four days to Walk Back, and he was so Swelled up it made it Slow Work. I never did find out yet from him and the Reptyle Kid how Many Bees they counted before they quit, excepting the Kid says about four times as Many as I did.

Some Body has got to Pay Me for all this Trouble and Loss of Money and Time and Business, and if I live Long enough and California ain't swallowed by an earthquake or Japan, I'll bet I get my Money Back with Interest. Every Time a Man comes along with a New Hamp Shire License or Tag on his car, I am going to charge him Ten Cents (10c) a Gallon more for Gas until I get what I think is Coming to me by Rights. I don't care much, though, Because I had a Lot of Fun out of it, watching the Reptyle Kid and Simple Slim, and sometimes when I get to thinking about it, I Start to Laughing and Laughing, until Strangers think there must be something the Matter with Me, a Laughing That Way Here when they can't See Nothing No Where Around Salome to Laugh At.

I just got a Letter from the New Hamp Shire man this morning, sending me the $37.45, which he says he got off of his Brother, and asking me to Be Sure and send his Bees as they are Imported and Hard to Get. I have just wrote him and told him to Watch Out for his Bees as I started them all down the Road towards California about an hour ago and I am sending him the Coop by Express Collect.



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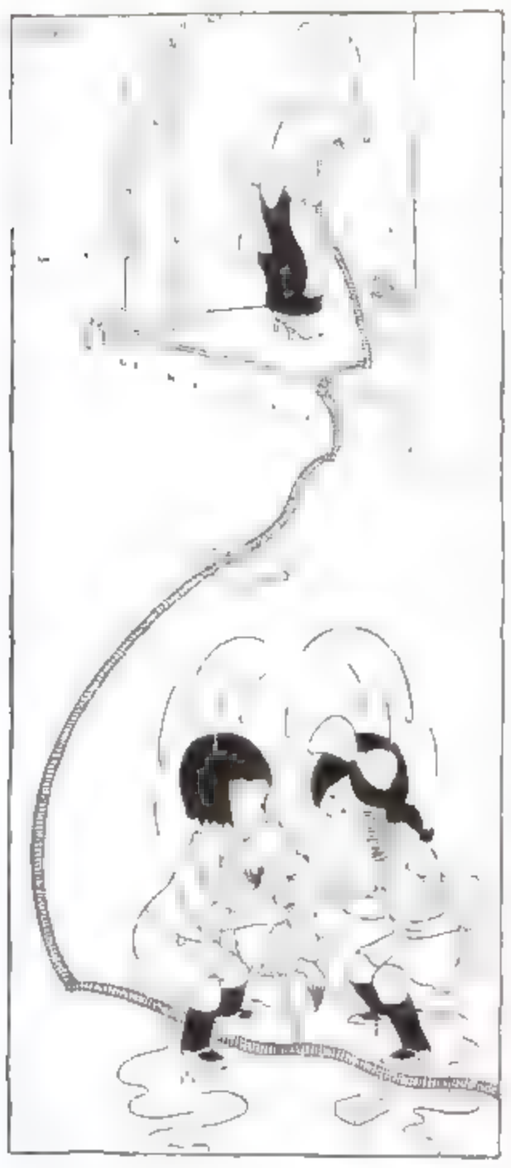
DETROIT, MICHIGAN



This is the last day Mrs. Gibney will be *without* Electric Garden Hose

Twist an Electric Garden Hose! Knot it! Yank it! *It cannot kink!*

That's why Electric outwears two ordinary hose. It's kinks that make leaks!

Built up like the best cord tires. Layers of pure rubber. Reinforced by jackets of braided seine cord. Heavy ribbed tread. Vulcanized together into seamless, kink-proof Electric Hose.

Thanks to this exclusive construction, which no other manufacturer uses, Electric Hose is the most economical hose you can buy.

Get *genuine* Electric. Trademark and handy measuring marks on every length. Your hardware dealer, plumber, seedsman or rubber goods store has Electric Hose or can get it for you.

Electric Hose & Rubber Co.
Wilmington, Del.

ELECTRIC GARDEN HOSE
It cannot kink

DULCARNON

(Continued from Page 7)

But that town, beneath a sun blurring with heat the fawn-colored sand and the pale-blue ditch, played backgammon, slept, drank, beat thin music from instruments with wire strings, talked English, Coptic, Welsh, Italian, Greek, French and the good language of Australia, drank again, shoveled coal from floating mounds into black bunkers, walked the streets in finery at evening, drank more, rattled the dice, clicked the men on the café boards, and let all the world flow by under verandas or acacia boughs. The office on Quai François Joseph knew nothing of one among so many passers.

On the corner by the Eastern Exchange Dan met a familiar face, the face of a blond young consul, and hailed it.

"Ahoy, neighbor! Look here!" He put a question he was tired of asking. "Have you seen my Old Man Friday, Runa, going through? Where is he?"

"In jail, maybe," said the heartless consul. "Never heard his name. Wait a minute. Come here; sit down."

"Not with you," said Mr. Towers bitterly. "Never heard of him? You call yourself a Woodman of this World or something, when you don't know a sliver cat if you see one. How are Betty and Jane? My love to 'em. Here, boy, *pronto, jaldi*—whatever the word is. . . . How! So long. A little tin-pot ship out here in the Canal. Got to catch her quick."

So, dodging from Port Saïd and all things ashore, he was gone for China and had given up the search. Many months passed before he had freedom to think of it again. Rolling then up the Bay of Bengal, in a freighter, with a beam sea that made her a plaything every knot of the way from under the lee of North Andaman and Coco to the mouth of Hugli, Dan let his hopes rise and fall. In Calcutta there would be a piece of work to do, then perhaps time which he might call his own. "Until further notice, Calcutta," was the last entry in that document hidden under the gilt clock.

"It will go hard," he thought; "but we meet up here somehow. The little cuss!"

How many years had flown since they first met, he and Runa? Six—seven? He could not reckon them, but long enough ago for well-known things to become strange. The southwest monsoon poured below the awnings a leaden breeze which had come very late that year and which blew damper and sweatier now than formerly; all night the Chinese compradores fiddled and sang, wailing music imprisoned in smoke behind portholes tightly shut, or all day pottered under the lifeboats to attend their swinging cages of canary birds; rain pelted the deck, drove him from his chair lashed on the poop; sunshine wheeled across gloomy water from a dazzling horizon; yet with every detail the same as before whenever he had sailed this voyage Dan found it new, different. On the port bow appeared India as a low strip of gray-green land edged with dark-green trees and brush lining a copper outpour, gables of dun thatch here and there, a stunted obelisk of gray rock upon mud, rarely a boat with lateen sail and dark-bronze men scowling over her gunwale.

"The old country doesn't promise a mite. I'd forgotten how sour she can look."

On the bridge of the ship the thermometer, cooled by wind that made the double awnings flutter and slat, declared 94° Fahrenheit.

"Don't read her for news," chuckled someone. "Hundred and fifteen last night in Calcutta."

Dan turned. A helmeted figure in white like himself, trim, gaunt, clean-shaven, took a pinch at his arm and went by grinning. It was another acquaintance, a Hugli pilot, who more than once had brought him up and down river. Following to the wheel, Dan stood by, made no remarks, but let the old wonder fill, exalt, humble his soul as he watched this Englishman fight and outwit, offhand, the treacherous yellow flood.

"A bit fancy here," said the pilot. Close at elbow stood a new apprentice, a boy with the pink-and-white coloring of home still on his downy cheeks, and neither sight nor hearing for anyone but his master. "Channel shifted again overnight, Monday morning tide. Ah, would you, old gel? No, not this time."

He gave an order which twirled the spokes in a miracle of steering while the ship trembled, and with his eyes on the rushing glare ahead, murmured to his boy:

"See the red brickyard under the palms, to port? Three days ago we should have been heading for that. If we were now, she'd go aground to stay. . . . Never pass it without thinking of you, Towers, and little Hury Seke on the Apcar hooker, and Captain Cole—the Mayam-Ma was his command those days, wasn't she?—and your pal whatever his name is who plunked the light guitar."

"La Flèche?"

"Ay. . . . Now, my lad, mark—north by east, a quarter east!"

It was exasperating to hear this, and to wait; but not until some forty miles upstream, late that afternoon, when the telltale had rung, "Finished with engines," and the freighter lay moored close beneath trees on a verdant shore, could Dan pursue the hint thus dropped in soliloquy. He and the pilot and the captain met, crowding a little fiery furnace of a cabin, to take their ceremonial drink before shore. Being the captain's cousin, the pilot could unbend so far.

"Have you seen the chap you mentioned, lately—young La Flèche?"

"No." The pilot gravely squinted at his glass in one hand and mopped his face with the other. Blinding waves of sunshine through the porthole danced across the white bulkheads to stir up and renew the heat in that breathless confinement. "No; not for years—months, anyhow."

"Who? Him?" The captain, a lively young skipper naked to the waist and glittering with sweat, his cheeks muffled in snowy lather, bent, frowning, toward a mirror, skewed his mouth open like a fish and began to shave. "Oh, yes; I heard of him; not long ago. Queer story."

Dan waited for some time.

"What was it?" he inquired at last "Where?"

"Can't remember," said the captain in the hollow, harelip voice of one who fears the razor blade. "Odd yarn too. A regular bunder. I forget. Some kind of disappearance. . . . Oh, hang it all!"

Aiming for the soap mug, he had run his brush deep down a good iced peg of whisky and soda. There was almost nothing coherent to be heard after this, and even less when the pilot had let fall dry words concerning haste, manly beauty and girls ashore.

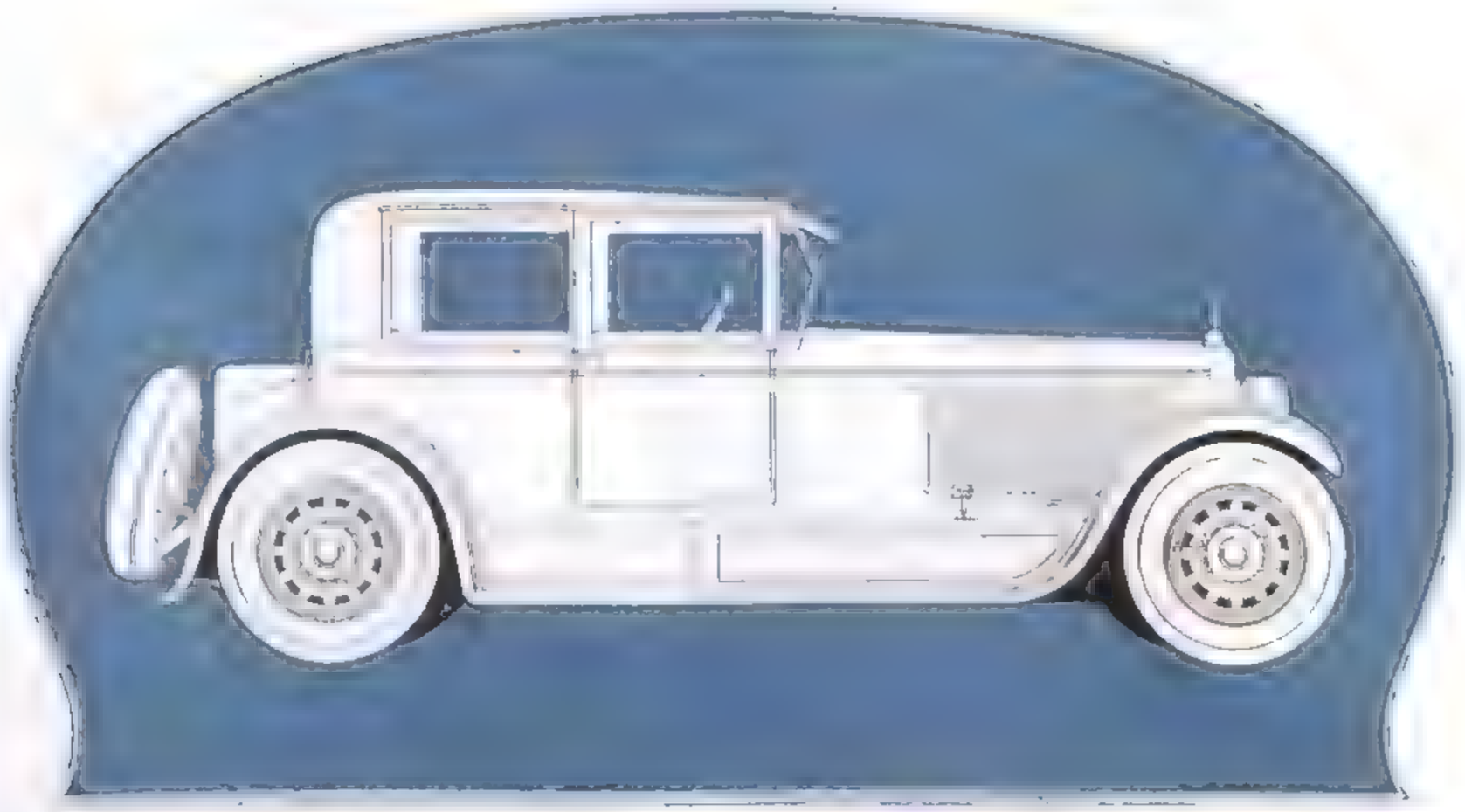
Dan came therefore to set foot on India laughing. Yet as he drove in a dirty black box of a gharri with rattling wheels, and admired once more the woodland lawn of the vast Maidan, all green and gold where sunset prolonged the shadows of trees on turf, he acknowledged a check, another disappointment. In the Eden Gardens, while he trundled by, the band was playing and had not even changed its tune. The same endless multitude—brown-faced, brown-legged, swathed in white, with white turbans, or skullcaps black as their beards, coolies in a twisted rag or two, portly baboos, each swinging by its crook his inevitable solemn bundle of an umbrella—all passed chattering along the road, wandered beneath branches or on the Maidan grass, tightly packing side by side, and keeping a silence like that of worship, formed a great oblong border to a field in which the heads of runners appeared bobbing; the hollow thump of a punt resounded; a tawny football rose, wavered aloft and fell. Everything went on as before—years before.

"You didn't expect the little man to meet you?" Dan reasoned. "Among so many thousand of us alive, how can one ever find another at the best of it? Disappearance. What could the captain have heard, and forgotten? Some kind of disappearance."

Whatever the kind, there did not long remain any question of the degree. A week in banks and offices ended all the work which Dan had to do in Calcutta, and set him at liberty; but a fortnight's careful search, a ransacking of his friend's old haunts, places likely and unlikely, everywhere, brought him no nearer to sight or word of Runa. As a disappearance, it was total, perfect. Of men whom they both had known here, some were now transferred, others gone to this or that hill station, a few, luckier, gone home; and in their stead reigned a care-free generation to whom, as to the captain, Runa and his deeds were but legend.

By the river side, up three flights of dark stairway and through a corridor that smelled of good cooking, a man who knew his way might still find Archambaud's, a low unfashionable den where clean linen, polished glass and shining cutlery adorned a few little tables in a veranda. Archambaud's food and wine were of the best; but

(Continued on Page 119)



I Don't Want to Be Ordinary

Frankly—I don't want to be ordinary—dress like everybody else—look like everybody else.

I don't want to be self-conscious.

When I thrust my radiator into the van of the traffic press I want to be nice to everybody, but get away first.

I don't want to be slow on my feet.

When I take a hill I want to look back on the aristocrats.

I don't want to be conspicuous, but I love to have people stop and watch me go by.

I am The Great Jordan Line Eight.

I have personality—a little touch of charm—the pep of youth—the comfort of being well-to-do.

I am the companion of people who can choose their companions.

As I said—I am The Great Jordan Line Eight.

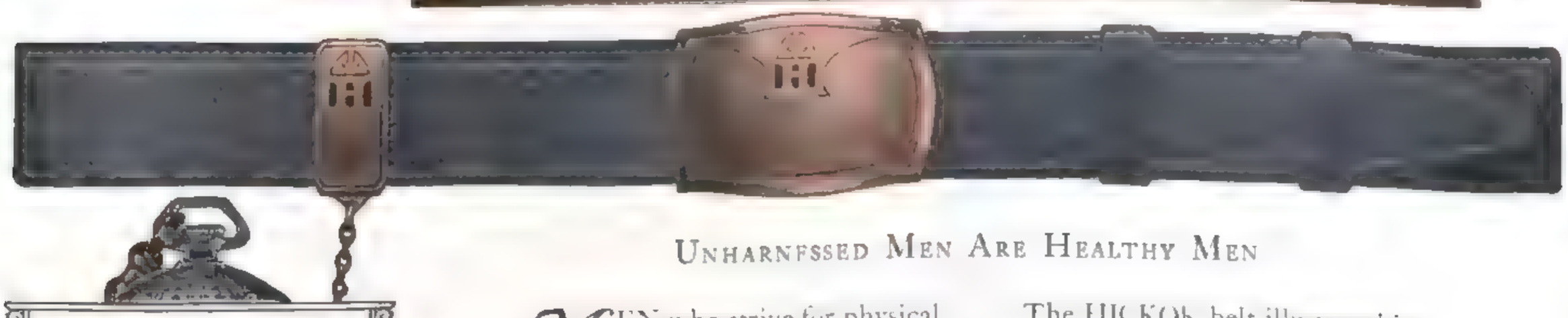
JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Inc.*, CLEVELAND, OHIO

I'd love to be a student—I wish I could sew. I'd love to be a credit to my parents. But between you and me, I love that horse.

JORDAN

HICKOK

Look for the name HICKOK *on the belt, buckle and beltogram. It is your guarantee of the distinctive style, quality, and workmanship*



BELT STYLE CHART

Suit	Buckle & Beltogram	Belt
Blue	Silver or Hickok Bronze	Black, Blue or Tan
Black	Silver or Gold	Black
Light Gray	Silver or Hickok Bronze	Tan, Blue or Gray
Dark Gray	Silver or Hickok Bronze	Black, Tan or Gray
Light Brown	Silver or Hickok Bronze	Tan, Blue or Cordovan
Dark Brown	Silver or Hickok Bronze	Cordovan, Blue or Tan
White or very Light	Silver or Hickok Bronze	Light Tan Leather or Colored Silk

You should have a different belt for every suit. Belt width is a matter of taste.

DRESS WELL *and* SUCCEED

UNHARNESSED MEN ARE HEALTHY MEN

MEN who strive for physical fitness wear HICKOK Belts, Buckles and Beltograms.

Such men enjoy an unharnessed freedom of shoulder and a chest expansion which develops a well-molded physique that always appears perfectly dressed.

The HICKOK belt illustrated is a smart and serviceable style in rich blue leather. Combined with the pure bronze buckle of distinctive design, it makes a clean-cut "dress-up" for the waistline.

Prices $1.00; $2.00; $3.00; $5.00 and up.

Sold by all stores catering to well-dressed men and boys

HICKOK MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Factories in NEW YORK CITY, CHICAGO *and* TORONTO

HICKOK

BELTS BUCKLES BELTOGRAMS

(Continued from Page 116)

Dan ate his dinner there so many times alone that he began to find it dull.

"*Pour ouvrir l'estomac*," sighed Archambaud himself, a huge, fat Chandernagor Frenchman whose coal-black beard spread over his white tunic. He set down a glass frosted with something golden, his choicest cocktail of arrack and lime juice, then sighed again. "Sir, no; I never tell where Monsieur la Flèche may be, no more. He has gone, many a day. *C'est un garçon extraordinaire*. When he is here, behold him, very much so, abounding. When he is not here, behold again very much the contrary, he is vanished. Private. Incognito. *Comme un roi*, Monsieur Towers, that is all to be said."

Dan's table, by the railing of the veranda, looked across a puzzle of native housetops and a godown roof to where many masts and funnels loomed through brown twilight on the river. When the last evening of his fortnight came, it found him seated there alone, hot, discouraged and without appetite. He had given up the hunt. Tomorrow he would take one of the ships out there in the dusk, drop down Hugli and be gone somewhere, for there was no good in idling about this town of strangers. Everything had changed, after all.

A gaudy parrot in a cage near by whistled a few bars of *Les Grognards Passent*, nipped the wires with his beak, hung himself upside down and leered.

"Hallo, Poll!" said Dan.

The bird was always there, and did not look a day older.

"You give me that poor Robinson Crusoe feeling."

"*Trin, trin, trin*," replied the parrot, then chuckled, then sang in a Punch and Judy voice "*Les lauriers sont coupés!*"

"I believe you, my boy." Dan sighed. "They are, and we'll go to the woods no more."

They had held this very conversation before, one evening in the past. Yes, at the same table; and then Runa had come walking in on them.

Towers gave a start. Here came someone now—a light, quick tread from inside the house. A door opened. History did not repeat itself, however, for the figure crossing the veranda was that of a native.

"Tawah Sahib?"

It was a young Mussulman who spoke, or whispered, and who drew near in a doubtful, slinking way, like a stray cat which might be pounced on from behind or kicked out. He wore a filthy long gown and a black velveteen cap from which the gilt embroidery hung chafed into ravelings.

"Yes."

The fellow darted an uneasy glance all round and behind him; then sneaking forward, made a convulsive jerk of salaam, tossed on the table a very dirty envelope, drew in his breath like a hiss of relief, turned without another word and ran out.

"How now?"

The whisk of his motion had made the candlelight flutter on Dan's table, and left as it were a passing breath of hurry and fear. This the begrimed envelope contained nothing to warrant; nothing but a sheet of thin paper neatly written full, with pen and ink, in a fair commercial hand:

"To His High Excellency Messieurs Towers & Co'y. If singular number please excuse E. & O. E.

"Hond. Sirs, perchance Ditto Sir merely: Certifieth humbly that your unrivaled libralitery being universally renowned are diffused to redeem the district, succor the weak, lamp the wanderer, lodestar his dark feet and calm the stuffed bosom, I could not but uncover my meseries with hope that Your Honour should with pitys eye for godsake peruse the undermentioned lines at leasure. You, sir, being the Ocean of Kindness and father of the poor, I for an act that will feed me along my family members and make you pious and prosperous on this earth and soon go happily to impatient Heaven not yet perfect until this your sky journey are completed.

"Sir, with bended knees and folded palms your servant states. I was descended from an illustrious dynasty. In prevalence of intermarriage system my bride was selected of good stock high Kulin Brahman family at village of ——"

Dan chuckled, threw the letter away, and lighting a cigarette, began to drink his coffee.

"Another man begging for a job, that's all." He leaned back, grinning as he smoked. "This one came in like the First Murderer "

He had read many petitions of the kind. They were all much alike. It is probable he would never have picked the sheet up again but for idleness, boredom and the languid curiosity of an afterthought. Why had tonight's petitioner gone running barefoot downstairs for dear life? His tribe always waited sadly in the background, with meek doglike eyes imploring.

"Strange. I believe the man really was frightened."

To pass the time, Dan recovered the document and read on, though not with pity's eye, for soon the text made him laugh aloud, being a chronicle of married life which had no reserve, left nothing to bachelor fancy, but rent the veil and mournfully betrayed the household from top to bottom, wife, husband, grandmother, aunts, babes, with all their "gastric griefs and peristaltic woes"; yea, more. For a lonely man, the letter was as good as a play:

"Amid this gloomy fellowsuffering and affectionate condolement which rendered our dwelling jolly nearly untenable, my wife's mother began to reveal her black side to me, your poor boy, Sir. With unholy guile the ancient widow declared ——"

What she declared threw the reader down limp in his chair, to rest and wipe his eyes. When he could see again he resumed. And then, suddenly, he came bolt upright, frowning at the manuscript. Without warning, without skip or break of continuity, huddled into the paragraph of family sorrow, came a new matter:

"Had my meseries no other claim upon your goodself, you will hear the downtrod cries of your poor faithful boy this time, when he delivers message entrusted to him as follows, namely your friend whom Your Honour seeks being in danger ——"

"What's this? What's all this?" Dan cleared a space on the tablecloth, flattened the letter smooth, dragged the candles nearer and bent to study hard:

"—— your friend whom Your Honour seeks being in danger and the tight corner of mental distress unable to emerge from said hole by self-energy without your godlike aid now herewith begs you remembering your lovingkindness to forsake all, go to Indian Museum, Chowringhee Road, and there respect one London-born gentleman Mr. Groundsel. Fail not, Sir, but immediately at a high rate of speed go respect him and see your stars. O, headstrong and inveterate philanthropist, do so. Prosper the cries and meseries of your poor boy this time. Be not angry and don't fret against my tantalogical and wrong speeches if any, but in mercy oblige me, sole guardian on earth, with your soft pens. Recall, Sir, that this creature appeared in Entrance Examination local H. E. School but owing to bad luck I got plucked and thwarted of ambition, with finer feelings thus harrowed and the almost hell-like secular intrigues of my wife's crone mother ——"

The rest was plain petition. Disregarding it, Dan read the message again and yet again, to sift from all its chaff a grain of sense. He lighted his pipe and smoked it out before he found any interpretation whatever.

A bazaar letter writer, of course, had composed the thing; and being hired, perhaps, to indite a short, urgent matter, had seen fit to imbed it in a supplication of his own. Perhaps it came from Runa. "Your friend whom Your Honour seeks"—a friend in a tight corner who could not get out and who needed help. If that meant Runa —— All was if and perhaps; but Runa in danger, cut off somewhere, might have managed to get word through thus vaguely by a frightened messenger.

"You don't take ship tomorrow," Dan told himself. "You go visit the Museum and the London-born gentleman with the canary-food name, and see your stars, right after breakfast."

Guesswork it might be, and all wrong, or foolishness that led to nothing; yet as he went downstairs later, and through a narrow way between blind houses where no one seemed to live, Dan had a curiously mingled feeling of hope and disquiet. If he read the message aright, he was now on the track of his friend, but with no time to lose. Passing in the gloom through a stifled courtyard, where empty wagons lurked under the huge black cloud of a banyan tree, he picked his way by starlight among bodies of men—white-wrapped bodies here and there flat on the cobblestones. Many a time he had done so; but tonight, in this uncertain mood, he found the sleepers grim, neglected, forlorn, as though it were not sleep that reigned here, but sleep's brother, and the ground were covered with the dead. Half a memory of some picture haunted him. Was there a dark scene by Vedder, of the plague in a medieval town? Dan stopped and looked behind him. For a moment he thought one of the ghosts had risen to come after. A whiteness dodged, or drew back, or faded, under the banyan cloud; a blur suggesting movement, another trick of his fancy—it could be no more, for these corpselike bundles were nothing but poor coolies tired in the heat.

"Strange, though."

Twice in dark alleys, and again by lamplight on a crowded pavement, Dan halted and with the same unreasoning impulse waited to be overtaken. Of all the drowsy night wanderers not one came near him. From the door of his hotel—an obscure little house in a neighborhood always deserted after dark—he looked back and saw the whole thoroughfare vacant from end to end.

Rain fell next morning as he trundled in a gharri along Chowringhee Road to the Museum. In the compound a splashing downpour beat upon shrubs and flowers; its noise pursued him through the colonnade; its gloom filled the vestibule and the great stairway. Mighty carven stone, the work of sculptors dead and forgotten these two thousand years, oppressed him with age, with life and beauty in ruin, down the long galleries. Rebuked by antiquity, his own affair grew sillier at every echoing step.

"Like disturbing Pharaoh," thought Dan. "Like waking Buddha up to ask if he's got a match on him."

The interview was not so bad as that, for Mr. Groundsel, when discovered at last, proved to be a quiet little Englishman in dark flannels, with an alert, pleasant face and twinkling eyes.

"Yes, my name is Crowninshield," said he. "What can I do for you?"

They met in the Buddha-Gaya gallery, a lane of sculptured fragments, twilight marvels from the past.

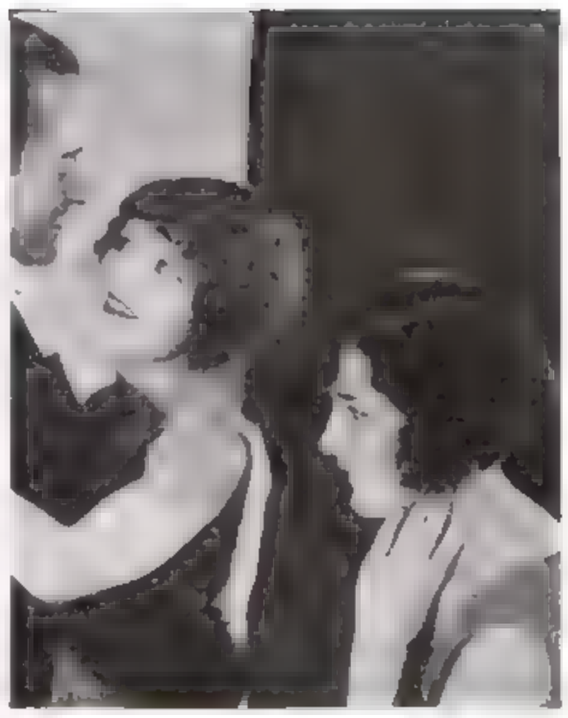
"I'm ashamed to tell you." Dan gave him the petition and waited. "Is there anything in this?"

Mr. Crowninshield read with a smile that became doubtful, then perplexed, then whimsically grave.

"Well, well; it's our young Master Runa again, eh?" he murmured. "Very hard to say. I don't know. Probably ——"

He returned the paper in silence. The two men began pacing up and down the gallery, past old reliefs, torsos, broken things divinely chiseled, Indian figures in Greek drapery, heads of Buddha with Apollo's hair.

(Continued on Page 122)



"I Wish I Had Eleanor's Pep"

"She never seems to get tired out. "Look at her now. That makes six men have cut in this dance. The music sounded fine at first. Now I'm tired out and it's only 12 o'clock. The sob of the saxophone has ceased to interest me. I'm all in. The stag line watches Eleanor all the time. Most popular girl on the floor. Popularity comes a lot from how much pep a girl can show—and feel, believe me. 'Cause you can't fake it if you're played out all the time."

* * * *

Vivacity, personality, charm and poise *are* the qualities which build real popularity. They are impossible for the girl or woman who is all tired out. Being tired is often caused by foot-strain.

It is a simple and logical plan to shift from shoes which tire the feet to Cantilevers, which have flexible arches just like the natural arches of the foot.

Cantilevers support the foot and permit the network of muscles to have the freedom intended by Nature.

The foot becomes strengthened by natural, untrammelled exercise.

The natural sole lines, the snug-fitting shanks, which support the arch naturally without the aid of artificial appliances, will turn foot strain into foot comfort. And you won't be so tired out any more.

Get a pair today and by the time the next big dance comes off you may be much sorrier to see the orchestra leave than you were last night.

Your pair is ready for you.

Cantilever Shoe

for Men and Women

Cantilever Shoes are sold in a Cantilever Shoe Shop or by a carefully selected store in practically every city [illegible] one store in each city sells Cantilevers, (except in New York and Chicago). If you do not know the address of a Cantilever dealer who is near you, write the manufacturers, Morse & Burt Co., 208 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. A postcard will do.

Putting the highways to greater use -

THOSE who have fostered motor bus travel have tremendously increased the importance and value of American highways, making them serve a greater percentage of the people.

The rapid countrywide adoption of this new means of highway transportation is proof of its popularity. A network of motor bus lines

The Mark of Quality

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE

has spread from coast to coast, opening up new communities and serving as feeders to our great steam and electric railway systems.

Firestone engineers, co-operating with the leaders in the bus field, have from the first given specialized thought to the development of better tires. Out of their experience and effort have come the Gum-Dipped Cord and Steam-Welded Tube for buses and motor coaches. Original research in the structure and design of tires for this grueling service resulted in pneumatic equipment that makes bus travel both safe and comfortable, and bus operation more profitable.

The Gum-Dipped Cord has a scientifically engineered tread for utmost security, and a carcass made extra strong and resilient by the special Firestone process of Gum-Dipping.

Thousands of buses are equipped with Firestone Gum-Dipped Cords, because operators who keep record of costs know that the Firestone unit, consisting of casing, wheel, rim, flap and tube, means more mileage, lower fuel cost and a higher degree of dependable performance.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

FACTORIES
AKRON, OHIO
Hamilton, Ontario

THEIR OWN RUBBER . . . H. S. Firestone

Of Course you can Own a Boat

THIS is the thought that has inspired the Mullins Body Corporation to build, by automotive methods, steel launches and boats that you and I and the man next door can afford to buy.

Into this project the Mullins organization has put the craftsmanship, the experience, equipment and integrity that has fitted it to make steel body parts for such cars as Cunningham, Lincoln, Marmon, Peerless and Pierce Arrow.

Clip the coupon below and send it now. You will want to know how much boat you can own for how little outlay.

"OUTBOARD SPECIAL" 10 FEET FOR USE OF DETACHABLE MOTOR $85.00

16 FOOT "SPECIAL" LAUNCH $290.00

18 FOOT "SPECIAL" LAUNCH $560.00

18 FOOT "LEADER" LAUNCH $610.00

Dealers

Write for Mullins 1925 Sales Plan

It states an interesting proposition with terms and discounts to authorized Mullins agents.

MULLINS STEEL BOATS "Can't Sink"

Mullins Body Corporation
900 Depot Street,
Salem, Ohio

Please send me your 1925 Catalog.

Name

Street

City State

(Continued from Page 119)

"I'd rather," continued Crowninshield, "not give any advice at all. But if you want mine ——"

"Just what I do," said Towers, "very much."

"Then if I were you, I should drop it now—and keep clear. You see, La Flèche does take pretty stiff fences now and again. As likely as not, he may land you in something queer—at times."

"I don't mind that," Dan replied sharply.

The little man laughed, raised his eyes from a study of the floor and gave a nod as though, having tried his visitor, he approved.

"Your paper states one truth. A 'headstrong and inveterate philanthropist' I fear you are. Good! I'll do all I can, put you forward another stage on your journey. I can't tell you where our friend may be now; but if your heart is really set on finding him, the place where you might perhaps hear news—perhaps, mind you—is in the mofussil." He named an upcountry town. "If you should go there, call round by the jail, tell them I sent you and ask to be shown over it." Mr. Crowninshield's glance twinkled briefly but shrewdly. "You'd better not mention anyone else. Just inquire about the prisoners who spin *pat*. All in the philanthropic vein, eh? Be sure to see them. In fact make it clear that the spinning of jute by jailbirds is your pleasure in life, don't you know, your hobby and all your joy. They'll believe you, for there are human beings like that."

Dan pulled up short in their walk together.

"Do you," he began, "mean to say ——"

His companion chuckled, and taking him by the arm in friendly fashion, moved him on.

"No, I don't mean to say another word. Runa's a young reprobate who can charm the bird off the tree; but as a cross between devil and cherub, with a dash of Hop-o'-My-Thumb ——" The speaker groaned comically. "I wash my hands of him. Not a word more. Come round to the other wing and see my show there. Won't you take a bite to eat with me this noon?"

They spent an agreeable morning, with much talk among antiquities, ate together at a club and parted only when a long-case clock in the smoking room warned Towers to run and prepare for his train. The ears of Runa la Flèche must have burned; yet neither man spoke of him except as a diverting creature in the past, and it was not until they shook hands that Crowninshield mentioned the future.

"Not too late to change your mind," he urged. "I do wish you'd drop it, really. Won't you?"

"Not for the world, now," said Towers, laughing, and began to thank him.

"No, no; keep that till you're out of the woods. You may have small cause. No, I don't like the affair at all. Come now, be advised in time. Let's act like sensible men. Chuck it and wait."

"Why?"

They stood beneath umbrellas in a dismal rain. The good little chap, wagging his head and frowning, seemed to meditate a long reply, the terms of which gave him trouble. What he said at last, however, was only:

"A pukka secret wouldn't so much matter, you know. But a secret of punchinello—that kind's dangerous. Too many other persons. I'm afraid of it. Change your mind, Towers. Come on back to the club."

That night, lying between humid sheets, breathing an old smell of leather cushions under him, and hoping for drowsiness which would not come, Dan heard the advice repeat itself in the rattle of the train, grind its words over and over like a tune played by the wheels. A fat, black-bearded Mussulman merchant, his only fellow traveler in the second-class compartment, lay smoking a hookah made of two bamboo joints and a dirty coconut. As he watched the coal in this pipe wink red and fade on the darkness, he tried to guess what form of danger he was taking so many pains to join; what punchinello secret lay in wait for one more meddler; what other persons, too many others, might now be journeying toward it—from where, to where. Dan fell asleep in the vague question, but woke in it whenever movement stopped, silence arrived and the midnight lamp of some little country platform, bleared with rain, began shining through his window. All the next day, aboard the river steamboat which labored and throbbed against a yellow flood, Ganges or Brahmaputra or a mingling of both, with shores lost behind rain; all the next evening, boxed in a cart that churned through mud, past wet foliage, tiger grass, mango boughs, green rushlike walls of jute, straight areca lances, tawny thatched gables viewed between shutters that wept raindrops from slat to slat; all the way alone, and at the journey's end sweltering alone in a gloomy rest house with no punkah over table or bed—Towers had plenty of time for thought and repentance.

"You could steam a three-inch plank in this dak bungalow." He got into pajamas, then roamed, hot and sleepless, by the glimmer of a night lamp. "Sorry that you came? Not a bit. If the haystack only does hold a needle!"

The house, a damp old stucco building fallen perhaps from some grandeur in John Company's day, had one grim cavern of a hall now used as living and dining room, which ran clear through from front door to back. These entrances, with all windows, were open on the night, the multitudinous splashing of the rain; but not a current or least breath moved in the air, which felt like solid heat; and not a shadow so much as wavered except Dan's own, blackening the wall before him. Two servants lay on the floor, drowned asleep. He glanced at them with a kind of envious pity as he turned to go lagging up and down.

But for that continual splash, it was horribly quiet. Dan's bare feet made no sound. He paused at the front door, laid one arm up the jamb and hung there gasping.

All at once a thing happened, a trifle, which brought him erect. Out of the dark and the rain a voice addressed him.

"Ten o'clock," it drawled in English, like a dove cooing by rote; then, in the vernacular, "that is your best hour, sahib."

Coming so from the dead of night, it gave him a start. There was no veranda without, nothing but the portico of an old carriage entrance. Into this Dan slipped forth, and drawing aside to clear the way for the lamplight, stood there intent, watchful. Four gray pillars wound with tangled vine, wet leaves trembling, and a misty curtain in the texture of which a few silver drops here and there sparkled, were all that he could see. Rain rebounding sprayed his feet.

"Who's there? What do you want?"

No one replied.

"What did you say?" he called against the noise of water. "If you have any word to bring, out with it. Come here."

Something, beyond the leaves in the downpour, shifted.

"Ten o'clock," repeated the voice calmly. "Tomorrow morning, the spinners in the *jailkhana*."

While it spoke, Dan caught, or seemed to catch, a glimpse of two wet brown shins, motionless, at the outermost edge where the light failed. With their owner's last word, these became a pair of legs running away, a whisk of brown heels that vanished.

"Come here and get a rupee!"

Even this magic did not bring them back. They were gone without a sound. After waiting, Dan moved indoors, and as he walked his long room again cast a hard look down at the two men on the floor. Both lay asleep; thunder would not have roused them. The gloomy stone barn of a bungalow held no other living creature, unless bat or owl; for khansamah and cook and all their tribe were abed since dinner, their lamps put out, across the high-walled compound from the back door. Whoever had come and spoken was none of them, but a stranger.

"Our little antiquary told the truth."

When too hot to sleep, no doubt a man saw everything wrong. Yet having made allowance thus, Dan found one fact which walked up and down with him for company and stuck like a bur. He had driven into the town after dark, straight to this house, and never spoken a word but of bath, dinner, bed; only he and that good man Crowninshield knew why he came; and here at midnight, away upcountry, out of the world, someone hailed him with advice and appointed the hour tomorrow—no, today it was by now—for his most private errand.

"Spinners, eh? A thing we mentioned once, in a big empty gallery, the two of us alone."

Bazaar gossip ran fast, he knew; but how could the gharriwallah who drove him, or any servant here asleep or awake, tell the bazaar where he meant to go next?

"Uncanny."

A pair of brown legs dripping wet had stood out there, while unknown eyes watched him until these dreamers on the floor were asleep beyond a chance of hearing. Dan did not enjoy the picture.

"To stand like a post, in this weather; to wait in a deluge—no, it's not by happen-so. It's against Nature. Our little antiquary was dead right. Too many other persons."

Who were they and what secret did they all share? It might be an effect of sleeplessness, no more; but wandering from end to end of the dim hall, he could almost believe that out in the rain other sleepless ones watched every movement, read every thought, and mocked him. A fantasy of the night, their presence became so real that in turning he glanced quickly ahead toward open door or window, as if to meet living eyes. There were none, of course. Time dragged. On the wall and the floor, whenever he passed the lamp, his own shadow jumped enormous before him, then shrank, wheeled and fell behind. Nothing happened; no man spoke again; the sleepers lay flat, without a stir, without a breath to be heard above the trampling of rain.

"Can't shake it off though," Dan mused. "Queer. Like a ring of those fellows closing in, they knowing all about you, while you don't even know that much. What is this place—Goblins' Roost? Or are you heat-struck?"

It must have been the oppression of heat which made a battered old house, entirely open to the darkness, feel so beleaguered. If only someone would walk in, white man, brown man, sopping ghost, friend or enemy, he would be welcome. Friend or enemy; upon that Dan halted to consider. Which had those legs run away with? He could not guess. His mind let the question drop, and then by some trick of memory went pouncing after another, till now forgotten. How far back in time, from what distance, had they whoever they were begun to encompass him with knowledge of his affairs? A red-faced loafer in the dusk, or match light, on the sands by the Gulf of Beauduc, had given him a playing card, then hurried off, like the ragged boy at Archambaud's, like Bare-Shins a moment ago.

"Rot! You're seeing things." Dan laughed aloud and blew these perplexities into thin air. "You've tied your head full of kinks."

It was all right. Towers laughed again, for now he understood, not much to be sure, but quite enough. He had come into his friend's neighborhood, Runa's favorite atmosphere, inside the ring of a charm working.

"Let her work!" he chuckled, and went to bed happy. "Let her bust good and loud, before morning. An old-time row, I hope."

In a steam box of a room he slept as though it were cool.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE UNBREAKABLE ALL-STEEL PLUG

Goes with the new Simplex Electric Iron

This wonderful new Simplex with its many exclusive Simplex features is offered to you COMPLETE at $4.50. This means that the same old time-tried Simplex Iron plus the new Simplex Cord-Set with its all-steel plug are offered at the one price—the lowest price at which any Simplex Iron was ever sold—$4.50.

Ask your dealer to show you this new Simplex Electric Iron. Look at the new air-cooled terminal guard that protects the iron contacts. Let him demonstrate the ease of *just tipping* the iron back on its new air-cooled rest-stand, instead of lifting it as you would an ordinary iron. Nearly all dealers sell the new Simplex. But if yours does not, use the coupon to order direct, and pay for your Iron and Cord-Set when they arrive by mail. Remember, Iron and Cord-Set are offered at the one price—$4.50.

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING CO. • • CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Dealers! If you do not know the nearest Simplex distributor, write us for his name and address.

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ELECTRIC IRON

THE CORD-SET furnished with Simplex Irons fits all makes of electric appliances. The complete Cord Set—all-steel unbreakable plug with guaranteed contacts, 6 feet of heater cord and two-piece lamp-socket plug—if purchased separately, $1.75.

COMPLETE WITH CORD-SET AND UNBREAKABLE ALL-STEEL PLUG

4.50

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING CO.
Cambridge, Mass.
*Please send me a Simplex Iron with Cord-Set—or Cord-Set alone—for which I will pay the postman price shown in this advertisement.
Name_____
Address_____
Dealer's Name_____
*Cross out article not wanted.

"Drive right up-Gentlemen!

"Prove it in your own car. The wrong oil kills your power. The right oil is power itself.

"Drain the dirty oil out of your crank case. Diluted oil never took any hills on high. Fill up with Havoline—the power oil. Then you'll know what your car can do.

"This remarkable invention—the Wasson Motor Check—proves it. It measures your horse-power at the rear wheels. See the scales. It measures the waste in working charges that slip past your pistons. See that double-barrelled gasometer.

"Two separate tests, gentlemen. The first with fresh Havoline; the second after you have driven two or three hundred miles. We show you that the power is there and that Havoline will hold it. We show you that the oil which gives you the most power is the best lubricant for your motor.

"Prove it for yourself. If you can't get a Motor Check test—don't let that stop you. Let your own car be your laboratory.

"Drive around to the nearest Havoline dealer and fill up with this power oil. Not a quart or two—but a clean crank case full.

"You'll discover for yourself what these Motor Check tests are proving everywhere, with every sort of car: that old oil is power-less; cheap oil is power-less; the wrong grade of oil is power-less; Havoline is power.

"You'll never know the power that is hidden under your hood until you try it."

These oil-power tests are now going on in leading cities. Write for place and date of nearest demonstration. Also for copy of free booklet, "Oil is more than oil, it is power."

Indian Refining Company, Inc.
Lawrenceville, Illinois.

•Havoline by the single quart sells for 30c. Slightly higher in western states and Canada

A Business Venture

With the Wasson Motor Check

On the twenty-first of May, 1924, in the city of Indianapolis, we put it to the test. We set up the Wasson Motor Check on one of the busiest corners. We put a tent over it because it started to rain. We advertised that the Motor Check would prove the power value of oil. We invited everyone:—"Bring around your cars and have them tested with Havoline." Then we watched to see what would happen.

There were some who said nothing would happen—except the rain. Others said the test wouldn't prove anything unless we tested competing oils at the same time. Still others said that we might prove the power in Havoline all right, but the 30c price* would keep folks away.

The first day only six cars were tested, but after that they came in crowds. In that month we sold over a thousand gallons of Havoline for crank-case fillings—four times as much oil as that particular service station had been averaging.

We repeated the demonstration in Terre Haute—in Fort Wayne—in Memphis. Before the middle of the summer thousands of people had watched the tests and listened to the power story. It was a good story. It circulated and it increased the sale of Havoline wherever it was told.

The usual comment was that any oil company that had the nerve to prove up its product right out in the open—in any man's car must have the stuff.

Tourists, especially, liked the Motor Check tests. It was something new and they needed oil, anyway. Hundreds of them learned for the first time that a fine, clean oil means *power*. They drove away and demanded Havoline wherever they stopped for oil. They spread the story at every stop.

One of the largest orders that the Refinery has ever received came this year from a big dealer in the Michigan Peninsula. He said that the tourist trade last summer had sold him on Havoline. Scores of tourists wouldn't accept any other oil—said they'd had their cars Motor Checked in Indianapolis or Fort Wayne or Detroit and "knew what they wanted."

The Indianapolis experiment worked. You business men who read this can appreciate the thrill there was in carrying that experiment to other cities and watching the results duplicate the first venture.

In Birmingham our distributor, the General Oil Company, operating a string of filling stations, conducted the tests and tripled the sale of Havoline. Incidentally their gasoline sales made new records during the demonstration period. In Montreal, Canada, interest in the demonstration was so keen that as many as 52 cars were tested in a single day—a record beaten only by Dayton, Ohio, with 54.

Only one oil power demonstration was conducted in New England—at Providence—but the effect of this demonstration and the word-of-mouth indorsement of tourists was such that New England dealers combined to order the first train load of Havoline that ever left the Refinery for one district—31 cars!

What is the secret of this popular response? We think it is because, for the first time, people are being shown just what oil means to a motor. They "never knew before that oil had anything to do with power." The tests are dramatic. Horse-power at the rear wheels is measured on a dial before the eyes of the car owner; and the amount of power that is getting away—wasted—is shown on another dial, the gasometer gauge. You can actually see the waste vapors escape.

But the final reason for this success is the fact that Havoline stands the power test on the Motor Check and on the road. You can feel the difference. There's nothing uncertain about power. One man tells another a thing like that.

No wonder Havoline offers the finest proposition in the oil business today. One of five nationally advertised and distributed motor oils; an exclusive merchandising plan that guarantees results; a new sales policy that opens many territories to dealers.

During this season we plan to hold Havoline Oil Power tests in more than 150 cities and towns. Oil distributors and dealers who want to benefit from these public demonstrations, or who would like to stage an oil power test themselves, should write or wire Mr. A. H. White, Indian Refining Company, Inc., Lawrenceville, Illinois.

COCKATOOS AND OTHERS

(Continued from Page 15)

desk right away—bang—because he proposed to put this Government on a business basis bang, bang, bang!

"Not only did Dawes wag a long and bony forefinger in the faces of highly important government officials but he did it before large and interested audiences.

"The important government officials were deeply incensed by the uncouth actions of Dawes and by his rude and untrained gestures, as well as by the unmelodious voice in which he had addressed them. What they said about him behind his back was very violent and uncomplimentary and not fit to be printed on anything except asbestos paper; but the essential feature of the proceeding lay in the fact that Dawes forced the politicians to conduct the routine business of the Government along sounder business principles.

"The I-Knew-Him-When boys and the important gentlemen whose toes have been cruelly bruised by Dawes will always be ready with the glad word that Dawes doesn't talk or act as he should, and that he is a frost and a false alarm.

"They like to come around and whisper hoarsely that he was no good as a soldier because he wore garters underneath his putties; but he was eminently successful at getting supplies to the American Army—which was the job for which he was responsible.

"They like to say that as a banker he's a shine; but the deposits in his bank prove the contrary."

Credit Shared

"They are fond of putting on a knowing look and saying that Owen Young and not Dawes was responsible for the Dawes plan; whereas Mr. Young will tell the world that the plan would never have been adopted without Dawes' work, while General Dawes will be equally free in saying that it couldn't have been put over without Young's. And as I recollect it, the object of their trip to Europe was to put the plan over.

"They are given to bragging that he won't be such a gol-derned fool about some things when he has learned a little more about politics—that he'll think the same way that senators think; yet it was Dawes who roared with rage when the big politicians warned him that if he didn't say one thing in one section of a certain state during the campaign and another thing in another section, he'd be whipped. Dawes said exactly the same thing in all sections of the state and carried it by an unprecedented majority."

Mr. Flack stopped in his discourse and glared in exasperation at a large cockatoo that had been emitting an unbroken string of blood-curdling screams for several minutes in succession.

"If I had a rock, senator," said he to the cockatoo viciously, "I would be tempted to give you the only sort of cloture rule that you would understand."

The appearance of a serious-looking park policeman in the offing, however, prevented any attempt on the part of Mr. Flack to translate this thought into action; so with a final gesture of marked disapproval he turned from the cockatoo cage and led the way down a narrow and tree-bowered valley to the otter inclosure, where three playful otters were disporting themselves in a commodious pond.

He watched them silently and admiringly for a while as they turned back somersaults in the water, wrestled happily just beneath the surface or slipped in and out of the pond without a sound and with scarcely a ripple to call attention to their plunges.

"The otter," said Mr. Flack, "might be studied to good advantage by some of the senators who announce so brashly exactly what they are going to permit General Dawes to do and not to do. A person who isn't acquainted with the customs and peculiarities of that fascinating animal might come along here and see him high up on dry land hunting innocently for peanuts at the base of the fence, and he might consequently think that the otter would remain right where he was for some time; but if he looked away for a second he would probably find that in that time the otter had made a dive for the water, plunged in noiselessly and was busily engaged in picking up fascinating objects from the bottom of the pond. He is a fast and silent mover, and thoroughly at home in some very peculiar situations; and it is a very difficult matter to tell what he is going to do next.

"The dignity of the Senate has been severely lacerated by General Dawes, and many senators have agreed solemnly and importantly among themselves that although the rules of the Senate need changing they will never permit any changes to be made so long as the credit for the changes will appear to go to the unfeeling brute who gave their dignity so many jabs.

"That is what the senators say. The same senators would probably say, after seeing an otter wandering around on dry land, that an otter can't swim.

"One of the great errors that these senators are making is in thinking so feverishly and so perpetually about the dignity of the Senate. Some senators are much worse than others in having senatorial dignity on the brain; and it is generally believed by the keenest observers and the most attentive students of Freud that the dignity of senators varies inversely as the amount that they talk about it. They believe, in other words, that those who are constantly defending their dignity are those who realize most keenly that they have no dignity to defend.

"There are some senators who are genuinely dignified, and who receive from their fellow senators the respect and deference that are always accorded to genuine dignity. These senators never mention the dignity of the Senate except to point out casually in the course of debate that the United States Senate is not dignified.

"But from those senators who bite in clinches, who take every unfair advantage of their political opponents, who misrepresent facts, who do not hesitate to hit below the belt, whose smallest public concern is actuated by personal vanity and the craving for advertising—from those senators there flows a constant stream of heavy conversation about senatorial dignity."

Senatorial Privileges

"They are so touchy about their senatorial prerogatives and privileges and dignity that they will spend weeks in raving and blovaiating about some matter which seems to them to have put a slight dent in their dignity, and then they will turn around and pass without an hour's debate a large number of bills which spend millions upon millions of dollars of the people's money or which authorize the sticking of governmental noses further and further into the people's private affairs—matters which have no bearing on their own dignity, but which give the people of the country a large amount of pain and grief.

"The Senate was created to act as a brake on any hasty and ill-considered action on the part of the House of Representatives; and if there is anything in the Constitution of the United States that authorizes it or encourages it to devote most of its time to defending its dignity, and to grabbing the veto power from the President by means of the legislative trick known as a filibuster, and to trying to get control of the Supreme Court of the United States, and to setting itself up as a world court to investigate the activities of everything on earth, from the proper length of a kiss to the method of preventing the ocean from producing waves, and to talking so much about itself that it has no time to deliberate over many of the matters that come before it—if there is anything about all that in the Constitution, then there must have been a special edition of the Constitution that I have never seen.

"When the Senate was debating the case of Charles Beecher Warren it screamed with agony over the manner in which great corporations have been known to evade the antitrust laws by clever tricks; but the peculiarities of its mental processes were such that it could not at that time see—and is not yet willing to admit—that a senatorial filibuster for the purpose of evading the will of the majority is exactly as dishonest as a trick which enables a corporation to evade the law.

"General Dawes will never bother to argue with any senator about his dignity. What the general is after is results, cooperation and effective discussion of the problems that will come before the Senate in the next four years.

"So when he finds any senator who throws back his flowing mane with a lily-white hand and declares, with many a reference to the dignity and importance of his high position, that he will permit no rough-voiced ignoramus from Chicago to force him to be a party to making the Senate function efficiently, then Charles Gates Dawes will abruptly toss a pair of pajamas and a new pipe into a traveling bag, set sail for the home state of this dignified senator, and explain in complete detail to the voters of that state."

Differences of Opinion

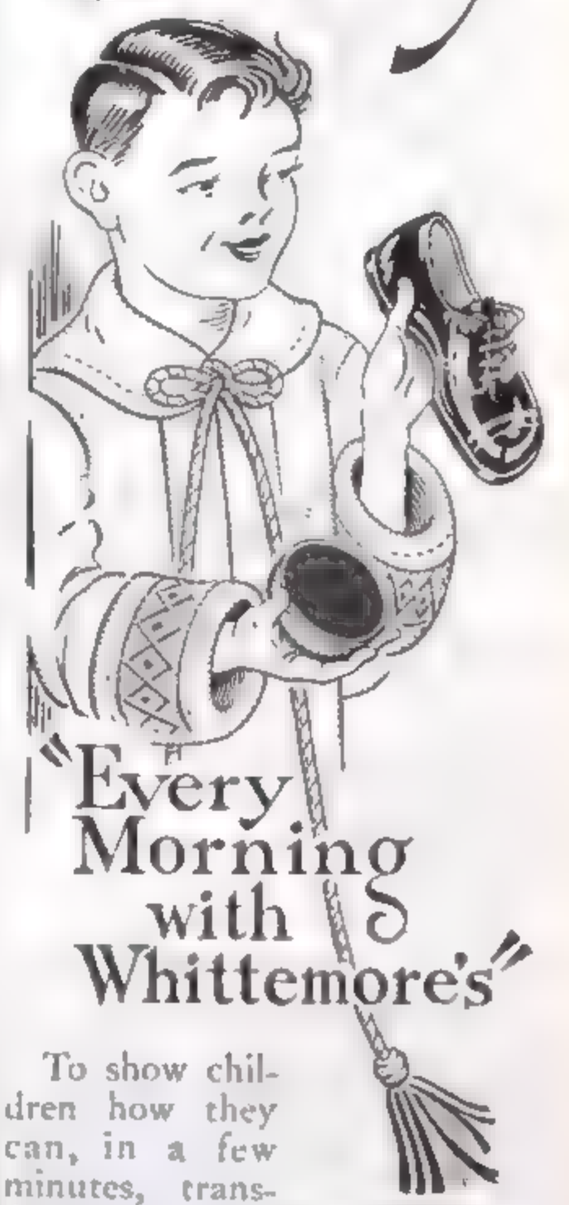
"It is doubtful whether even Republican leaders will be immune if they refuse to coöperate with the general; and those Democrats who oppose changes in the Senate rules will probably be attacked by the least partisan of the Democratic senators, Oscar Underwood, of Alabama, whose sympathy for the Dawes idea is due to his own fruitless efforts, started long ago, to stop filibustering and turn the Senate from its undignified and interminable talking about matters wholly unrelated to the subjects under discussion."

Mr. Flack turned moodily from the three otters, who were lying on their backs and driving themselves rapidly and gleefully around the edges of their tank by neatly kicking the rock border with their right hind feet, and led the way up an adjacent flight of steps and past the bear cages, pausing a moment to glance indulgently at Edwin, the Kadiak bear, who was resting against the side of his cage in deep and dignified thought.

Eagerly stepping to the bar of the Zoo restaurant, Mr. Flack bowed in his most diplomatic manner to the commissioner of liquids and demanded two black cows. The commissioner gazed at him compassionately as he produced a bottle of cream and a bottle of sarsaparilla and proceeded to mix them in equal proportions; but Mr. Flack, regardless of his pitying gaze, seized a glass and permitted the black cow to slip rapidly down his palpitating throat.

"There seems to be a general belief in Washington," said Mr. Flack as he put down his glass with a sigh of relief and delicately dusted off his upper lip, "that Senator Borah's persistent calls for an extra session of Congress and his various other activities in the early spring were certain indications that he is engaged in running for President. As to that I do not know and do not care. People who undertake to name presidential aspirants three years before the aspirations are going to have an opportunity to jell are in about the same position as the persons who claim to have advance information concerning the end of the world. Professor Forest Ray Moulton, of the University of Chicago, says that the world will go right on existing for several million years, whereas Christabel Pankhurst claims on what she seems to consider unimpeachable authority that it is coming to an end in eighteen months or eighteen

Look Daddy



"Every Morning with Whittemore's"

To show children how they can, in a few minutes, transform a dirty shoe into a clean shiny one will begin a life-long habit of neatness and cleanliness.

Whittemore's Oil Paste in all the wanted colors does more than just shine shoes. It makes them look like new.

Whittemore's Gilt Edge, the self-shining dressing for children's and ladies' fine black or brown shoes has been a favorite since grandmother's time. It is so easy to use. Requires no brushing.

For every shoe shining need, there is a Whittemore dressing specially made for;—suede, buck, canvas, kid, calf, silk, satin, patent leather, etc. Just ask your dealer.

WHITTEMORE BROS
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes Are Superior

Prod that stubborn drain —with Drāno

Put an end to that daily bother of stubborn, slow-moving drains, with Drāno, the drain cleaner that will clean them out in a hurry and keep them clean and free-flowing.

Watch Drāno work in that "pet" drain. Pour it in and add water according to directions on the can. Watch it bubble and boil as it scours and scrubs down inside the drain-pipe—as it dissolves grease, hair, lint and other animal and vegetable matter that clogs up drains. Now flush out with water—and the drain is clean and free-flowing.

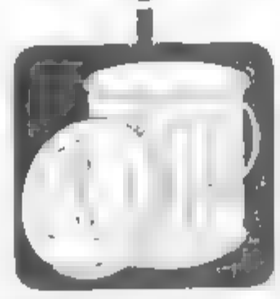
Drāno purifies and sterilizes, too—makes the drain sanitary—and destroys breeding places for germs. You've never seen anything like it before.

Use Drāno *regularly*

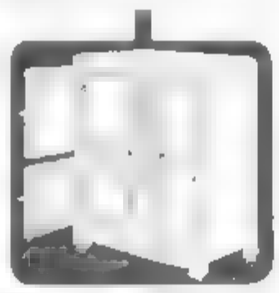
Housewives everywhere are ridding themselves of the nuisance of lazy drains by frequent use of Drāno. Keep a can of Drāno handy—use it regularly in kitchen, bathroom and laundry.

Drāno *positively will not harm porcelain, enamel or plumbing.*

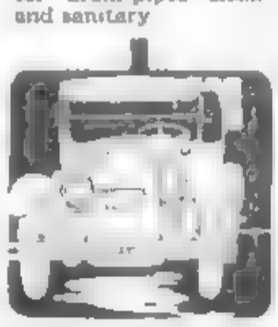
If not at your grocery, drug or hardware store, send 25c for a full-sized can. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Drāno cleans, disinfects and deodorizes garbage cans



Drāno keeps refrigerator drain pipes clean and sanitary



Drāno removes grease from garage floors.

Drāno

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Cleans and Opens Drains

Restaurants, hotels, apartment houses, barber shops and beauty shops find Drāno saves bothersome drain troubles and expensive plumbing bills.

25¢

years, or something like that. If these two people are so widely at variance about such an important matter as the end of the world, I leave it for you to guess how far from the mark the namers of presidential aspirants may be.

"In connection with Borah's demand that an extra session of Congress be called for the purpose of passing agricultural legislation, however, I would like to make a small bet that if Borah—or any other legislator—were given a free hand to sit down in a quiet office with an efficient secretary and all available figures, facts, estimates and reports dealing with the agricultural situation in this and every other country in the world, and to evolve agricultural legislation that would be of any actual benefit to farmers, he would never get beyond what we technicians call the enacting clause.

"If there is anybody who doesn't know how small a part of a bill the enacting clause is, he might ask Mr. Borah. Mr. Borah wouldn't get beyond the enacting clause in his agricultural legislation because he wouldn't be able to work out any practical way of helping farmers by legislation. That is no particular slur on Mr. Borah, because everybody else is in the same box; in spite of all the talk to the effect that somebody ought to be doing it, nobody knows how it can be done.

"It is possible that some day our esteemed legislators will stop stuffing the farmers with the pleasant idea that something can be done to remedy agricultural ills by specific legislation, but at the present moment that day looks as far distant as the star Mira, and, like Mira, seems to be moving away from the earth at the rate of one hundred miles a second."

Mr. Flack gulped down the last of his black cow and held up two fingers to the commissioner of liquids with a meaning look.

"Out of the seventeen months from the middle of 1924 until the end of 1925 Congress will have been in session for three months. The Senate has devoted a good deal of that three months to listening to senators who haven't anything to say and who are determined never to lose the privilege; while the House has spent a good part of its time listening to the calling of the roll. The roll was called three hundred and nine times in the House during the last Congress, which means that one hundred and fifty hours were devoted to that thrilling activity, or more than eighteen solid eight-hour days."

Having thus rid himself of his accumulation of spleen, Mr. Flack bought a bagful of nuts and strode off happily to spend the rest of the day with the squirrels.

The Poets' Corner

In a Railway Station

CROWDS were round us, but I knew
That I was alone with you.

Strangers passed us; strangers' eyes
Stared at us without surprise.

Voices chattered. Whistles blew.
Still I was alone with you.

In that huge, unquiet place
I looked only at your face.

In that crowded waiting room,
Through the dustiness and gloom,

The swift laughter of your eyes
Turned it into Paradise.

Little did the strangers know
What was in our hearts—and so,

Passing on without surprise,
They passed out of Paradise.

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

Rimes for Mary

My Parents

MY PARENTS always let me do
Whatever I am wanting to.

And so I always try to please them
And not do anything to tease them.

So when I feel I want to do
Something they wouldn't want me to,

Why, gen-ri-ly I don't do such
Because 'twould hurt them very much.

And I'd get spanked, that's what I'd do,
And that hurts me a whole lot too!

Animals

I know a bear when I see one
And I know an elephant too.
But if I was an animal I'd be one
That wasn't locked up in the zoo.

I wouldn't let 'em find me;
I'd skip through the trees like fun
And lease 'em lost behind me;
I'd run and I'd run and run!

The Baben

Our litten wee baben is kind of red
And bald, like father, all over its head.
Its mouth—it bubbles, or else it cries,
And it looks at me with widgety eyes.

The doctor brought it and left it here
And all the family says it's dear.

I've looked it over the best I could
And I can't see where it's so much good.

What do we want of it anyhow
When we've got a cat and a wogga now?

The Lion

I've got a lion, a cast-iern lion.
He's tame, for my dolly can ride him.
And when he gets hungry, to keep him from roaring
I just put a penny inside him.

And he will take nickels, a whole lot of nickels.
And he simply dotes upon dimes;
And he'll swallow quarters if he has the chance—
He don't get the chance many times.

And when he's all full father takes him apart
And takes out the money, and then
I haf to get pennies and nickels and dimes
And fill him up over again!

Coffee and Tea

Sugar and cream in my coffee and tea,
That sounds fine to a girl like me.

Coffee and tea wouldn't do for a minute
If it didn't have cream and sugar in it.

But I can't have coffee and I can't have tea,
Because they're bad for a girl like me.

Boogers and Things

My mother says that a girl my age
Should have some self-re-li-ants
And shouldn't be afraid, when she goes to bed,
Of boogers and of giants.

"Big girls like you," my mother says,
"No booger's going to bother,
And you should be ashamed to hop from bed
And run to me and father."

But though I'm older than I used to be
And quite a whole lot taller,
I'm 'fraid a booger in the dark
Might think that I was smaller!

—*Berton Braley.*

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Endorsed by bakers everywhere, including the Retail Bakers' Association of America, the American Bakers' Association, and the Bread and Cake Bakers' Association of Canada

JAEL

(Continued from Page 23)

was a-setting in a corner of the room over by the remains when he got to the house, and he was glad to see that the rest of the women was clustered around her and that Oscar Hartz, the undertaker, was a-running the show. Mis' Pope had a handkerchief up to her eyes, but she took it away when Rodney come in, and forgot to put it back for a minute or two after Oscar gave him a seat the other side of the room by Joe and Will Harper. She was all sort of covered up with her black veil and gownd, so's Rodney couldn't see what she looked like then—and didn't want to.

There was quite a crowd, like Joe Harper had said that there would be, and every last one of them was a-looking hard at the Reverend Hoplow, who was a-standing up straight as a ramrod, mighty grim and tight-mouthed, waiting for Oscar to get the last comers settled down. Then he give a couple of hard, dry coughs, settles his barnacles tight on the bridge of his beaky nose like he was spitting on his hands, and waded in.

"Brethern and sisters," he says, "we are gathered here together to give Christian burial to this here our brother departed, and I have been requested to say a few fitting words upon the occasion. A few, brethern and sisters, is all that's ness'ry—the fewer the better, to the best of my information and belief. The cloak of charity, my hearers, is aplenty big to cover a multitude of sins in the ord'nary course of events, but in this here case I'm obleeged to say that I find it about two sizes too small. There ain't no call for me to roast the departed; that's onness'ry. I ain't a-going to dwell upon his faults. I ain't got the time, and you-all knew him. They wasn't hid under bushel baskets, but set on a mountain top for all men to behold, and the skirts of his raiment is therefore clear of hypocrisy, which is something. But you-all know what the Good Book says what the portion of the liar shall be, and where situated; you know the kind of accommodation that's promised to the drunkard according to the Word; and you know what a scoffer and a wife-beater and a dead-beater has got a right to expect in the hereafter, and you can draw your own conclusions and take warning thereby.

"I have been asked, my brethern, to bear lightly on the departed, and I am a-doing it to the best of my ability. It has been represented to me that, after all, the heart of our deceased brother was in the right place, and if it's any consolation to the bereaved one or ones, I can add that Doc Espey believes that to be the truth and that the organ was situated in the chest cavity between the lungs on the left side; also that there is no evidence of misplacement of the liver. Our brother departed had four fingers and a thumb on each hand, and would have had an ear on each side of his head if one hadn't been chewed off in a drunken brawl with that other limb of Satan, Clem Pickdell. Let us then be thankful, my brethern and sisters, for these things and refer to them rather than the human frailties and imperfections which not a one of you ain't loaded down with more or less, snicker as you will, and don't you think that it's anything to snicker about."

I don't know whether I got that all straight, but that was the sum and substance of it. They planted Almiron in good shape anyway, and Rodney went back feeling he'd done his duty and had got off clear. After that, things jogged along with him much the same as usual. Once in a while he'd saddle up and ride to Custer to get a touch of wild life and see what the boys were doing, and once in a while one of the Harpers or a chance wayfarer would happen along and give him a chance to show the kind of a cook he was. Sometimes he'd take down his rifle and go out after a blacktail; but all that was by way of a change from his steady work, getting out cedar posts from the gulches or cutting log timber to season against the time he'd want it for building; and of course him and Mike had to keep an eye on the stock. It went along like that until early in March, and then one evening when he come home late with a load of pitch for quick kindling he got the shock of his life.

He had put up his team and started for the house, when he come on the tracks of a buggy in the yard and the tracks led close up to his door. He looked closer, and seen the plain print of a woman's shoe. No mistake about it—the deep peg of the heel and the narrow, pointed sole, plain; the kind of a track nobody but a fool woman makes, and there was a double line of 'em, one up to his doorstep and the other back again. Just the one set. Rodney looked closer and allowed himself a cuss word.

"She's been inside, Mike," he says to the dog, which was sniffing and whimpering. "Gol-darn her, she's been in the house, pup, and then she come out and got in her buggy and drove off again. Single horse, and an old plug, by the way he's stood. Mike, I wish I'd left you home."

He followed the wheel tracks to the bars, which had been put up again after the buggy went through; but beyond that it was too dark to see the direction it took, so Rodney went back to the house, muttering.

"Snooping," he says. "It's like a woman to come snooping around a man's house while he's away. Much good it's done her! If her house is in half as good shape, it's more than most women's are. A sloppy, untidy lot! And no notion of order. Could she put out her hand in the dark and lay it on matches?"

He struck a match, lit a lamp; and then, looking around him, he got his second big shock. On the kitchen table, staring him in the face, was a pie in a tin dish. A full size fat pie with a brown crust powdered over with sugar that was stained with purple at the ventilating holes that had been punched in the middle with a fork. Blackberry, prob'ly. Rodney picked it up and smelled of it. Blackberry. His mouth begun to water for it, and that made him mad.

"Dog-gone her, does she think I can't bake my own pies?" he says, and the way he said it made Mike put his tail between his legs and try to crawl under the stove.

"Here, pup, I ain't mad at you," says Rodney. "It's just that one of these cussed females has been around and left this here insulting confectionery, which we will now proceed to dump into the swill pail."

He started for the door with the pie, but a thought struck him and he stopped short. This woman, whoever she was, would be coming back for her pie plate, otherwise she'd have slid the pie off onto one of the dishes in the cupboard. She'd never believe but what he'd et it, no matter what he told her. Yes, sir, she'd be back, and if he showed her the pie just as it was, with a coat of mildew on it, maybe she'd take the hint. He put the pie on a shelf in the cupboard that had the potatoes and onions in it, and then after he'd lit the fire in the stove and washed himself, he spread a cloth on the table and started his supper.

He et slower than usual, thinking the matter over, and finished up with doughnuts and ground-cherry preserves. Then, after washing his dishes and clearing up as careful and neat as usual, he took up the lamp and went into the room where he sat evenings. She'd been there, this snooper. Sure! One of the chairs was misplaced and a row of his books was out of line and one of 'em had been taken out and put back upside down. He passed into the bedroom and there was signs of her there. A flake of mud that hadn't dried in front of his clothes closet—and he always took his boots off before he went into that room. Then one of the drawers in the chest wasn't quite closed, and he always shut a drawer flush. She was prob'ly surprised to see the bed made, and sheets, and cases on the pillows. Well, he had been raised to sheets and to a cloth on the table and such, and it wasn't so much trouble, smoothing 'em out through the wringer after they was washed. If a man used his head, which a woman didn't never do, this thing of keeping a house in shape wasn't so much of a chore as they tried to make out, and three rooms was as easy kept and easier than one. Room for things in their places and no need of making dirt and litter where it didn't belong, if a man was careful. Dog-gone her!

"Well, if she comes back after that plate I'll sure let her know what I think of her," he says to himself. "Curiosity! Poking and prying! They're all like that. No shame, nothing open and honorable! They'll read other folks' letters any time they get a chance and never blush or bat an eye. Meddlers! I'd give a pretty to know who it was; but I'll sure find out afore long."

He was right about that. One morning, less than a week after, a buggy, with an old plug of a horse hitched to it and a woman driving, come up to the bars as he was harnessing his team. Mike run out the moment she yipped and begun to bark himself crazy at her; Rodney went on with his team, buckling and hooking like he hadn't noticed.

"That's her," he says to himself, "and she can just set there and holler until I get through. If that fool Mike had any sense he'd nip her horse and start him home and give me time to think what to say afore she got around again."

Just then the woman snatched her whip out of its socket and lashed Mike three times afore he could get out of the way, and Mike wasn't slow on his feet either. He didn't have time for more'n one yelp for the three licks and he come back to Rodney pronto.

"If it had been a man done that I'd lick the stuffing out of him," Rodney growls. "But a woman knows she's a woman and takes a mean advantage."

"Say," calls the woman, "are you deef?"

Rodney took time to tie the team to a post and then walked out to the bars and took off his hat. It wasn't a young woman and it wasn't an old woman; she wasn't no striking beauty, even when she took the whip to Mike; and, on the other hand, she wasn't by no means homely. She had snapping black eyes and black hair, with just a thin white lock on one side of the part that made the rest seem blacker; and she had a chin that you was apt to notice right away.

"Good morning, ma'am," says Rodney, kind of stiff and sort of inquiring.

"Good morning, Mr. Gordon," says she, none too sweet. "That dog of yours needs training."

"He ain't used to ladies around here," says Rodney.

"Nor his master ain't neither," she snaps back.

"No, ma'am," says Rodney, wooden-faced.

"Or he'd have the manners to let down the bars for one," she finished.

Rodney wanted to tell her that she hadn't needed no help the last time she come, but he knew that wouldn't prove he'd got manners, so he slid the bars aside for her to drive through, which she done, cramping the buggy right where it had stood the time before. By the time Rodney got to her she was wrapping the lines around the whipstock.

"Well," she says, "am I to tumble out the best I can, or do you propose to help me out?"

Rodney helped her and she stood and looked at him, and he stood and looked at her, still wooden. Then she looked at the door and Rodney remembered that he was a hospitable Georgia gentleman.

(Continued on Page 133)

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(Continued from Page 129)

"Won't you come in and rest yourself, ma'am?" he says, and for the first time she smiled, showing that her teeth was white and even.

"I thought maybe you would ask me in if I waited long enough," she says, and walked through the door that Rodney held open and on into the living room. Rodney drew up a chair for her, but he kept standing himself.

"You don't keep your doors locked, I see," she says, the first thing. "Anybody could walk right in while you're gone and steal you blind."

"That's true," says Rodney. "Anybody could walk right in, like you say, ma'am, and poke and pry into my pers'nal belongings even if they didn't steal nothing."

She was one of these pale women, but she took on a little color at that.

"Yes, I was in here the other day, and I left a pie," she says.

"I allowed you'd forgotten it, and I kept it for you in case you come back," says Rodney. "Yes, ma'am, it's still here."

"Kept it? Why, didn't you eat it?"

"No, ma'am; I don't care for pie. I can make a pie as good as anybody, if I do say so, but I only make 'em for company. I'll get yours for you."

"Wait a minute," says she. "I want to understand this. I'm Mrs. Emmeline Pope and you was over to my house the day of my—of Almiron Pope's funeral. I didn't get a chance to thank you for coming, but I appreciated it, and I reckon Almiron would have. . . . So you don't like pie?"

"No, ma'am."

"You're a liar, to begin with," says she ca'mly. "You've no manners and you're a liar. A woman hater, too, they tell me."

Rodney got pink to the ears.

"If you'll excuse me kindly, I'll get your pie for you," he says, trying to say it dignified.

"I think you're a fool besides," she says, swinging her foot.

Rodney noticed it and thought that she was the fool wearing shoes like them. High heels and pointed toes! They didn't look like they was cramping her feet, but it was a cinch they must have been, the size they were. And after busting Almiron's head open with the flatiron, or whatever it was she killed him with, she might have had the decency to wear black instead of that straw-colored waist with the bow of red ribbon up under her ear—or else keep her coat buttoned. Nobody asked her to unbutton her coat or take off her gloves. Emmeline! Ought to have been Jael—or Jezebel.

"You'd get on a heap better if you had a woman to look after you," she says, as brazen as you please, "even if you can make pies. A great thing to brag of, for a big strong man! Maybe you'd be neighborly enough to give me your recipe for fig layer cake; and if you've got any new patterns for crochet I'd be glad to have 'em. A wonder you wouldn't sew lace edging on your underwear!"

"Well, you seen that I don't," says Rodney. "It's all in the middle drawer in the chest in my bedroom. Maybe you'd like to look through it again and make sure that you ain't forgot."

"Don't you ever get lonesome," she asks him, as if she hadn't heard what he said, "living here day in and day out and year in and year out without nobody to talk to? Goodness knows, poor Almiron wasn't no ray of sunshine in my life, but he was somebody, and that's better than nobody, the way it is now."

"That's according to a person's taste and fancy and the way you look at it," says Rodney. "Me, I'd rather have nobody than somebody I don't want around and ain't got no use for; and I don't want no woman to look after me or before me or any place around me, if you'll excuse me speaking plain."

"Why did she mitten you?" asks Mrs. Emmeline.

"I don't know what you mean," Rodney says.

"Lie Number Two, and inside of three minutes," she observes. "But you needn't tell me. I'll bet I can guess why, and I don't blame her."

"I'll get you your pie," says Rodney, and marches out to the kitchen. The pie looked mighty sick and sad, but there wasn't no blue mold on it. He took it in to her and found that she'd got up out of her chair and was buttoning her coat. A little bit of a woman she was. Rodney felt kind of small himself. "Here's your pie," he says. "Shall I wrap it up for you?"

She whirled around at him, her black eyes blazing.

"To the devil with the pie and you too!" she says, and with that she struck out, quick as a snake, and knocked the pie out of his hand.

It fell with a fine juicy splash on the floor, spattering all over, and Mrs. Emmeline laughed like a loon and whisked out of the room, slamming the door behind her with a bang. Rodney got to the kitchen window just in time to see her leap into the buggy, active as a cat, and lay the gad to old Dobbin. They went through the gate a-kiting, and over rocks and brush bumps in the trail at a gait that you'd have swore she'd smash up and break her neck any minute. Rodney hoped she would, but nothing of the kind happened, and in a little while she wasn't no more'n a dot in the distance.

"Well," says Rodney, "I got shet of that hellion anyway."

He went back and took another look at that there disseminated pie on the floor, and he just b'iled. He wished he had broken her neck himself and not left it to Dobbin. Hows'ever, he got a bucket of water and a cloth and went to work, and by the time he'd finished he'd simmered down some. He'd got shet of her anyway. Halfway to the timber, he begun chuckling over it. If he had got mad, she was sure madder. A wet hen was ca'm and amiable to her. He had certainly give her something to study over, and he wasn't sorry for it. A great note, coming to a man's house, and the first thing whipping his dog and telling him that he hadn't got no manners! Then calling him a liar! Even if he had lied about the pie, it wasn't her place to tell him so. Woman all over! Tongue loose at both ends and a double edge on it. A little devil and she only got what she deserved.

It was a twenty-to-one bet that she did kill old Almiron. If she'd had a gun or a knife or a flatiron when he brought that pie in, there would have been another killing. Mighty funny, though, that she'd miss Almiron, and yet that was just the woman of it. A woman just naturally hated to be alone because she couldn't think no thoughts that would be interesting to herself, and nobody to exercise her tongue on or plague in any way, shape or manner. Too peaceful without somebody to spat with—or make big eyes at or raise Cain with some way! She'd rather have a drunken foul-mouthed old wolf than nobody. She could talk back to him and prod him and get him all stirred up and aggravated to lick her and give her an excuse to murder him. Anything for devilment or excitement! Then she'll get lonesome and scheme to raise a little hell with Rodney Gordon, and—like a woman—start in to do it with pie.

Well, she wouldn't be apt to try it again, Mrs. Jael wouldn't.

When a man begins figuring what a woman will do or what she won't do, the percentage is heavy against him. He may happen to be right once in a while, but it's once in a dickens of a while, and not for the reasons he figures, even so. Rodney had figured the first time that Mrs. Emmeline would want her pie plate and come back after it, and she had come back. He was right partly; but when he allowed that he'd got her buffaloed, as it were, and that she'd stay away henceforward and forever, he missed his guess about a mile, for she come back the next morning.

It was so early that Rodney was just finishing his breakfast dishes when Mike growled and run to the door and begun to bark. Rodney looked out of the kitchen window to see who it was, and there was the lady getting out of the buggy on the other side of the bars, with black stockings on. That much mourning, anyway, and quite some. Rodney ducked back from the window and cuffed Mike on the side of the head and quieted him. His first idea was to lock the door and let on that he wasn't at home, but he knew she'd snoop and find his horses all harnessed ready to start in the barn, and his saddle on its peg. He was wearing an apron, to keep the greasy water from spattering on his clothes, so he shucked that off. Not but a man hadn't as good a right to wear an apron as a woman; but after that talk about lace edging on undervests, he wasn't going to give no openings. One thing—he'd be switched if he'd help her out of the buggy.

He didn't need to. The next thing there come a soft rap at the door, and after a moment or two, another gentle rap. Rodney opened the door about eight inches and there was Jael wearing a bright smile and a mighty becoming new spring hat.

"Good morning, Mr. Gordon," says she, pleasant as a basket of chips. "No, I won't come in, thanks. I haven't but a minute to stay either. I was just passing and I thought—I thought I'd stop and ——"

"And get your pie plate?" says Rodney. "Why, certainly, ma'am. I'll get it for you." He turned back into the kitchen. He knew right where to put his hand on that plate and it didn't take long, but when he came back with it she was patting Mike's head and Mike was wagging his tail and poking his paw at her and trying to lick her hand all at once. Rodney was plumb disgusted and he spoke mighty sharp and gruff to Mike, without any effect. "Here's your plate," he says to the visitor.

"Thank you very much, indeed," she says, so sweet that he ought to have been ashamed of himself. "Nice old dog!" she says to Mike. "A beautiful name for a beautiful doggie, but I'm not going to let you kiss me. Oh, and Mr. Gordon—please—I want to say, too, that I'm real sorry for the way I acted up yesterday. I won't make no excuses now, because I've got to run, but some day, perhaps, I'll tell you how it happened I was so ugly and unladylike."

"It ain't ness'ry, ma'am," says Rodney.

"Will you forgive me anyway?" she asks him, meek, but earnest. "I know how you must feel after all the mean things I said, but you're too big a man to hold a grudge. Please say that you forgive me."

"Oh, all right then," says Rodney. "It didn't make a particle of difference to me what you said, but if you're bound to have it that way, I forgive you."

"I think that's real noble and kind of you," she told him. "Shake hands on it, Mr. Gordon."

"That ain't nes —— Oh, well, have it your own way," says Rodney, and he held out his hand, kind of limp. She couldn't hold the weight of it long, so she had to drop it, and the melting look went out of her eyes surprising.

"You haven't got the iron grip that I expected," she told him. "I looked to have my fingers crushed, but I thought I deserved it. . . . Ain't it a heavenly morning? I should think you'd be outdoors enjoying it. But then I reckon your household duties and such —— I'm all behind with my sewing, myself."

"My household duties is all done for the day, or would have been by this time if —— I was just finishing my dishes while my horses et their grain," he ended up. "I'd have been on my way to Red Cañon by this time."

"If I hadn't come and taken up your time? Oh, I'm so sorry. Even the happiness of knowing you'd forgiven me for trying to be neighborly, and the joy of clasping your hand, is spoiled when I think of the sacrifice it's taken. Well, I won't detain you no longer, you poor martyr, you—you big, conceited, long-faced lummox! Your dog is an angel to you. Good morning, Mr. Glum Gordon."

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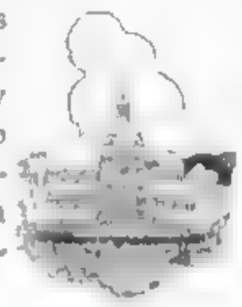
For 25 years—Poland Springs House, South Poland, Me., has found that U. S. N. Deck Paint pays handsome dividends in low cost of upkeep and perfect protection for both exterior and interior.



For 30 years—The P. & O. Steamship Company of Jacksonville, Florida, has preferred U.S.N. Deck Paint because of its quick drying qualities and its remarkable resistance to the trying sea weather.

The "Cuba"

An enviable record—At Providence City Hospital, R.I., U.S.N. Deck Paint protects the beauty of all interior walls and woodwork and withstands the gruelling test of boiling water sterilization.

Write for name of nearest dealer.

THE BILLINGS CHAPIN CO.

Boston Cleveland New York

The Alliance Agent
and what he may mean to you

PERHAPS you think of the insurance agent as merely an affable person who secures policies, collects premiums, and reminds the insured of expiration dates.

The Alliance Agent not only does these things, but recommends the best and most economical policies for specific coverages, shows you how to reduce premiums and points out methods of eliminating unnecessary fire hazards.

Oftentimes some simple readjustments in policies or alterations in premises will save the insured a considerable sum of money and add to the security of his property and the personal safety of his family or his employees.

The responsible insurance agent is trained in the detection of rate-increasing conditions and their correction. He follows a broad principle of service, getting the insured the most protection at the least cost.

Rather than merely "place" your insurance, consult with the Alliance Agent and give him an opportunity to advise you.

ALLIANCE
Insurance

THE ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA
Third and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia

She didn't start off like the tail end of a hurricane that time. She even turned once and smiled and kissed her hand tords the house. Rodney seen that, although he had closed the door, and it started a cold sweat on him. Mike was follering her, too, jumping and scooting around her and acting crazy.

"By Godfrey!" says Rodney. "She tried to make a mash on me! Almiron skassly cold and she's out trying to make a new mash! And got Mike!"

By the time he dared to look out of the window, she was gone; but even so, he had to wipe his forehead every so often. He didn't make no predictions that this was the last of her either. When a woman with a chin like hers and eyes that snapped the way hers did set out after anything she wasn't going to let nothing stand in her way, and how was a man to get protection? Was she after him? Looked to him like she was, and then again it didn't look that-away.

He got up long before dawn the next morning and hurried through breakfast and was out to the timber by sunup. When he got back that night he looked all around the yard for fresh sign, but he couldn't find none. Nor through the house. Day after day he done the same thing, but nobody come a-nigh but Jim Paddon and Ed Wilkie from Minnekahta, who were on their way to the Ruby district prospecting. He was sure glad to see them boys, and got them to stay over Sunday, which was a day he was a-dreading. Monday passed, and Tuesday, and then Wednesday, and he begun to think that maybe after all he'd been foolish to get nervous and that she was sick of deviling him, not having had no encouragement, and had prob'ly picked out some victim that was easier. Another day or two and the Harper boys would be over to help him put in his crop, and he'd be safe anyway.

Thursday he was up in the timber, squaring his last log with a broadax, and he had stopped for a moment's breathing spell and to straighten his back, when he heard a little cough close by him, and looking around he seen Mrs. Emmeline sitting on another log just out of range of the chips. She was bent forward, holding her chin between the palms of her hands, watching him sort of half interested, 's if she'd been sitting there all morning. She had on an old felt hat—a man's hat—and a riding skirt, and there was a spur on one of her shoes and a quirt dangled from her wrist.

"You certainly can swing a broadax," she says, and she said it 's if they'd been talking about axes for quite a spell.

Rodney just gave her a look and then went to hewing again; but he made poor work of it, being a considerable rattled, and the more he tried to do better, the more mislicks he made. Presently he stopped and glared at her.

"Was there anything you wanted?" he asks her.

"Any time I want anything I generally mention it, if I can't take it without asking," she answers, cool and easy. "Just now, it's a place to sit and rest and a little air to breathe and something pleasant to look at, if there's no objection; and if there is, I'll remind you that I'm not under your roof nor standing at your doorstep, so you might as well act like a gentleman and not bark at me. Speaking of barking, do you miss Mike?"

"No," says Rodney.

"I'll bet you're up to your old tricks and lying again. I hope you don't think that I enticed him away; I just couldn't drive him back when he followed me. I find him quite a lot of company; but I'll bring him back to you if you say so."

"Don't trouble," says Rodney. "I don't want him."

"Because he likes me?"

"I'm disappointed in him," he told her. "I'm through with dogs."

"Just like you're through with women, I reckon. You happen on one poor specimen and you think they're all alike. If that isn't so, you tell me what the reason is. No use us spatting, is there? Let's talk sensible. You're a gentleman, even if you haven't treated me like a gentleman treats a woman, whether he likes women or not. I reckon you'd say that a woman just takes a notion that she don't like this or does like that and can't give no reason for it because she ain't a reasoning creature, but just notional. Well, you're a man and different. Anything you don't like you can tell the whys and the wherefores. Why don't you like women? What have you got against 'em? Come!"

That put Rodney up a stump, especially because she talked so ca'm and logical, neither sweet nor sour. So he just blurted out the first thing that come into his head:

"Well, look at Jael, f'rinstance."

"Jail?" says she

Rodney spelled it for her:

"J-a-e-l. She was a woman, and a Bible woman at that. Don't you never read your Bible?"

She wrinkled up her forehead for a minute and then of a sudden her eyes widened and she flushed red and then turned pale again.

"Somebody told me there was talk of that going around," she says, her voice slow and queer sounding; "but I thought it was just a poor joke and didn't believe it. Almiron Pope wasn't a good man and didn't treat me no better than he had to, and the many's the time I've been sorry that I ever married him, but —— Why, there was a dozen men around when it happened, and they brought him home to me. And you dare—you—you —— Why, that's the most cowardly, contemptible thing ——"

She broke down and began to cry. Rodney dropped his ax and walked over to where she sat, her shoulders shaking.

"I didn't mean that a-tall," he says. "I swear I never thought of Almiron or—or anything of the kind."

She didn't stop, so he laid his hand on her shoulder. Her hat had fallen off and her hair sort of tumbled down and the white lock fell on his hand, and for some reason that made him feel right sorry for her. He lifted the wisp and laid it back. He guessed she'd had her troubles. But gosh, if somebody come along!

"Quit it," he said. "I tell you I never thought of you when I said that. There wasn't nothing pers'nal. It was Jael I was talking about, not you. Quit crying now, please, ma'am."

She checked up a little, but didn't stop for another minute or two. Then she raised her wet face.

"Did you believe that?" she asked him.

"No," says Rodney, "I didn't, and I don't. Does that satisfy you?"

"I—I haven't any hanky," she says.

She looked kind of pitiful and sort of like a kid, Rodney thought. He got her his own handkerchief that he hadn't used out of his coat pocket, and she dried her eyes.

"It's clean," she says, smiling. "That's one thing I like about you—you're always neat and clean. That's about all, though. . . . Well, there was Jael, and then who?"

"I don't see no use arguing about it," says Rodney. "It only leads to trouble and I don't want no trouble, nor to spat with you. Just take it that—well, that I don't get on with women and I'm set in my habits, and I can just go my way and you can go yours, and I wish you happiness and luck."

"Well, that's not so bad," she says. "Honest and straightforward, and I reckon it's kind too. Gracious, my hair!" She done it up, first letting it down, and there was a plenty of it. It was kind of cur'ous, watching her quick fingers. "Anyway, I ain't offended," she says, settling her hat and getting up. "I wish you well, too, and I hope you won't mind if I say that you really do need a woman. Nothing pers'nal, but you do. And I'll tell you something else—I've been keeping Mike shut up. He did follow me, but he wanted to go back right away, and he's been crazy ever since

(Continued on Page 137

—what it should be in the saw you buy

THERE must be no question about the steel in the hand saw you buy; there need be none.

Read this page and *know* the steel you want in your hand saw.

Then you will know the steel the lumberman wants in his cross-cut saws; the millman, in his band and circular saws; the metal worker, in the saws he uses.

—

There are many kinds of steel, just as there are many kinds of wood.

But Disston Saw Steel must combine the good qualities of many of them:

It must be stronger than the steel beams which support great buildings;

And tough as the armor-plate that protects a battleship.

It must sharpen to a razor-keen edge;

Be hard, like a bank-vault's door;

Be springy as the main spring of the finest watch;

And polish like a precious metal.

—

Henry Disston took the same steel that others used and made a better saw from it.

Then he began, in his earnest way, to seek a better saw steel than any yet made.

He had to master steelmaking and build his own plant to get it.

When Disston began making Steel, in 1855, it was the first time the American steelmaker and sawmaker had worked together for the benefit of the user of saws.

It was the first crucible saw-steel to be melted in America. It made better saws than had ever been made, as users of saws soon discovered.

Today it requires 3600 workmen and 68 factory buildings to supply the world's demand for saws of Disston Steel.

For Disston Steel, fashioned by the art of three generations into "The Saw Most Carpenters Use"—

Gives you a saw so tough and keen that its teeth stay sharp and it cuts with ease—

A saw whose strength means clean, straight sawing for years—

A shining blade that runs smoothly, easily, speedily, no matter how deep the cut.

—

The nearest hardware store has your Disston Hand Saw waiting for you.

Strong, tough, springy, hard, sharp—it waits to show you how Disston Steel and Disston Workmanship have made a better saw.

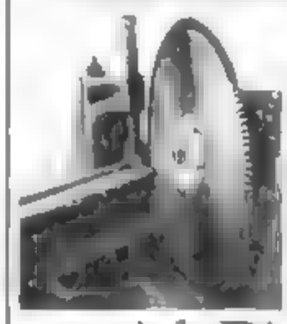
To show you cleaner, truer, faster cutting—through years of usefulness—whether you are expert in the use of saws, or not.

You will do better work than ever before, when you have made it yours!

Disston Band Saws

Strength and toughness are magnetized in Disston Steel for Disston Band Saws—so that they keep their life and keenness through the hardest service.

Disston Metal-Cutting Saws



Extremely tough, extremely hard—Disston Steel for Disston Metal-Cutting Saws! This steel stands the hardest test—steel cutting steel—without loss of temper or strength

Ask Disston

Tell us what kind of work you are doing, in wood, metal, stone, ivory, rubber, leather, cloth, fibre or other material, and we will tell you what types of saws to use to do your work better and easier. Disston issues many books to aid the user of saws and tools.

HENRY DISSTON & SONS, INC.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Hardware dealers the world around sell Disston Saws, Tools, and Files

DISSTON

PATENTED

KEROGAS

TRADE **BURNER** MARK

Look for the name KEROGAS on the Burner

Your Cooking will be quicker—and better

You will find a wonderful difference in your work and in the results you get from your cooking when you have an oil stove equipped with the Patented Kerogas Burners.

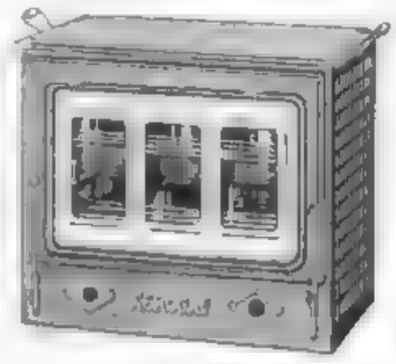
Kerogas DOES *Surpass.* It's just like having a gas range, for you get a perfect gas flame—"a flame within a flame"—strong and hot or simmering. You also get clean, even heat, and by just a turn of a little control wheel you have it always under perfect regulation—and your fuel cost is much less. Kerosene is the cheapest fuel you can use, and the Kerogas Burner uses only one part of it to 400 parts of air.

Many of the best makes of oil stoves are equipped with the Kerogas *Genuine One-Piece Brass* Burner. They are stoves that deserve your confidence. They are good stoves.

Look for the name KEROGAS on the burners and ask the dealer for a demonstration. Learn in 5 minutes how you can do better cooking more easily, more quickly, and at lower cost than ever before.

The Giant Kerogas Burner

Every "Giant Kerogas Oil Stove" equipped with "regular" Kerogas Burners also has one of the new Patented Giant Kerogas Burners. This "Giant" is capable of the most intense heat—when you need it quickly—but is easily regulated for ordinary use. You can get the new **Heavy Duty Giant Kerogas Oil Cook Stoves** equipped entirely with "Giant" burners. Models equipped only with "regular" Kerogas Burners are also available.



The Kerogas Oven for Baking and Roasting is a fitting companion for the Kerogas Burner. As reliable as any range oven ever made and as durable. Gives sure, uniform results because its temperature can be regulated perfectly by burner beneath.

Manufactured by

A. J. Lindemann & Hoverson Co., 1238 First Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

Manufacturers of Burners, Ovens, Cooking and Heating Stoves and Ranges
Also the Celebrated L & H Electrics Ranges and Appliances

Dealer's Note: The best jobbers are prepared to supply oil stoves equipped with Kerogas Burners

(Continued from Page 134)

and howls all the time to get out. I'm going to turn him loose when I get home, and I'm going now. I hope my horse hasn't got away. Good-by."

"What in Sam Hill did you want to shut him up for?" Rodney asked.

She laughed.

"How should I know?" she says. "I'm a woman, and I just took a notion to." She walked away a few steps. "Oh, I'll bring your handkerchief back sometime," she says.

"It ain't ness'ry," Rodney shouts; but she was out of sight amongst the trees and prob'ly didn't hear.

That night Mike come back and Rodney sure made him welcome. If there had been any need of killing a fatted calf, Mike would certainly had veal for supper; as it was, he had all his favorite dish of oatmeal and beef bones boiled up together that he could eat, and after supper he lay with his jaw on his master's foot while Rodney smoked his pipe and talked to him.

"A great pup, you are! A fine, faithful friend of man! What do you think of yourself, anyway, hey? Forgetting all the training and the good example I set you and chasing off after a woman! After all I've told you about 'em! You can well roll your eyes and look sneaking. By ginger, a cat wouldn't have acted thataway! Trail off after a female that had took the skin off'n you with a buggy whip only the day before! Showed your sense, didn't it? What did you get by it? Got tied up, like you might have expected—your freedom took from you, and if you didn't like it you could just howl your throat sore and all the good it would do you! Well, I reckon you've had your lesson."

On the whole, Rodney felt hopeful that evening—or he would have if it hadn't been for the handkerchief. He had given her straight talk and plain talk, and she had took it right sensible—if she hadn't made that last threat. Now he had that hanging over him. Still, the Harpers would be around for a week or two and she'd see they was there as she come over the ridge—if she came—which she wouldn't—maybe. She had quit trying to mash him anyway; acted like a lady. Only how come she sneaked up on him thataway? Must have seen him on the trail at Gooch's, only she'd need field glasses for that. Not likely she'd watch the trail with glasses. Anyway, it didn't cut no ice. It was certainly tough on her, that fool story that got out about her. People were in big business spreading that kind of talk about a lone woman, joke or no joke. Women started it, that was a cinch. If another woman is a little better looking than she is —— Well, he'd quit thinking about it.

Following close on that, the Harpers came, and Rodney didn't have much time to think until the planting was over, although now and then he had a scare. If she had come, even if she no more than gave him the handkerchief and thanked him kindly for the loan of it, the boys would have joshed the life out of him and there wouldn't have been no good way of explaining. But she didn't come; and the boys went and still she didn't come, and, dog-gone it, this thing of expecting something any minute —— S'pose she come some night, and there come a storm so's he couldn't throw her out and couldn't leave for fear somebody'd come along and find her there!

He got all in a sweat again, imagining, though he knew darned well that she'd start home if the skies opened and rained pitchforks, and that she wasn't the kind of woman to make night calls.

Well, a week of that and he begun to lose flesh, and then finally one night there did come a knock at the door—and it was raining too. Mike set up a barking and run to the door with him. He opened it, holding onto the dog's collar, and—a man's voice spoke, like music:

"Good evening, sir. I wonder if you wouldn't kindly allow a weary and benighted wayfarer to stay here tonight. I seem to have lost my way."

You never seen a door flung open wider or quicker, or heard a more hearty welcome than Rodney give the wayfarer. He scurried around, his face a-beaming with pleasure and delight; he started a blaze in the fireplace with fat pitch, he brought dry clothes, he opened the draft of the kitchen stove and set on the coffeepot, he sliced steaks of deer meat and rashers of bacon and he had them sizzling in one skillet and taters in another before the weary guest had changed his duds and was ready for the washbasin in the sink, and the soap and clean towel. Finally he spread the cloth and laid the table, and when everything was ready he told the man to set up and eat a bite and tell him where his horse was and he'd tend to it.

"I'm afoot, sir," says the stranger. "I am unaccustomed to equestrian exercise and the animal I bestrode took advantage of that fact and deposited me with some violence in the exact center of the surrounding landscape. When I recovered consciousness he had gone. You are very good, sir, to go to all this trouble. My name, sir, is Beverly Tribbs; and yours? Mr. Gordon, I am your highly indebted and most humble servant. A bountiful repast, I'm sure, and you will see me do ample justice to it. I thank you."

He was a thin, rabbit-faced man with pink-rimmed eyes that made him look still more rabbity, although he et like a starved wolf, only stopping once in a while to tell how good everything was in the most elegant language. While he was still eating, Rodney went and got his wet clothes to dry behind the kitchen stove, and he figured that Mr. Tribbs had been playing in hard luck, by the looks of 'em, and that he'd walked about a thousand miles since the horse throwed him. Clear out at the toes his shoes was. But that didn't make no difference to Rodney. He liked the way this Tribbs talked. High-toned, educated. Knew what good cooking was and appreciated it.

When Mr. Tribbs had finished eating, Rodney took him back to the setting-room fireplace and drew up his biggest chair and got out the cigars that he kept for special company, and then he excused himself to go back to the kitchen and wash the dishes and get things ready to start breakfast. When he got through he found Tribbs had fallen asleep, snoring, and his cigar dropped out of his mouth to the floor. Rodney was some disappointed, expecting to have a nice sociable evening with improving conversation; but he was the kind that puts his company's comfort and pleasure before his own, so he woke Mr. Tribbs up and loaned him a nightshirt and put him in his own bed, making up a cot for himself.

In the morning Mr. Tribbs was feeling a heap better. He was too busy to talk much during breakfast; but when he had swallered the last flapjack possible and squeezed the coffeepot, he begun telling about himself while he smoked another of Rodney's cigars. He was a professor, seemed like—a college professor.

"Until recently," says he, "I occupied the chair of noxicological thermatology at Gotham University, which my physician advised me to resign on account of my health. You are perhaps something of a thermatologist yourself, Mr. Gordon. No? Well," he says, "it is a comparatively new science and outside of the regular curriculum in your college days, doubtless. It deals largely with the exbee of what the Germans call the Pottgeist, if you get my meaning. But that's immaterial. I've put all that behind me. Trying to forget it, and it's better so—far, far better. The point is, Mr. Gordon, that I find myself in an extremely awkward predicament which I should hesitate to divulge to a gentleman of less delicacy than yourself. But I can't trespass on your hospitality ——"

"No trespassing, professor," says Rodney. "The pleasure is all mine."

"You're more than kind, sir," says he. "But I cannot, even for a few days, owing to the fact that I was heartlessly robbed not a week ago, and for the time being I am practically destitute; that is, broke, and am therefore unable ——"

He stopped, looked at Rodney and coughed.

"Professor," says Rodney, "whether you are broke temp'ry or permanent or a millionaire cuts no ice with me. If you can put up with poor accommodation, I'll be mighty glad to have you stay as long as you want; and if you're hinting about paying me, I put it down to your being a stranger. Anybody will tell you that I ain't that kind of a hairpin. My pay is the pleasure of your company, sir."

"You are a gentleman, sir," says the professor. "I knew that you were above mercenary considerations, but as an honest man I felt bound at least to hint. My self-respect demanded it. Are you a native of this beautiful region, sir, may I ask?"

"There ain't no natives but the Injuns and Bob Tallent," says Rodney. "I'm from Georgia."

"Ah-h!" says the professor. "A Georgia Gordon; that explains it. The unbounded and princely hospitality of a Southern gentleman to whom 'stranger' is a holy name! I, sir, am from your neighboring state, South Carolina. Our plantation was on the Savannah River, before the devotion of our family to the Lost Cause ruined us. I can well remember the good old golden days when our happy negroes sang their simple melodies in our cotton fields and the beauty and chivalry of your state and mine were gathered at our board. I seem to remember a cousin of ours who married a Gordon. We may be some connection, sir."

"Might be," says Rodney. "My stepmother's name was Blossom, but she'd been married before and she might have been a Tribbs before that."

Professor Tribbs thought it more'n likely, and said that he'd accept Rodney's hospitality all the more willing, if possible. Rodney was tickled to death, and for the next three or four days he hardly done a lick of work outdoors, a-visiting with his cousin. The professor had traveled all over the world. He'd been in the Desert of Sahara, and in Rome, Italy, as well as Rome, Georgia, and in Roosia and Proosia and Panama and all them places, and wherever he'd went something interesting and exciting happened to tell about. And he was a good Democrat besides, and he knew Bob Ingersoll pers'nally and had give him the idee of writing about the mistakes of Moses. Him and Brick Pomeroy was pardners one time too. Altogether, Rodney counted himself mighty lucky. As for the handkerchief, Mrs. Emmeline could trot along with it any time she wanted to. The professor was too high-toned to josh him, and the woman wouldn't be apt to start anything with the professor around. No denying that the professor made a heap of extra work, but he was worth it.

Rodney thought thataway at first anyway; but in about three weeks he begun to wonder whether he wouldn't be about as well off without protection. Most company humped themselves around as much as they was let, to lighten labor, but the professor put in most of his time eating and sleeping, owing to the heart trouble that his doctor had made him quit thermatologing for. He had to keep his feet off the ground as much as possible. But his appetite was good and he'd filled out a whole lot. He allowed to Rodney that if he kept on expanding at the same rate, the clothes Rodney had kindly loaned him would fit him mighty nigh as well as the shoes inside of another month or two. Rodney couldn't coax him outdoors neither. All the interest he took in the garden was remarking how glad he'd be when they could have fresh vegetables and asking Rodney to put in a few hills of Hubbard squash for the late fall and winter months, he being particular fond of 'em. He wouldn't even go with Rodney to Custer. As far's dinner was concerned, he'd get him a cold bite if the pangs of hunger got too distressing, and with a little nip of Rodney's excellent cherry bounce, he had no doubt that he would feel

(Continued on Page 141)

No human being can watch dampers and drafts so as to keep the room temperature uniform ~ ~ That's a job for

The MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR

THE HEART OF THE HEATING PLANT

FREE ~

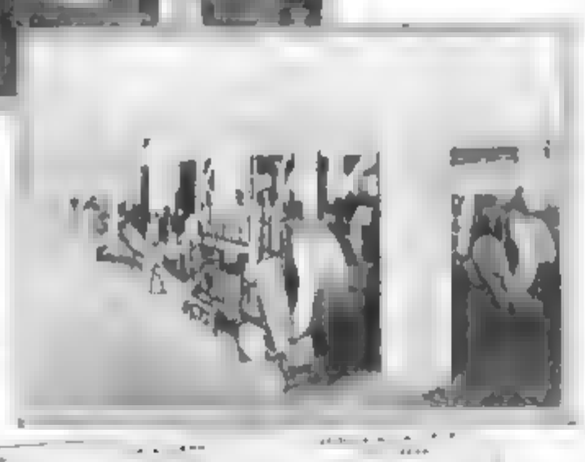
Everyhome, whether heated with coal, oil, gas, or district steam, should have Automatic Heat Regulation. It is fully explained and 40 ways of saving fuel are described in the booklet, "The Proper Operation of the Home Heating Plant." Sent free. Address Minneapolis Heat Regulator Company, 2813 Fourth Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Installed by branch offices in principal cities—or by your local heating man

The New Model 77 8-Day Clock 7 Jewels

Multiply these Stories

and you will understand why Barreled Sunlight is being used on interiors everywhere

Officers' Lobby and Executive Offices, Museum of Fine Arts



Postum Cereal Co., painted throughout with Barreled Sunlight

MINT PRODUCTS CO.
LIFE SAVERS
PORT CHESTER, NEW YORK

April 18, 1925

U.S.Gutta Percha Paint Co.,
Providence, R.I.

Dear Sirs:

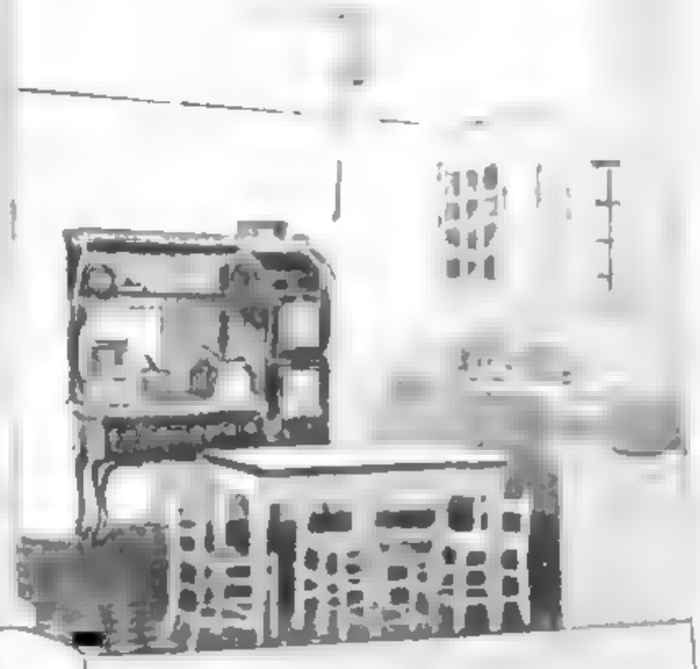
We have applied "Barreled Sunlight" on the walls and ceilings in every department of our new plant at Port Chester, N. Y.

We do not know that it is a possible thing, but it seems to us that the walls are actually whiter now, after a six months' occupancy, than they were when we moved in. In any event, we wish you to know that we are 100% sold on "Barreled Sunlight" and hereafter it is to be a uniform part of our new building specifications.

Yours very truly,

MINT PRODUCTS CO.

RFM 3D



and children certainly can ruin the looks of white woodwork!

But now that the staircase and woodwork are painted with "Barreled Sunlight" the little fingermarks wash off in a jiffy! We are recommending it to all our friends.

Yours truly

Hotel McAllister
Miami, Florida

Gentlemen:

Yours truly,

GENERAL FIRE EXTINGUISHER COMPANY

March 28,1924

U.S.Gutta Percha Paint Co.,
Providence, R.I.

Gentlemen:

Replying to your inquiry of March 22nd. We [illegible] painted with [illegible] which was applied [illegible] years ago on the ceilings and walls of our Auburn [illegible].

The close [illegible] reflects and adds greatly to the [illegible], and the contrast between the present appearance and the [illegible] ceilings which the paint had to cover [illegible].

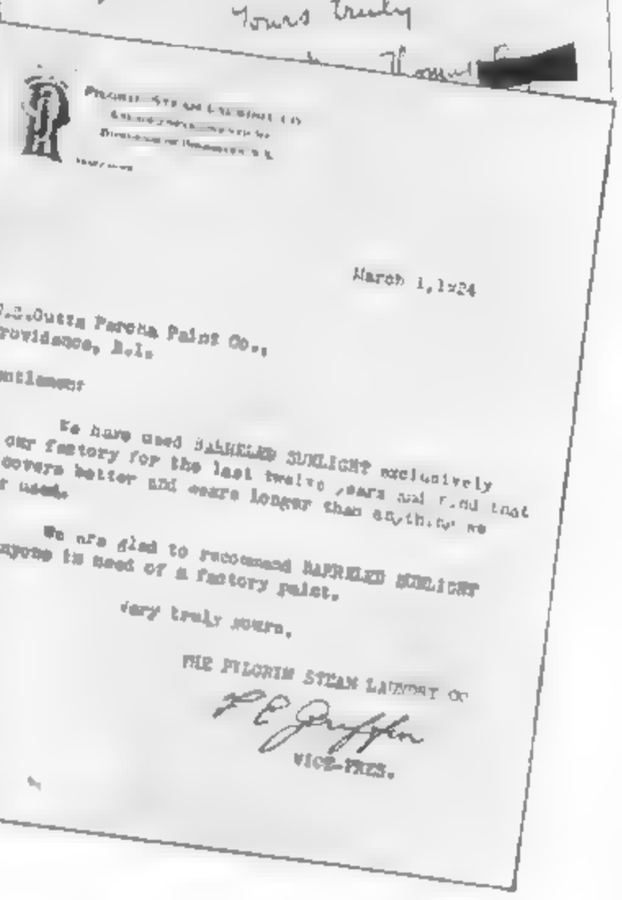
[illegible] room in the same plant cold water paint was used. [illegible] nearly all flaked off but the BARRELED SUNLIGHT finish is in as firm and as permanent a condition as when applied.

Yours truly,

GENERAL FIRE EXTINGUISHER CO.

THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

St. John's Hospital, St. Louis. Painted throughout with Barreled Sunlight in white and light tints



PROCTOR, STYLE AND EXPERIMENT CO.
CINCINNATI, OHIO
DIRECTION OF THE PRESIDENT U.S.A.

March 1,1924

U.S.Gutta Percha Paint Co.,
Providence, R.I.

Gentlemen:

We have used BARRELED SUNLIGHT exclusively in our factory for the last twelve years and find that it covers better and wears longer than anything we ever used.

We are glad to recommend BARRELED SUNLIGHT to anyone in need of a factory paint.

Very truly yours,

THE PILGRIM STEAM LAUNDRY CO.

F.C.Griffin
VICE-PRES.

F.E./GG

"Save the surface and you save all"

Barreled

WHITE · SMOOTH

by Thousands! — — —

Packard Motors Plant
PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT MICHIGAN
December 21,1923
U.S.Gutta Percha Paint Co.,
Providence, R.I.
Gentlemen:
We have used BARRELED SUNLIGHT on the interior of a great many of our buildings which has given very good satisfaction.
We believe that well kept buildings help to improve the manufacture of our product and BARRELED SUNLIGHT has done its share in providing the best of working conditions in the Packard plant.
Yours very truly,
Manager
NASHAWENA MILL
NEW BEDFORD, MASS
November 29, 1924
Gentlemen:
Pacific Coast Syrup Co.
TEN GARDEN BRANDS
PRESERVERS OF FRUIT
REFINERS OF SYRUP
SAN FRANCISCO, PORTLAND & SEATTLE
U.S.A.
San Francisco, California
September 20th, 1921.
U.S.Gutta Percha Paint Co.,
Providence, Rhode Island
Dear Sirs:
We are as much pleased with Barreled Sunlight as ever.
The paint has retained its white color, has not blistered or chipped and stands washing very well. We are so much pleased with it that on all new work we use Barreled Sunlight, and are also using it both for new work and for lighting up the dark places in our Portland, Oregon and Seattle, Washington plants.
Yours respectfully,
PACIFIC COAST SYRUP CO
H L Kimball
Superintendent

HERE is the real story of Barreled Sunlight — in letters from all over the country! They tell why millions of people are using Barreled Sunlight today.

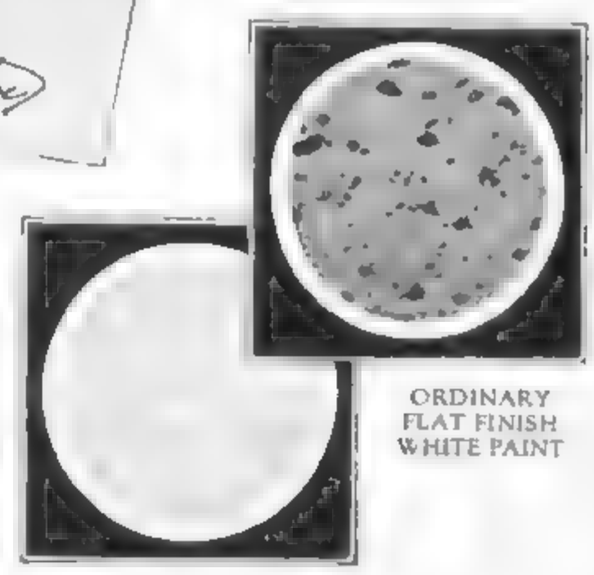
Barreled Sunlight produces a lustrous white surface so smooth that the finest particles of dust or dirt cannot sink in — a finish that can be washed as easily as white tile. Furthermore, washing will not *wear through* Barreled Sunlight.

It contains no varnish and is actually guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

Barreled Sunlight costs less than enamel, is easy to apply and requires fewer coats. A single coat is generally sufficient over a previously light painted surface. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat.

Can be applied by brush or spray. Easily tinted any color. Sold in cans from half-pint to five-gallon size — 55-gal. and 30-gal. churn-equipped steel drums.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
Factory and Main Offices.
34-A DUDLEY STREET PROVIDENCE, R. I.
New York—350 Madison Ave. Chicago—659 Washington Blvd.
San Francisco—38 O'Farrell St.
Distributors in all principal cities Retailed by over 5,000 dealers



ORDINARY FLAT FINISH WHITE PAINT

BARRELED SUNLIGHT

What paint looks like through a microscope

The photographs in circles above were taken through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, even and non-porous. It resists dirt and can be washed like tile.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
34-A Dudley St.,
Providence, R. I.

Enclosed find ten cents for sample can of Barreled Sunlight to be mailed post paid. I am interested in Barreled Sunlight for

Check
- ☐ Industrial Plants
- ☐ Commercial Buildings
- ☐ Homes

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Sunlight

LUSTROUS · WASHABLE

BE A FAMILY MAN

Equip every car you sell or service with the Stewart-Warner Accessory family

THE Stewart-Warner family offers the dealer and buyer alike the best the world produces in automobile accessories.

Most of these accessories are safety devices, all add to comfort, all are needed to make the car complete—and the full equipment on a car results in a genuinely happy car owner.

The Stewart-Warner family is a wonderful boon to the dealer. Instead of buying here and buying there to get a good Windshield Cleaner, a good Bumper, a good Spotlight, and a good Shock Absorber, you find the best accessory for every purpose in the Stewart-Warner family—all of the same quality—all of definite reliability—all carrying the service that only Stewart-Warner conducts on a nation-wide basis.

You need carry only the one stock. You need sell only the one line. And you need only the argument, "It's a Stewart-Warner" to convince your customers that you have the very best accessories for him it is possible for you to supply. Also you don't need to worry about service. The Stewart-Warner organization will take care of this. No matter where your customer may drive, he'll find Stewart-Warner Service—it covers the country.

With less stock, less money invested, less selling effort, you give your customers greater satisfaction and better service.

So, be a "family man," selling the Stewart-Warner family—each and every member of it—to every purchaser of a car. They are money-makers for you and satisfaction-givers to your patrons.

Stewart-Warner
Accessories

Stewart Warner
Accessories

Stewart-Warner Speedometer—Special Model for Fords

Colored dials tell when to lubricate

Complete $15.00
Western Price
$15.50

Stewart-Warner Double and Triple Bar Bumpers

Black Enameled or Nickel Plated Bars

Prices range from $12.50 to $37.50

Slight increase in Western Prices

Stewart-Warner Shock Absorbers

Per Pair - $15.00
Western Price 15.50

Special Model for Fords
$11.50
Western Price $12.00

Stewart-Warner Electric Windshield Cleaner

Complete - - $8.50
Western Price - 8.75

The Stewart-Warner family of Accessories is a well balanced line that makes the car complete—all manufactured under the same high quality standards—all sold under one nationally known name—(*all serviced through branches in 58 leading cities.*) A definite assurance of continuous satisfaction found nowhere else in the industry.

STEWART-WARNER
SPEEDOMETER CORP.
CHICAGO - U. S. A.

Continued from Page 137

no bad effects. One time he'd went without bite or sup for three days and nights in an open boat on the Indian Ocean. He told Rodney about it, and it was mighty thrilling.

"So don't apologize, I beg," he says. "Of course a regular and stated time for eating is best, and the Chinese, whose longevity is equal to their wisdom, never put cold food into their stomachs. Once when I was in Peking ——"

He told Rodney about how a mandarin name of Li Chi Suey had had a cook and two helpers beheaded after torturing them for half a day account of their serving cold grub.

It was right interesting, particular the tortures. It's sure true that half the world don't know how the other half lives.

That was the way. Never a complaint. If Tribbs had kicked ever and hadn't been so dog-gone polite Rodney might have felt free to hint that even starting the fire and putting the kettle on and washing the taters and sweeping up his cigarette ends and muss would help some; but there it was.

Rodney went to Custer by himself, and he asked at the post office for Tribbs; but the remittances hadn't come, nor nothing else. A day or two after that, Joe Harper was over to return a cultivator, and stopped to dinner. The professor laid himself out to be entertaining, and Rodney was almost proud of him. Joe hadn't got much to say until him and Rodney was out in the barn to get his team.

Then he says, "Rod, who is this here fat little liar?"

"He ain't no liar," says Rodney. "What makes you think he is?"

"Well, there ain't no rhinoceroses in Siberia," says Joe. "I know that nor niggers. Only Roosian exiles—nihilists. And the way I figure, he's a hundred and fifty years old if he's lived all them places as long as he says he has. You keep track of him. . . . Ain't you going to put in no garden?"

"It's done put in and some of it's up, but the weeds has got ahead of me. I don't get time. Seems like I needed help, with one thing and another."

"Don't he ever do nothing?" Joe asks. "I took notice he didn't help with the dishes. Why'n't you make him help?"

"He's my guest," says Rodney, and went on to explain.

But Joe didn't seem to understand. He didn't take no stock in the professor being robbed, either, nor losing his horse. He allowed the professor was a Chadron hobo and had tagged along with some outfit and got kicked out at the Gap. Him and Bill wasn't picayunish about taking a stranger in for a night or two, he said, but they wasn't keeping no free boarding house for indigent bums.

"I'd give the son of a gun his walking papers or make him work," he says. "You need somebody to look after you, Rod."

Well, it wasn't no use arguing with Joe. Granting all he said, or some of it, a Southern gentleman whose hospitality was princely and unbounded, who had invited a guest to stay as long as he wanted to, couldn't go back of his princely word with a man who was all the time bragging of his cooking and was so dog-gone dignified. Of course, it had been part his joy in getting protection that had made him so dog-gone reckless, and, seemed like, protection hadn't been ness'ry. After all, there hadn't been no need of getting rattled. He had just let his imagination get away with him. He'd just as lief she'd come as not, even if the professor wasn't around. If she come now —— By ginger, she might take a notion to the professor, and if she did, he'd be shet of 'em both. There was an idee!

He studied over it for a couple of weeks, during which it got worse and worse, seeing the professor laying around smoking and reading the books Rodney hadn't got no time to read, and listening to his gab at meals and finding out that he'd tapped and mighty nigh emptied the second gallon of cherry bounce. And Joe was right; Rodney kept track of his yarns, and he told most of 'em over two or three times and had 'em different. A darned liar! And the champeen loafer too. And yet —— It sure seemed tough on Mrs. Emmeline, but it looked like the only way out. So one night at supper he asked Professor Tribbs if he happened to be married.

"Not at the present time, sir," he answers. "Three charming and accomplished ladies, each in her way a paragon, have honored me with their respective hands and hearts—successively, of course—and each time I have been bereaved. Death, sir," he says, "has removed them to a happier sphere, and time has mitigated the anguish of my threefold bereavement; but memory holds them dear." He had got started off. "Man, sir," he says, "is a poor, incomplete creature without a woman by his side. It is woman who inspires us to our noblest efforts, woman who comforts and sustains us in the hour of our adversity. Ministering angels whose goodness and virtue exalt while their beauty and gayety enchant us, whose refining influence softens the asperities of our rough and coarse natures, whose devotion ——"

"Pers'nally," says Rodney, "I ain't got no use for 'em."

"You surprise me, sir," says the professor, blinking his pink-rimmed eyes.

"Look at this Brindlevilliers woman who pizened her husband and her father and everybody she come across—just to see 'em kick. Look at Jael in the Bible —— But you may be right and I may be wrong," he says. "It's just my opinion, which prob'ly ain't worth much. No doubt it's like you say. I reckon, professor, I'll have to leave you alone tomorrow morning. I'll try to get back to cook dinner for you, but I may be a mite late."

"Don't put yourself out at all on my account, sir," says the professor. "I shall be happy to adapt my convenience to yours. If you are half an hour or so late, I shall doubtless survive. Ha-ha!"

"I got to round up some cows," Rodney explains.

His idee was to round up Mrs. Emmeline. If she wasn't a-going to come, he'd have to go see her and toll her over to meet this here windy lunkhead. That woman guff capped the climax. Made him sick and sort of desp'rate. He'd got some cows ranging over her way—prob'ly. She might have seen 'em. No harm to ask.

There was smoke a-coming out of the chimney when he got to Pope's, and when he got closer he heard somebody a-singing real cheerful in the summer kitchen, and all of a sudden it come to him that for all he knew she might have married again. The place sure looked well. A fine stand of alfalfa and the corn up a foot high already. Some man was 'tending to things. It give him a gone feeling in the pit of his stomach. If she'd done that, by ginger, he was as good as married to the professor! Out of the fry pan and into the fire!

The singing stopped. It was that fool Mike, who had run ahead and was scratching at the screen door. Now it had come to the pinch, Rodney felt mighty weak-kneed and short-breathed. Here she come.

"Light and look at your saddle, stranger," she called.

But he just sat his horse and she had to come out to him. She had smiled when she hollered, but now she was frowning, with her under lip caught between her teeth. But when she spoke the corners of her mouth went upward.

"You've come for your handkerchief," she says. "I'll get it for you."

"Don't trouble," says Rodney. But she told him it wasn't no trouble and went back into the house.

"Damn the handkerchief!" says Rodney.

After a minute or two, she come back again, a-biting her lip same as before.

"Here's your pie," she says—"I mean, your handkerchief." She poked it at him so's he had half a mind to slap her. At the look on his face, she started laughing and didn't stop until he reined back his horse to turn and ride away. "Oh, get off your high horse and don't act foolish," she says. "I was just joking."

"I was a-going to ask you about some cows of mine," says Rodney.

"Then get off and we'll talk about 'em," she says. "You don't need to come into the house, so you needn't be scared. We can sit on the porch where it's shady and you can make a break for your horse any moment."

She walked to the porch and spun a couple of chairs around facing each other and sat down in one of them. Rodney lighted down and dropped his bridle and followed her.

"Now sit down there," she says, and Rodney done so. Glad to, account of the weakness in his knees. Mike tried to climb into the woman's lap and she cuffed him away. "So it wasn't the handkerchief that you come for?" she says. "It was cows, was it?"

"Cows; yes, ma'am," he says, taking notice of the little flowers in the pattern of the fresh calico dress she was wearing and how white her throat was where the two top buttons wasn't in use. She wasn't the scraggy kind, even if she wasn't what you'd call fleshy. Kind of a mischeevious look she had when he caught her eye. Little sprigs of rosebuds they was, on the dress.

"Well, I ain't interested in other people's cows unless they break through one of my fences," she says, "so I ain't noticed. About that handkerchief, I allowed if you wanted it bad enough you'd come and get it."

"I've been right busy," Rodney told her. "I didn't need it, noway."

He remembered that he had touched that white lock of hair that was drawed back so smooth and neat.

"Yes," she was saying. "Joe Harper told me you was right busy—with company. Has he gone yet?"

She swung her foot, the slipper loose from her heel. That was another trick of hers, swinging her foot thataway. She had a right to.

"No, he's still there," says Rodney, with a sigh. "I'd be mighty sorry to see him go," he says. "Mighty entertaining, he is, instructive too. He's a college professor, educated, and a fine, high-toned gentleman."

"Joe Harper told me he was," she says. "You must enjoy him."

"I do," says Rodney; "a heap. But my place ain't no place for him. What he needs is a woman. He allows a man is a poor, incomplete creature without a woman at his side."

"Which side?" she asks. "The blind side?"

"I ain't joking," says Rodney. "If some lady needed a husband—was sort of lonesome ——"

"I don't," says Mrs. Emmeline, "if you mean me. I'm getting so's I ain't got no use for men. Look at Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold and all them. Liars, the most of you. Conceited and deceitful and untidy and stupid. No sense and no manners. Present company excepted, of course," she says, smiling. "Plowing and pitching hay and things like that is all men are good for—like Sam Bolling does for me. But what Sam's wife ever saw in him beats me! Well, even us women is foolish at times. I ought to know it."

"You wouldn't say that if you met up with the professor," says Rodney; "not about manners. Only last night he says to me, 'Mr. Gordon,' says he, 'women is ministering angels, inspiring us to our noblest efforts,' he says, 'and refining us with their enchanting influence,' says he."

"Well, he's got some sense," says Mrs. Emmeline, kind of interested. "He must be truthful."

"And he said a heap more, only I couldn't get it off like he done," says Rodney. "You'd ought to hear him."

"I'd love to," says she. "He must be a wonder."

"He sure is," says Rodney. "If you was to give him an invite, he'd be tickled to

A Test of good taste

Madame Recamier once said that "while the big things in a home indicate prosperity, it is the little things that reveal good taste."

There are so many "little things" about the house that can be perfect—no matter what your income—if discrimination is used in buying.

Take the item of toilet paper. If you had the wealth of Croesus, you could not buy better toilet paper than A. P. W. Satin Tissue. It simply doesn't exist.

Velvety soft in texture, made to tear *where it should tear*—at the perforations—composed exclusively of pure, absorbent wood pulp, containing from 4 to 20 times as many sheets per roll as the average, A. P. W. Satin Tissue is recognized everywhere as the ultimate achievement in toilet comfort and sanitation.

Four rolls of A.P.W. Satin Tissue are a year's supply for the average family

A. P. W. PAPER CO.
ALBANY, N. Y.

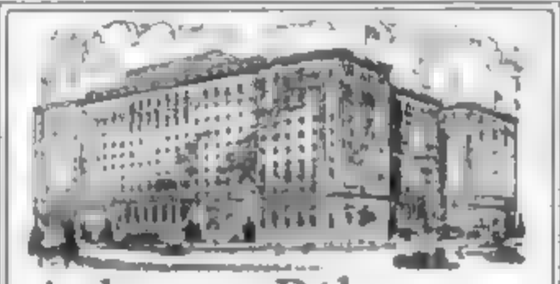
The rolls of Toilet Paper listed below are now identified by the A. P. W. checker doll wrapper.

Send for a Rag Doll

Send one wrapper from any brand of A. P. W. Paper with this coupon and ten cents, producing in 3 colors the A. P. W. doll character 18 inches high (ready to be cut out and stuffed).

Get a Doll's House Free

Buy [illegible] at your grocer's and this coupon filled in with your [illegible]



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Where Traditional Hospitality Is Kept Ever Flowering.

Flawless Bowman Service. Perfect cuisine—extremely moderate prices.

600 handsome outside rooms, with bath, single $3.50, $4 and $5; double $5.50, $6, $7 and $8.

Write for illustrated booklet P.

Atlanta Biltmore Hotel Company
HOLLAND B. JUDKINS
Vice Pres.—Manager

Always Before Your Eyes

INDELIBLY, the walls and ceilings of your home picture themselves in your mind. Each detail of the plasterer's art is faithfully recorded.

As time goes on those plastered surfaces will gauge your pleasure and pride in every room.

Have your plastering contractor make them *permanent*. Ask him to explain why plaster deserves a lath that will not shrink, swell, warp or burn.

Let him show you why METAL lath is needed to add stability to the house, to preserve the plastering in its original state, and to hold it in place so that fire cannot reach the wood studs and joists.

There is less difference between the cost for Better Plastering on a steel base and the ordinary job than between the amounts involved in deciding the quality of any other contract. For no equal amount can you buy so much assurance of freedom from repair, substantial savings in decoration cost and safety from fire.

A Book for Home Builders

Plastering represents 80% of the visible interior of the home. It is the most important contract. Before you proceed with your plans send for this book—"Better Plastering". It illustrates several of the new texture finishes and shows how plastering is made crack proof and fire-resistive. Also has valuable pointers on home construction. Every home builder should have a copy. Sent free on request.

NATIONAL COUNCIL *for* BETTER PLASTERING
819 Madison Square Building
CHICAGO

BETTER PLASTERING
METAL LATH TO REINFORCE AND PRESERVE

death to come over here—if I was to tell him."

"Why not me go over and see him?" asks the lady. And then she says, "Did you expect me to drop in and bring you your handkerchief?"

Rodney got red in the face and said no he didn't.

"Because you told me not to," she explains, "so I thought you meant that you'd call for it. I might have mailed it to you, but it wouldn't have looked well for me to be a-writing to an unmarried man, and if I'd just put it in an envelope, just plain ironed and without a word, it would have seemed like 's I meant that all was over between us, wouldn't it?"

"Speaking of the professor ——" says Rodney.

"Speaking of the professor," she interrupts him. "I must say that you show an elegant nerve—at times. You've got a worthless, idle, lazy, no-account do-nothing of a tramp on your hands that you want to get rid of and are too much of a helpless gump to kick out, so you think you'll pass him on to me. Aren't you slick! It sure took a smart man to think up a scheme like that! And you done it so smooth too! Nobody would have ever suspicioned that such was your hellish design when you come up a-smiling and bowing and scraping with your hat in your hand ——"

"I didn't do no such a thing," says Rodney.

"—— and asking about your cows," says she. "You must hate me a-plenty, and I don't know what I ever done to you, only to try and be neighborly with a pie, and even if you could bake a better one yourself ——"

She put the corner of her apron to her eyes and bent over.

"Here, don't do that again," Rodney begs, imploring. "I don't hate you by no means. Quite the contrary; honest I do. I was just a-thinking this very moment while I was a-talking about that Tribbs that I—I ——"

"That you—you—what?" she asks, kind of muffled and choky.

"That I didn't hate you," says Rodney. "I wouldn't pass Tribbs on to you for a million dollars. And as far's the pie is concerned, I own up that I lied to you. I never could make a pie. I always get too much baking powder in the crust, or something; and I'm right fond of pie too."

She straightened up and took the apron from her eyes, and, if you'll believe me, she'd been a-laughing.

She got up from her chair an' ca'mly took Rodney Gordon by the ear with a thumb and finger and hoisted him out of his, and him one broad grin, not knowing just what.

"I just took two out of the oven as Mike scratched at the door," she says. "Cocoanut custard. Let's you and me go see if they're any good."

And now, concluded the old bullwhacker after a pause, I'll give each of you fellers one guess as to what-all happened after that.

UNCLE SAM'S PRIZE FAKE

(Continued from Page 37)

wife and child. The lease will take care of them handsomely as long as they live, and then flow on beneficently to the next generation. Of course he is under no moral obligation to save a nickel.

He can say, "I've taken cold and don't feel like working today. I'd rather put on a dressing gown and loaf in front of the fireplace with a book." Or if he says, "I think it would be pleasant to spend this spring on the Riviera," that's all there is about it. He and his family just step on the magic carpet and step off again in Nice. That's what I call a real income.

I got the idea of the difference between Felix's income and mine, in its full candle power and voltage, one afternoon last December, when one of those high-powered cars that fiction writers are always requiring me to draw hit my low-powered car amidships. No doubt my car had no business to be there—right in the middle of a public highway which a band of bootleggers or hijackers greatly needed at the moment.

I got an impression afterward—without being much interested in the details—that the police thought they were either escaping from another band or pursuing another band with homicidal intent. At any rate they were engaged in some very exigent business, for the proper discharge of which they required full unimpeded use of the highway. My day's work was done. In fact I was merely loafing along the road. I can understand the exasperation of gentlemen who desperately needed that road and saw a mere illustrator dawdling in from a side street, smack in their path. Probably they are cursing me to this day.

A Badly Dented Income

I was conveyed to a hospital and after due patching, tinkering and diagnosing for six weeks, my wife was professionally informed that if she wished my company and support in the future it would be well to get me to a warm climate where I could lie in the sun and recuperate indefinitely.

Of course the highway incident had the same effect upon my income as upon my car. At a quarter past four that afternoon my income was a going concern—even in its modest popular-price way a rather handsome concern—bearing the family smoothly along. But at sixteen minutes past four it was a mere heap of débris in the gutter.

Going to a warm climate and recuperating in the sun meant living on such fat as we had been able to accumulate—cooking the nest egg for breakfast. When one is a tick past forty, with wife and three minor children, that is not a very cheerful prospect. I think we had never been an extravagant family in money matters; but now that we faced the prospect of living upon it, the accumulation of fat looked distressingly meager. We could readily see that there was not going to be enough nest egg to go around indefinitely.

All Treated Alike

However, we obeyed the doctors, for I could certainly earn no more money until I got well. And presently my somewhat disconsolate state was lightened by a cheerful ray in the form of a Manila envelope with the return card of the collector of internal revenue in the corner. It had been forwarded, finally, from my home address, and I recognized it as containing the official blank on which I was to make out my income-tax return.

There was some comfort in that, because I had always felt that the income tax as applied in the United States was a swindle on me and my family. I had followed the arguments more or less when an income tax was proposed here. Its basic principle, it appeared, was that a citizen should contribute to the support of the Government in proportion to his ability to pay. That sounded plausible to me. But in applying the tax, that basic principle was immediately discarded. The law had always treated my income and Felix A.'s exactly alike—as though both those incomes afforded the same ability to contribute to the support of the Government. Of course that was a barefaced fraud.

In the year 1924, by good luck, my income did get its finger tips almost up to the $20,000 mark. I had never earned that much before; and except by drawing upon my vanity for proof, there was no assurance that I should ever earn that much again. Being a tick past forty and looking three children in the face, I was under bonds to

(Continued on Page 145)

While the night flyer pounds out its *fastest miles*

the world buys 4440 *more* DUNLOPS

The Broadway Limited—crack flyer of the Pennsylvania System—does its fastest stretch between [illegible] and [illegible] a distance of 148 miles, in 3 hours and 5 minutes. In that same time the world buys 4,440 *more* Dunlops.

DUNLOP Balloon Tires—a great tire-builder's finest work.

That same sure knowledge which gave the world the *first* pneumatic, the *first* clincher, and the *first* straight side tires, is now creating for motorists a *new* sense of *tire comfort* through Dunlop Balloon Tires.

Nine great Dunlop plants are necessary to take care of the world preference for Dunlop Tires.

EVERY 2½ SECONDS

somewhere in the world someone buys a

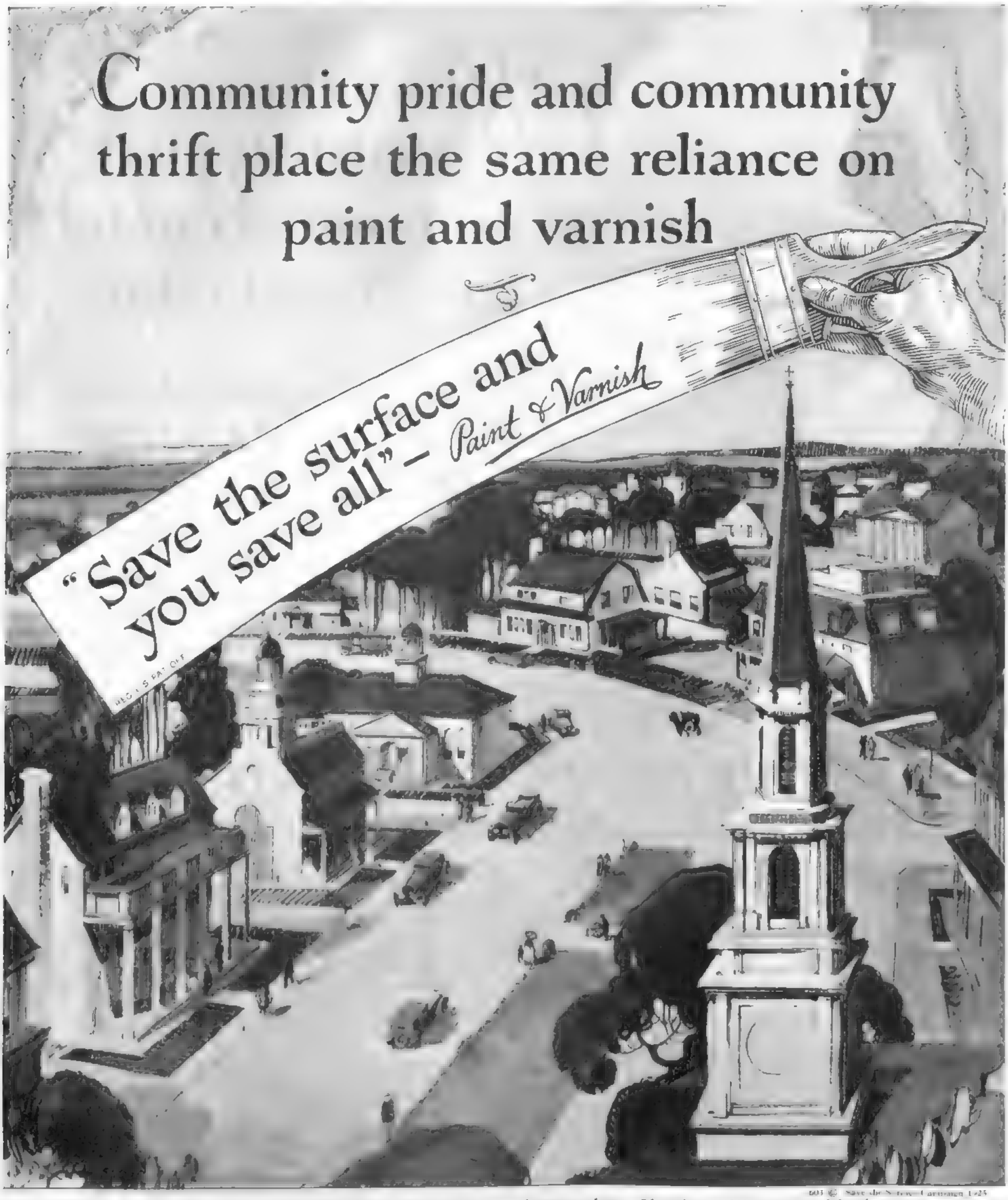
DUNLOP

Made by the FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

Makers of the famous DUNLOP GOLF BALL

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Community pride and community thrift place the same reliance on paint and varnish



"WHEN you paint to preserve, you beautify; when you paint to beautify, you preserve." The prosperity and reputation of the town are markedly increased by the systematic use of paint and varnish. Public or private property—neglected—creates an unfavorable impression, drives away business and lowers values. Chambers of Commerce, Merchants' Associations and banks recognize the importance of property appearance and maintenance. Paint and varnish shine in the well ordered town because its citizens have learned that if you "Save the surface, you save all."

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN, 507 The Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa

A co-operative movement of Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests who sell products and services whereby protection and beauty are placed on every kind of property

Ask your dealer or painter for a copy of Save the Surface Magazine

(Continued from Page 142)

save a third of it, either outright or in insurance premiums. Felix was under no obligation to save a cent.

Laws, I should think, ought to assume, as the desirable situation, that men will discharge their plain obligations to wives and minor children by making provision for their sustenance. A strong obligation to society is involved in that, too, for I don't know of many things a man can do that are less serviceable to society than leaving a batch of paupers on its hands, especially young paupers, when he goes off the hooks.

If my earned income amounted to the same as Felix's rent income, and I discharged the obligations that were obviously incumbent upon me as a self-respecting head of a dependent family, then my really available income, out of which I could contribute to the support of Government was only two-thirds as great as his and I ought to be taxed only two-thirds as much. Indeed, if I were devising an income tax I should give all men in my position—men who support a dependent family on earned incomes—a premium on what they saved during the year.

But I am only an illustrator; doubtless statesmen would consider that fantastic.

After putting a third of my income into the stocking, the remainder of it was not really, dollar for dollar, equal to Felix's. For every dollar of my income was subject to contingencies which every dollar of his income was free from. Not only did my income stop if I caught the grippe or sprained my arm, but if my wife was seriously ill or one of the children got hurt, income dwindled away because I could not work effectually. I had to please editors and other persons who bought drawings and I might lose the knack.

Unequal Tax Burdens

My income was mined out of myself day by day. Surely that was not a perpetual source of income, nor even, since the days of Methuselah, a ninety-nine-year lease. I have been told that if a man gets his income out of a coal mine or oil well, the law admits that the source of the income will presently give out, and makes an abatement accordingly. But, on the other hand, the law has always held the flattering view that an individual's brains and muscle, out of which he was mining an income, would last forever. So long as the law taxed my income and Felix A's alike, I was a good deal vexed by the fraudulent pretense that the tax was laid according to a man's ability to pay.

Before the little incident on the highway, I was disaffected to the income tax in another way. Along in November, or maybe December, New York newspapers published, day after day, long lists of income-tax payers and the amount paid by each. For a week or so hunting out one's neighbor's income tax in the newspapers was a popular sport. But after that transient flush of excitement, the performance had some other results.

For example, I happen to know very well two men whom I class as millionaires because both of them order two suits of clothes, at a first-class tailor's, at the same time. I know that one of them is worth easily three times as much as the other, and has three times the actual income; but the poorer one paid the larger income tax. Instances of that sort came to everybody's notice and were everywhere discussed. When I mentioned the matter to the poor millionaire, whose haunt has long been in Wall Street, he remarked:

"Except, maybe, in the lower brackets, the amount of income tax a man pays is no indication whatever of the size of his income. I could give fifty illustrations within my own knowledge. Maybe if a man is actively engaged in business so the great part of his income comes from dividends of one concern, he pays about in proportion to his income, although even that doesn't always follow. But a rich man who is footloose, so that he can change his investments at will, practically fixes the amount of his income tax to suit himself.

"There is the wide-open door of tax-exempt securities, and there are many other devices, all within the law. High surtaxes set some of the best brains in the country to work studying out legal means of side-stepping them. That has produced an elaborate science of legal tax evasion that will not die out in a hurry. I believe the high surtaxes and the tax-exempts have already knocked the income tax so out of shape, in the upper brackets, that it will never—or not for a long while—get back to the original principle of taxing in proportion to ability to pay. At present, by and large, it taxes in proportion to inability to side-step.

"These publications of income-tax payments have shown everybody who was interested that, in the higher brackets anyhow, the amount of tax has no particular relationship to ability to pay. Seems to me that's bound to lessen confidence in the justice of the tax and inspire other people to look around for side steps. In my opinion, Congress, first and last, has made a great mess of what should have been a fine job."

That was somewhat discouraging to a simple-minded duffer like me, who can't afford to hire experts and really has nothing for them to exercise their talents on. But I wasn't bothering much about what millionaires did. I never have bothered about millionaires. A great many other subjects seem more interesting. I was, however, interested in what people of my own sort did, and that is why the light yellow envelope struck me comfortingly.

I remembered that important amendments were made to the income-tax law by the last Congress, particularly that amendment which did tardy justice to me and a great many thousand men and women like me. I mentioned authors, actors, illustrators, and so forth; but, of course, this subject includes all the professions—the lawyers, doctors, dentists, engineers, salesmen, and so on. In fact, it includes all those who live by their own labor on earned incomes.

That amendment recognized, at last, the obvious difference between a precarious income that a man mines out himself by daily labor and a sure income that he derives without effort from investments. The difference ought to be a third; but Congress had fixed it at 25 per cent and I wasn't inclined to quarrel over fractions. Hopefully then, as March fifteenth drew near, I opened that yellow envelope, extracted the cumbrous form and turned to the two long pages of printed instructions. Here was what I wanted: Earned Income, under Paragraph 19. It began:

"In computing the tax on your net income you may claim against such tax a credit of 25 per cent of the amount of tax which would be payable if your earned net income constituted your entire net income."

Uncle Sam's Cross-Word Puzzle

I read that over carefully three times, and it sounded so much like a cross-word puzzle that I mechanically looked in the next column for a checkerboard of little squares with horizontal and vertical numbers. I claim to be a normally intelligent person. My wife is a normally intelligent person. We both read the paragraph in sympathetic bewilderment, until I said, "Anyhow, I know what they mean. It was announced that the tax on earned income was to be 25 per cent less than that on unearned income. That's what they must mean." So I read on:

"If your net income is not more than $5000, the entire amount shall be considered as earned net income, or if your net income is more than $5000, the earned net income shall not be considered to be less than $5000."

What silly hocus-pocus was that? In amending the law the whole argument was that, in conformity with the principle of taxing in proportion to pay, earned income ought to be taxed less than unearned income. But this mendacious paragraph said that unearned income was earned income up to $5000. It said to Felix A, "You received an income of $25,000 from rent without turning a hand; nevertheless, $5000 of that is earned income."

Now the difference between earned income and unearned income is as clear, simple and obvious as any difference can well be. Congress set out to acknowledge that difference; but evidently it couldn't stick to the clear, simple, obvious thing for three short paragraphs in succession. In this third paragraph it must be mussing it up with the foolish buncombe that unearned income is earned income when it is not more than $5000. That annoyed me. Then my eye lighted on the next line:

"In no case shall the earned net income be more than $10,000."

In the fortunate year 1924 I received almost $20,000 for sitting at a drawing board eight hours daily, manipulating certain implements. But some time last July, it appeared, I had ceased to earn any income. The money I received since then must have been a gift from benevolent editors. Certainly it wasn't income from investments, and according to Congress it wasn't earned.

Great Cry, Little Wool

Disappointedly, then, I turned to filling out the blanks. I was entitled to a credit of $2500 on account of supporting a wife and $400 for each of my three minor children. Deducting that from the $10,000 which I might claim as earned income left $6300. According to the little table in the lower-left-hand corner of the first page, I was to calculate 2 per cent on the first $4000 of that and 4 per cent on the remaining $2300. Those two items came to $172; and Line No. 29 said I was to claim a credit of 25 per cent of that, which amounted to $43.

I really couldn't believe that all I was to get out of this boasted allowance for earned income amounted to only $43, so I went down to the bank, where they referred me to an expert, and the expert assured me my worst fears were justified; all the credit I got on account of earning my income was exactly $43—or, say, roughly, one-fifth of 1 per cent of my income. All that blowing at Washington to propel a toy boat halfway across a washtub!

To put it on all fours, we assumed that my earned income amounted to the same as Felix A's unearned income, and that he had three minor children, the same as I had. In that case Felix's tax on an income wholly unearned—although this irritating law assumed that the first $5000 of it was earned—would come to $1541.50, while my tax on an income wholly mined out of myself by daily labor would come to $1505. That difference was not 25 per cent, but a trifle more than 2 per cent.

We carried it a step further and assumed that Felix was a carefree, irresponsible and immoral bachelor, without an obligation to a soul. In that case I, supporting a wife and three children out of a precarious earned income, would pay a tax that was less than his by $185, or 11 per cent. My income might stop any minute. His went on forever. I was charged with support of four dependents and under obligation to provide for their future. He was beholden to no one.

And they called a difference of $185 taxing in proportion to ability to pay! I wonder if a congressman ever kept a kid in shoes for a year.

Now, it isn't so much the money as the fake. If Congress decrees that, I, in my most prosperous year, ought to pay a tax of $1500, I shall accept the decree good-naturedly, provided Congress taxes other people proportionately. What I object to is the hokum of announcing with a flourish that it has at length acknowledged the obvious difference between earned and unearned income, and then palming off this bogus stuff that $5000 is earned whether it is or not and not more than $10,000 is

(Continued on Page 148)

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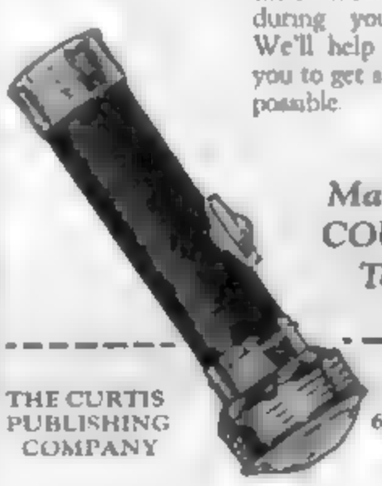

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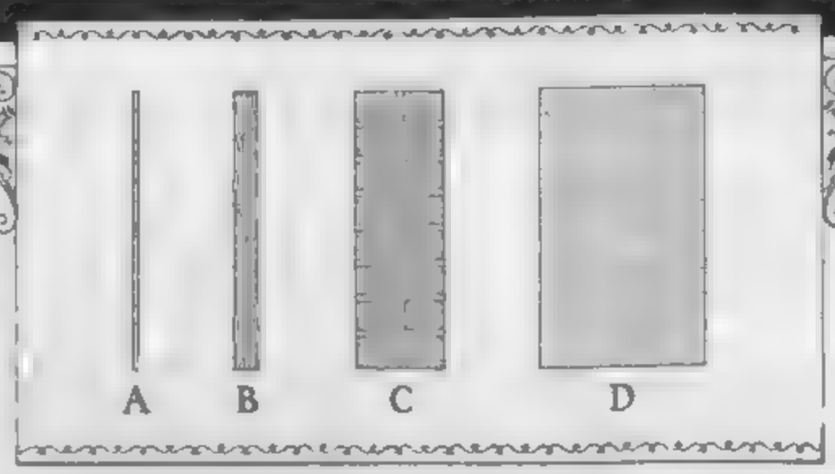

LESS than a single inch of Celotex (A), used on exterior and interior walls of a home, is equal as insulation to (B) 3½ inches of solid wood, to (C) 12 inches of solid brick or plaster, or to (D) 24 inches of solid concrete

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Now thousands of families are enjoying a wonderful comfort and healthfulness that only costly homes could have before.

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Because few could afford the hidden thing that gives it.

But now even the simplest home can have it. Old lines of distinction have been wiped out. Old ideas and old methods of construction have been completely revolutionized. A new era in home building has dawned.

This is to give you the facts—facts we have waited three years to reveal.

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The thing that gives costly homes their greater comfort is known as insulation—heat-insulation.

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Insulation is simply a means of stopping the passage of heat waves. It is used in ice-boxes to keep heat *out*. It is used in fireless cookers to keep heat *in*.

Just as insulation is used in refrigerators and fireless cookers, it may be used in houses—to keep heat *in* during winter and *out* during summer.

This is what architects have done for years in building costly homes. With insulation they have made homes wonderfully warm on coldest winter days, delightfully cool in hottest summer weather, quieter, more healthful—homes in which people live better, sleep better, lead happier and more efficient lives.

But such insulation has hitherto cost more than most home builders could afford. Most have done without it.

Now even the simplest home can have it

Then, three years ago, a revolutionary discovery gave the world an amazing new building material—a material

a hidden comfort

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It was called Celotex Insulating Lumber.

Celotex is manufactured from the long, tough fibres of bagasse—sugar cane. Today giant mills in Louisiana are producing millions of feet annually. It comes to you in broad, clean boards—strong, durable, with qualities never known before in any building lumber.

Celotex has made it possible, for the first time, to build a completely insulated home *at practically no extra cost.*

It has brought to even the simplest home a comfort that only costly ones have had before.

The occupied house at the left is not insulated. Wasted heat escaping through the roof has melted the snow almost immediately. The occupied house at the right is insulated. Heat does not escape through this roof, and the snow remains much as though the house were unoccupied

How Celotex has made this possible

Celotex takes its place among the greatest advancements in building history by virtue of one basic fact: It *combines* insulation value with structural strength.

Containing millions of sealed air cells, the most efficient form of insulation known to science, Celotex ranks equal or superior to any practical and available insulating material on the market.

But Celotex, unlike other insulating materials, is not something *extra*—something to be paid for in addition to usual building materials.

Wherever used, Celotex *replaces wood,* and any type of insulation.

How Celotex is used

Celotex is used on outside walls and under roofing.

Here it replaces the wood lumber known as sheathing. Test after test by unquestioned authorities proves that a wall so sheathed with Celotex *is many times stronger than one ordinarily sheathed with lumber.*

Celotex is used in place of lath, as a plaster base.

Plaster bonds with Celotex and produces a wall several times as strong as one made with lath and plaster—and a wall that is much less likely to crack.

Insulation without extra cost

Used in these two ways, Celotex is equal as insulation to 3½ inches of solid wood, 12 inches of solid plaster, 12 inches of solid brick, or 24 inches of solid concrete[1]

And this insulation costs practically nothing extra.

The cost of wood sheathing is saved. The cost of lath is saved. A stronger, more comfortable, more healthful home is obtained for little if any additional expenditure.

And in addition Celotex makes homes quieter and more restful. It has even greater ability to prevent the transmission of sound than deadening felts, and *eliminates* the use and the cost of such materials.

You will enjoy these comforts in a Celotex home

Celotex has now been on the market for three years. It has been built into thousands of homes in every part of the United States. It has been put to the most rigid tests in every climate.

And everywhere Celotex has completely demonstrated its remarkable qualities. Everywhere it is revolutionizing home-building ideas and establishing new standards of home construction.

Your home, built with Celotex, will have a wholly new degree of comfort—comfort such as has hitherto been found in the most expensive homes alone.

In winter it will be snug and **warm**, even on the coldest days. The baby may play upon the floor without the slightest danger from draughts. There will be no "cold rooms" or "cold sides."

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Send coupon for more information

Whether you are going to build a home or buy a completed one, make sure that Celotex enters into its construction.

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Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer about Celotex. And send the coupon below for more information. Our new Building Book, "The Hidden Comfort of Costly Homes", is just off the press. Mail the coupon for it—now.

FACTS *about* CELOTEX

Celotex comes in stock sizes: Thickness, approximately 7/16 of an inch; width, 4 feet, lengths, 8 to 12 feet.

The weight of Celotex is about 60 pounds to the hundred square feet, making it easy to handle and economical to apply.

Celotex is sawed and handled like ordinary lumber and is nailed directly to all framing.

Any type of exterior finish—siding, clapboards, stucco, brick veneer, etc.—is applied over Celotex in the same manner as over wood sheathing. Any kind of roofing can be laid over it

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Celotex is waterproofed. It can be painted and used as an exterior finish.

Other Celotex uses

Interior wall finish—may be left in its pleasing natural finish, or painted, stained or stenciled.

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Acousti-Celotex—used in auditoriums, theatres, churches, schools, offices, etc., for acoustical correction

Small buildings—summer cottages, garages, mountain cabins, etc

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In homes already built—attic insulation, cool rooms, all kinds of house alterations, etc.

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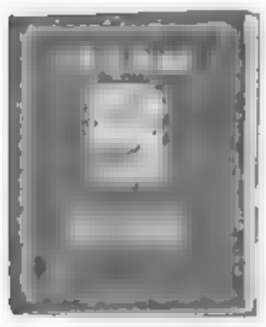

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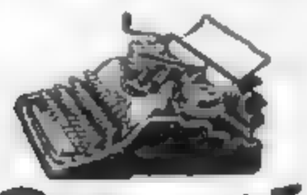

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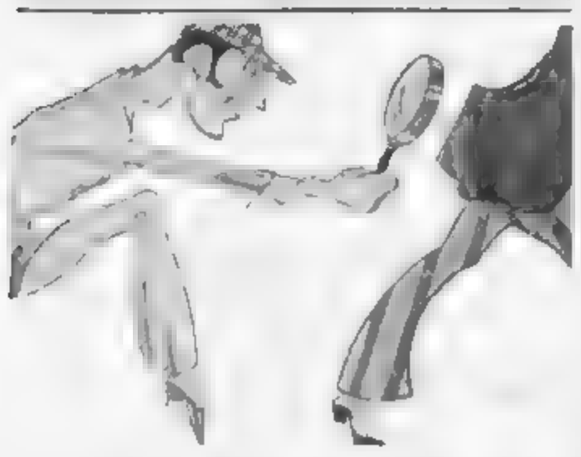

No, dear reader, the gentleman will not be arrested. He is just one of the few perverse males who still insist on carrying their tobacco in a tin can instead of a Locktite.

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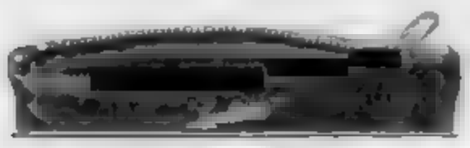

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(Continued from Page 145)

earned whether it is or not. Apparently Congress takes me for an idiot who cannot tell the difference between 25 per cent and 2 per cent.

My expert bade me remember that, after all, the number of people in the United States who earn more than $10,000 a year amounts to but a small fraction of the population and casts but a small fraction of the vote in an election, so it is unreasonable to suppose that Congress would care much whether it dealt candidly with them or not. Maybe that is true, but it seems to me—having nothing in particular to do except think things over—that the question is wider than the few hundred thousand individuals involved.

The income tax was said to be the fairest tax yet invented because it made a man contribute to the support of Government in proportion to his ability. Probably the public accepted it on that understanding. Already, I hear, the higher brackets have been twisted out of line with that principle, so that a rich man who is foot-loose practically fixes his income tax to suit himself. That must be bad for the tax. No one had ever thought of denying the obvious difference between earned and unearned income Congress undertook to deal with that difference and achieved a fake. I believe that is bad for the tax too.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 38)

II

ULYSSES AND PENELOPE

[TIME: *1100 and something B.C.* SCENE: *The railway in Ithaca, Greece. As the curtain rises* ULYSSES, *who has just arrived on the 11:57 Phæacian Flyer, is explaining why it took him ten years to get home from Troy.*

ULYSSES: —— worst storm in years. Everybody in Thrace said they never had seen such a winter. Well, to make a long story short, after I got the old Cyclops pretty well blotto and put out his eye we got away as far as Aeaea, when who should we run into but Circe—awfully nice woman, dear, I want you to meet her some day; remind me to tell you about her later—and after that, one thing led to another. There's no use going into details here, darling, as I've kept a sort of diary in verse form that you can read some day when you have plenty of time, because I'll admit some of the things that happened to me—like the goat island, and Calypso, and Nausicaa—might sound pretty funny if I just told you about them offhand. Although, as I said to both of them at the time—Calypso and Nausicaa, I mean—the dearest little woman in the world is waiting for me back in Ithaca, and she'll understand that I simply couldn't make it a day earlier. You do understand, don't you, little girl? And how's every little thing, baby? And did she miss her old 'Lysses?

PENELOPE *(What she thought):* I suppose I ought to be glad he didn't pull that one about a block in the Subway.

(What she said): Yes, dear.

III

SHAKSPERE AND ANNE

[TIME: *1587.* SCENE: *The den in the Shaksperes' house at Stratford-on-Avon. As the curtain rises* SHAKSPERE *is explaining to* ANNE *why he ought to go to London*

SHAKSPERE: —— wouldn't think of going, dearest, if I didn't feel it would be the best thing in the long run for you and the kiddies. A one-horse town like this is no place for a man with my talent. If I'm going to do big things in a big way I've got to get in with the right people; I've got to get into the right atmosphere. It was different when we were first married, but no man can do his best work with three children in the house. I've been almost crazy since the twins came. It's impossible to concentrate in this darn little cottage with Susanna racing her kiddy-kar over the stone floors, and the twins cutting their second-year molars. Besides, I ought to be near a market for my stuff. You and I could live on my poetry, maybe—and probably I could still swing it if the children kept in the orange-juice-and-cereal stage—but the day is coming when Susanna will have to have her teeth straightened, and already Hamnet and Judith are beginning to sleep with their mouths open, which means that the next thing will be their tonsils and adenoids—and where's the money coming from, I'd like to know? Of course, if you're going to cry, and say you don't want me to go, I won't—but there's no market here in Stratford for stuff like mine. I'm way over their heads. It's up to you—remember, I'm only doing it for you and the children.

ANNE *(What she thought):* Yes, but it needn't be up to me if he'd stop wasting his time on those silly "Hey, nonny-no, dingy-ding" things that nobody wants to read, and wrote a good clean play like Abie's Irish Rose. He could, too, if he'd put his mind to it.

(What she said): Yes, dear.

IV

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE

[TIME: *1809.* SCENE: *Somewhere in France. As the curtain rises* NAPOLEON *is explaining to* JOSEPHINE *why he is going to divorce her and marry Marie Louise of Austria.*

NAPOLEON: —— and I'll miss you, Jo, I certainly will, because I'm awfully fond of you, and you've kept your looks remarkably, even if you are six years older - well, five then; have it your own way—than I am. But we've both of us got to remember that we're doing it for France, Jo—*pour la patrie,* as the boys say—and you know I'm the last person in the world to do a dirty trick like this to you if it wasn't for Liberté, Égalité and Fraternité, dog-gone 'em—and so you see how it is, don't you?

JOSEPHINE *(What she thought):* The little—corporal! I'd like to tell him just once that those silly little skin-tight white trousers make him look shorter and dumpier than ever! But I suppose I wouldn't even get Malmaison then!

(What she said): Yes, dear.

—*Katharine Dayton.*

Myrtle

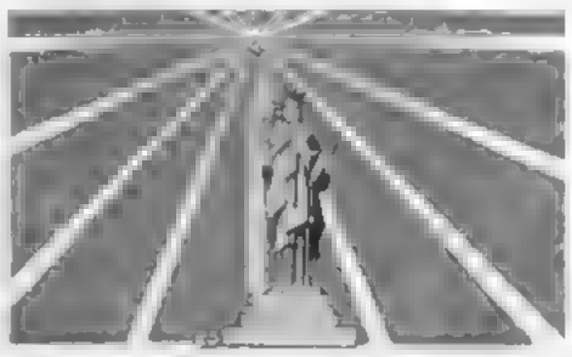
THERE once was a frivolous turtle
Who lived near the edge of a pond,
Secluded from strife,
And who early in life
Of males was excessively fond.
Her name was a classy one—Myrtle;
Selected with care and with taste,
And chosen because
By inhibitive laws
A commonplace cog is a waste.

Some vandal had carved, rather rudely,
The year of her birth on her shell,
And roused her to rage,
For the world knew her age,
And that for a female is—well,
Unpleasant, to put it less crudely,
A cross far too bitter to bear;
But, nevertheless,
It had failed to suppress
Her pet and particular flair.

Her family circle deserting,
She loved through the meadows to roam;
To such a degree
That eventually she
Was seldom, if ever, at home.
Obsessed by a passion for flirting,
She beat even Hoffman's Love Tales,
And wandered for miles
Culling wisdom and wiles,
Her orbs highly glued to the males.

Time flew—its traditional habit—
And Myrtle was ninety years old,
But versed in the arts
Of subduing male hearts,
Proficient in knocking them cold.
Statistics, despite Mr. Babbitt,
Are frequently badly askew;
In spite of her fears,
She was young for her years,
Her age the sole sorrow she knew.

—*Benjamin Aymar.*



Drab Ballads

XVI

LAST night, at the Sorghum Corners Opera House down here, ABRAHAM YONKERS (MAMMY SONGS OF AN ORPHAN) sang with great success the mother melody entitled:

WHEN MAMMY TOLD THEM RAGTIME BEDTIME TALES TO ME

I wish that I was back with Mose and Jinny again;
Pickaninny again to be.
I never was so happy as when seven, I'll say,
That was heaven, I'll say, to me.
Us Alabama coons would all assemble with joy,
We would tremble with joy, to hear
Those grand old stories mammy used to spill us at eve,
To fill us at eve, with cheer:

REFRAIN

When mammy told those ragtime bedtime tales to me;
Oh, how they gripped me! She never whipped me
When I asked for one, or two or three.
Ole Br'er Rabbit hiding underneath the leaves;
Ole Br'er Fox—and the chicken he deceived.
Oh, ma-a-a-a-my! How clammy
Was Abba Dabba and The Forty Thieves! (Hod Duggins!)
How I wish—now I wish that I was back again;
That shack again I see where nights away we whiled.
I remember one we spent like this,
When mammy told a tale that went like this: (Close harmony)
OH, FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!

—*Harry G. Smith.*

The time is near, it won't be long
When you see the superdrama depicted in song:
ONLY A POOR CHORUS GIRLIE.

Safety First

THE Fawns don't dine
When a Wolf's about,
And the Porcupine
Puts his quill points out.

The Minks won't tell
Where they hide or sleep,
And the Lynx looks well
Where he means to leap.

The Frogs lie snug
When the Hoot Owls flit,
And the Lightning Bug
Keeps his tail light lit!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

An old-time Standard

It requires a business with a high and steadfast standard to manufacture any article—but especially such dainty, perishable things as chocolates—and keep the high quality always the same for eighty-three years.

The package of Chocolates shown below is the direct descendant of the original popular assortment of Whitman's, made continuously since 1842. There have been changes and additions from time to time but the essential character of the package and the assortment have not changed.

This and other Whitman assortments of chocolates and confections are sold through selected stores in nearly every neighborhood in the land, each store supplied *direct from Whitman's.*

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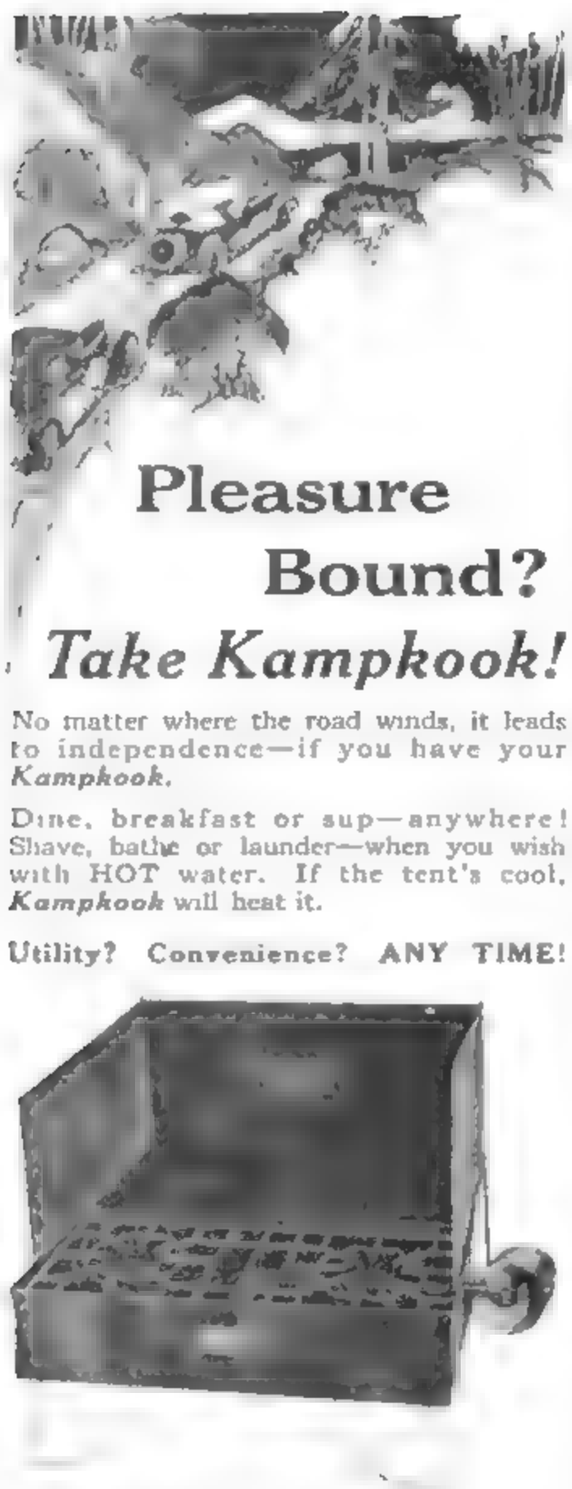

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No matter where the road winds, it leads to independence—if you have your *Kampkook*.

Dine, breakfast or sup—anywhere! Shave, bathe or launder—when you wish with HOT water. If the tent's cool, *Kampkook* will heat it.

Utility? Convenience? ANY TIME!

Kampkook No. 4 is America's top. Has 10¼x19¼ inch ... , 10x19 inch warming shelf, folding adjustable wind-shield. Finished in baked olive drab enamel. Price in U. S. $10.50.

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3. Makes a hot, clean, spreading blue flame from motor gas—no smoke, soot or odor
4. Nothing to break, nothing loose—simple to operate
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9. Cool valves built in—can't lose them
10. Sturdy folding legs—absolutely rigid
11. Safe any place
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13. Folds like a suit case ALL inside
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AMERICAN GAS MACHINE COMPANY, Inc.
Albert Lea, Minn. Dept. I 2. New York, N. Y.

THE RELUCTANT DUCHESS

Continued from Page 35

Before dinner was announced Jacqueline had passed through a scorching sea of shame. Romance had gone out of life and nothing remained but bitter hatred of the man who had so publicly humiliated her and her family.

To her surprise, she saw Paul Traver enter. No one had mentioned to her that he was coming. Probably he had been asked at the last minute to fill a place. She was happy at knowing he was there; he was solid, dependable, her own countryman. She looked at him with shining eyes. Suddenly she thought of a scene twenty years ahead—she and Paul, now a distinguished lawyer, in London, to try a case involving all the Dormier interests —— "No, Your Grace, I will not use my influence with my husband to let you off, nor would he listen to me if I did. His sense of duty ——"

Great goodness! Paul was not going to take her in to dinner! How idiotic! The only man there that she had ever seen before! The doors were thrown open, the company was moving toward the stairway. A tall thin man, with a head perfectly bald and a mustache heavier than was fashionable among the younger set, was approaching her, bowing, offering her his arm. She took it, feeling suddenly shy and rather silly.

He seemed to be a kind man, persuaded that the way to be agreeable to the young was to be absolutely artificial.

"We are all very curious, you know," he said as they went down the stairs. "You must tell me all about the absent guest—how he looks and speaks and what he eats for breakfast."

"Dukes are nothing in my life," said Jacqueline. "I have not even spoken to him."

"Oh, I see we shall get on," said the bald-headed gentleman. "You are very democratic, aren't you?"

"What else is there to be—in a democracy?" answered Jacqueline, not meaning to coin an epigram.

But a gray-headed gentleman just ahead of them, going down to dinner with an elderly lady, turned his head over his shoulder and said, "She rather had you there, Reddington."

"Had me? Had me? I don't know what you mean by that, Winters," said Jacqueline's companion, in rather a shrill tone of protest.

"No one is more democratic than I. Why, only last summer, at Deauville, the King of Spain said to me, '*No es verdad*, Reddington, *que los Americanos*.'"

But Jacqueline, who did not understand Spanish, and did not know that she ought to be interested in the fact that Mr. Reddington spoke Spanish and knew the King of Spain, had ceased to listen; for through the open dining-room doors she saw a sight that intoxicated her with its beauty—the long white table, the pink and red roses in pale-gold urns and the fruits with dangling bunches of grapes in shinier gold bowls, the branched candlesticks, the flickering of the fire on the tapestries of the high walls. It all made her think of a poem of Mr. Walter De La Mare's about a feast, and she sat down absorbed in trying to remember it.

As she did so she turned her head away from Mr. Reddington, and found herself smiling into the shrewd light-blue eyes of the old gentleman who had spoken on the stairs, who now said, "That's right, talk to me. No use in trying to talk to Reddington. He's one of these fellows who uses conversation as an opportunity for rolling his own flattering experiences under his tongue."

"Oh!" cried Jacqueline, much struck with this. "How clever to know that! Do you know lots of things like that?"

He nodded.

"I know practically everything there is to know in the world—just as I am about to leave it. Hard luck, isn't it? Conversation is a partnership, not a relation of master and slave, as most people try to make it."

"Oh," cried the girl, "I've always wanted someone to tell me things like this, but no one ever does. Why not?"

"Well," said the old gentleman, "partly because not everyone knows them, and partly because not many young people want to hear them."

Jacqueline's gaze flattered him a moment before she said wonderingly, "Tell me who you are?"

"Now there's a good way for a real conversation to begin," said the old man. He had wonderfully fine lips that curved easily into a faint sketch of a smile. His upper lip was very long; so long, particularly in the middle, that his mouth suggested a flat elongated W. His hair was white and very thick, except on the forehead, where it had grown back. "My name is Winters," he went on—"Joshua Winters—New England, you notice. I am what is called a leader of the New York bar, by which is meant that I am pretty well up in the most futile of the learned professions, though I don't wish to be quoted as saying so. I am seventy-one years old, and I feel eighteen except for being so infernally wise. And now tell me who you are—besides being the daughter of my host—young, beautiful and indifferent to dukes."

"Not beautiful," said Jacqueline, going instantly to the most important of all the statements made.

"Oh, come—among friends?"

Jacqueline smiled a little.

"I thought only pretty—pretty at the best."

The old gentleman shook his head.

"Wrong," he said. "I should be willing to put it to the vote of all the men here present—our young friend opposite, who has never taken his eyes from your face."

"Paul?"

She did not need to turn her head to know where Paul was sitting, or that he had been staring at her.

"Oho, you call him Paul!"

"Yes," answered Jacqueline, rather proud of this proof of her intimacy with an older man like Paul, "although, of course, he's a great deal older than I am."

"Yes," said the old gentleman, "he's a great deal older than we are. He's quite like a father to me. I can tell you—he works in my office."

"Don't you think he's wonderful?" said Jacqueline. "You wouldn't tell him I said that, would you?"

Mr. Winters laughed and studied her in a rather alarming way, throwing his head back and turning squarely toward her.

"Do you think I shall send for him to come to my room tomorrow and say, 'Traver, a beautiful young woman, whom I discovered better late than never in my life, told me last evening you were wonderful?' No, I'm much more likely to sack him."

"I'm sure he's too valuable for that."

"Valuable? Valuable? There are dozens like that. Don't tell me," he went on crossly, "that you've been nice to me just because I have that solemn young plodder in my office!" He was quite upset at the idea, and Jacqueline was obliged to exert herself to prove that she had not even known that Paul worked for him—that she liked him for himself alone—that she had never had a friend before—not one like him. He nodded.

"Go on," he said. "I'm beginning to feel better."

Thus encouraged, Jacqueline, wildly excited and stimulated by this her first experience of contact with an admiring and brilliant mind, went on:

"You see, I have had friends. Lucy Traver is my friend and equal because we are the same age and doing the same things and we like each other; but you are my friend and equal because you stoop down from your great height and snatch me up to your own pinnacle and show me things—and facts—and wisdom."

"You are a divine woman," said the old gentleman, "and Paul Traver shall never have you—never. I shall go out and look for a young prince for you, or perhaps a king in a red cloak on a white horse with a string of pearls as big as—as ——" He looked down at her and scowled. "No dukes," he said.

And a few minutes later she was telling him all her troubles. She had never been instructed that at dinner parties you are expected to divide your attention between your two neighbors, and did not notice that Mr. Reddington was making bids for her notice, moving his wineglasses about and bending forward to catch Winters' eye. Winters, however, was perfectly aware that the old lady on his right, who had had a most satisfactory chat about foreign spas as a cure for rheumatism with a great doctor on her other side, was now entirely neglected; she too was silently—and justly—claiming his attention. But he and Jacqueline talked to each other unceasingly from oysters to hothouse grapes—only toward the end Jacqueline was doing all the talking. She had never told anyone what she told him. Some of the things she said she was hardly aware were true until she told him. It was quite extraordinary, the complete picture of her life which in this short space of time she was able to give him with the aid of his subtle and sympathetic understanding—the freedom of her early childhood, the present loveless routine, her loneliness, her remoteness from her father, her stepmother. Only once he stopped her.

He said gently, "I think you're wrong about your stepmother. I think she's a real person."

"I don't just know what you mean by that—a good person or a bad person?"

"She is," he said, choosing his words carefully, "a lady destined to be the captain of any ship on which she finds herself. Your father is abler, but that has nothing to do with it. The captain is not always the ablest man on the ship, or the best or the wisest; he's just the captain. There's a hint of greatness about Mrs. McMannis."

Jacqueline protested, "How can anyone be great who is taken up with such a contemptible thing as—as social ambition?" She felt ashamed even of mentioning it.

"Is it contemptible?" he asked, to her great astonishment. "I suppose so, and yet it is almost universal. It's like jealousy—everyone condemns it and everyone feels it. The people who entirely lack jealousy don't know what love is, and the people who are entirely without social ambition entirely lack the social art. If you know social values you must have social ambition in some form or another; the more human your values are, the less discreditable your ambition."

"She makes me ashamed," whispered Jacqueline.

"Don't waste time being ashamed of what other people do and say," he answered.

He gave her immense consolation. She had never thought before that anyone but her own family suffered from this hideous vice. Of course, if almost everyone was ambitious —— They were still talking when Mrs. McMannis rose from the table.

Her new confidence was immediately put to the test, for when the ladies were alone in the drawing-room the question of the duke's absence came up again. Mrs. McMannis had taken the position that he would come in late if he could get away, and had left the place on her right hand ostentatiously empty. So that now again she was obliged to explain—to apologize. Jacqueline felt that she was too humble, too much on the defensive with some of her guests. She herself felt like crying out, "Who cares whether he came or not?" The obvious reply would have been that Mrs. McMannis cared immensely.

As soon as the men entered, Paul Traver came straight to her side. From the door Mr. Winters gave a smile, but sat down beside one of the ladies who, on account of her persistent silence, had been most trying of all to Mrs. McMannis. She was a long, pale, elegant creature, who began to laugh and talk as soon as Winters was beside her. Watching him, Jacqueline saw that he was sought for—a great man. She turned her eyes from him to raise them to Paul.

"He's wonderful," she said, with awe.

No man likes to hear that tone of hushed adoration for another man in the voice of a woman he himself admires.

Paul answered, "Yes, he can make himself very agreeable."

It was not criticism, but Jacqueline was not content with it as praise.

"I think he's the grandest person I ever met," she said.

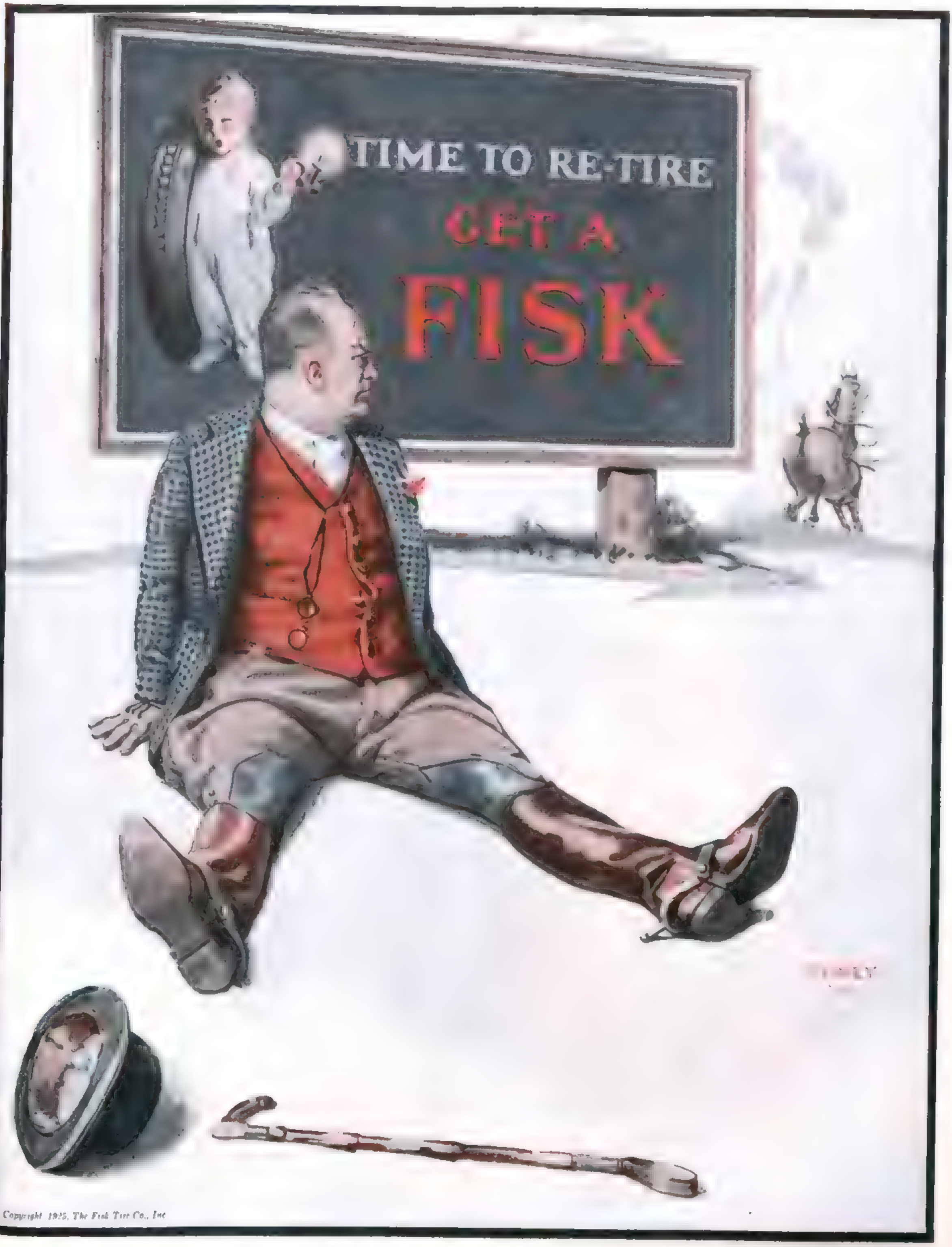
"Yes," said Paul, still with that flat tone, "a penetrating legal mind."

At last it came out. Paul thought Mr. Winters lacking in seriousness.

It would have amused Winters, eagerly discussing a new book of French memoirs with the pale lady, to know that he was being passionately defended by a girl of seventeen against the attack of frivolity brought against him by one of his own clerks.

And then Paul, who had been standing, sat down beside her and, drawing his chair forward, said, "But that's enough about

Continued on Page 155



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(Continued from Page 150)

the old man. I want to ask you something, Jacqueline."

Jacqueline's heart seemed to leap out into the open air and back again into her breast.

"To ask me something?" she managed to say. So Lucy had been right after all.

"I suppose I oughtn't to—I have no right to ask it." There was a pause. All about the room people were laughing and talking, and yet perfect stillness seemed to inclose these two. "Is it true I heard it at dinner—has this duke come out to marry you, Jacqueline?"

"To marry me?" cried Jacqueline, and began to laugh. "That's amusing. I'll tell you something—I have not even spoken to him. I have not been allowed in the august presence as yet."

Paul's relief was obvious.

"Thank God for that," he said. "The idea of your being sacrificed to one of these accursed international marriages!"

"When I marry," said Jacqueline, "you may be sure I shall marry an American."

Traver was entirely in sympathy with this resolve. He knew half a dozen terrible stories of American girls married by designing foreigners for their money. Jacqueline suggested that it was unkind to assume it would be only for her money, but Paul was not in a jesting mood. He explained to her that only American men were capable of appreciating American girls.

He had not, when they were interrupted, asked her to marry him, and she was left a little disappointed, a little relieved, and entirely convinced of his affection. She had a few more words with Mr. Winters, and then everyone was gone and she and her father and stepmother were left alone.

Pitts-Cave, who had discovered that an amount of champagne which at home he would have described as a drop, here, in this climate, rendered him sleepy and inert, had gone to bed as soon as the train of the last lady was out of the room.

McMannis stood on the hearth rug. He had exactly the same attitude toward his wife's social ambitions that she had toward his business life. She profited by it, she coöperated in it as far as she could, but she did not attempt to master the detail of it. So with McMannis. He bore out Mr. Winters' theory that those who lacked social ambition lacked social instincts. To McMannis it seemed that the party had been a great success. The food and drink had been excellent, and though he had found the lady on his right—the pale languid lady—difficult to talk to—heavy, he called it—the lady on his left had been charming.

"She wants a job for her brother," said his wife, yawning.

"It all went off well," said McMannis, using his genial manner; "great success in spite of Dormier's absence—very pleasant—don't you think so?"

Mrs. McMannis gave a short laugh.

"Did you?" she said, and swept out of the room.

This was too much for Jacqueline. That the originator of all the trouble should not be able to keep a civil tongue in her head, that Mr. McMannis should not resent it—should not apparently recognize the insult —— She gave a stamp of her foot and was out of the room too.

The white shining dress did not require the assistance of a maid for its removal; it was easy. One stooped and took the right hem in the left hand and the left hem in the right, and with a swift upward motion of crossed hands it was over the head and off—wrong side out. Jacqueline understood this process perfectly, but she did not immediately begin it. She had come to the conclusion that someone really must tell the duke a few home truths. She remembered Mr. Winters' advice not to be ashamed of anyone's conduct but your own. She was ashamed of her own; she had acquiesced in this situation, since she had not spoken out. Some time tomorrow or the day after she must meet Dormier and have a moment to express her opinion of his conduct. Only she never could say the right thing on the spur of the moment; she must think it out first. She began to move about her room, with telling sentences upon her lips:

"Your Grace ——" No, darned if she'd call him that. "Dormier," that was the thing. She had never called any man by his last name without the mister, except the butler, and she derived a certain courage from that. "Dormier," she would say. She stopped in front of her long well-lit mirror. She stood erect, drawing up that long throat of hers and slightly contracting her brows. "Dormier, do you suppose insolence like this do you actually imagine that you show superiority by being insolent and inconsiderate?" She grew more and more fiery, drew her breath through trembling nostrils, patted her feet decidedly on the thick carpet, twitched her shoulders about. "Dormier, I want you to know that there is one person in this house who appreciates your insolence." That was it—simple, direct, true. She knew she would be able to say that, to rip it out in a second wherever they met. She said it again, this time aloud.

"Yes?" said a voice from the corridor. "Did someone speak to me?"

Turning rapidly, she saw that she had omitted to shut her door. It was open on a crack—he must be there. The moment had come. She sprang to the door and flung it wide open.

The duke was not in the corridor, but was walking upstairs to his room on the fourth floor. There was an elevator in the McMannis house, but the duke never remembered it. Heccles would not use it because—unlike the duke—he disapproved of lifts. Pitts-Cave was the only member of the party whose physical laziness overcame his natural distaste for innovations. So the duke was walking up, with his hands in his pockets, and every now and then taking two steps at a time in a long easy stride. Suddenly he heard his own name, distinct yet mysterious. He stopped short on a little landing two or three steps below the corridor itself and spoke the words recorded above, and the next instant a door was flung open and a young angel seemed to stand before him, the bright light from the bedroom streaming out and fringing her figure with light.

"Dormier," she said in a low vibrant voice, "I want you to know that there is one person in this house who understands your insolence."

The duke was very much astonished. Several surprising things had happened to him since he had been in this country—a taxi driver had refused a tip, a policeman had taken him by the arm and said "Say, bub, you want to watch your step," and in a pleasant chat he was having with a fruit peddler from whom he had bought a beauteous but flavorless apple he had heard himself described as a foreigner. Dormier, who had not thought of himself as a foreigner in an English-speaking nation, protested; but the vender, whose name was Amedeo Amorio, or something that sounded like that, had given a shake to his head and answered with a brilliant kindly Latin smile, "You spika vera queer for American." Dormier asked civilly whether Amedeo was an American. "Oh, sure." He had been born in a street he described as Pella Street.

"Insolent?" he now murmured. "I'm not conscious of having been insolent "

Jacqueline dropped the grand manner just a little.

"Of course you're conscious of it," she said—"that is, if you are not crazy. What else is it to let my family ask people to meet you and then not take the trouble to come home at all? It's more than insolent; it's ill-bred—that's what it's called in this country."

"Wait a bit," said the duke.

"I won't wait a bit," returned Jacqueline. "Somebody may interrupt us before I have a chance to tell you how I feel "

"I've a good notion of that already," answered Dormier. Standing on the landing, he looked up at her as she continued:

"You accept all their kindness and hospitality as if it were your right, and in return you offer them an insult. If it were my house I'd turn you out. I see what you're thinking—that they wouldn't dare and wouldn't want to. Well, I would."

"No, really, that wasn't what I was thinking. I was thinking that perhaps before you chucked me out you might like to hear my side of it."

"Oh," said the girl, with devastating contempt, "have you a side?"

"Rather!"

There was a short pause. Then Jacqueline said, like an empress, "Very well, I'll hear it."

"Very decent of you," he replied.

He spoke perfectly sincerely, but the unfamiliar inflection made it sound patronizing in Jacqueline's ears, and she grew angry all over again.

"Yes, it is decent of me," she said, nodding her head rapidly at every word, "if you knew how unlikely I think it is that you can have anything to say that's any good in such a mess as this is."

This amused Dormier. First he had a little smile with himself over it, and then, looking up, he shared it with her.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that you'd be rather disappointed if I had good reason. I'm afraid you've rather made up your mind to hate me."

"Ha-ha!" said Jacqueline. "I have not thought about you at all."

"No?" said Dormier. "Then wasn't it my name I heard just now?"

She now wished that she had not spoken so hastily. There was a discrepancy difficult to explain, but she attempted to.

"Oh, of course I thought of you as someone who had been rude, when there was an empty place at table, when ——" She broke off. "But I won't be apologetic," she said angrily. "And if I sound so, it's because I'm young and have always been sat upon, and not because you're a duke—believe me."

Dormier was now leaning squarely against the wall, occasionally knocking the back of his head lightly against it in a slow, thoughtful manner.

"I shouldn't say," he observed contemplatively, "that you had been so tremendously sat upon."

"Perhaps not in comparison with wretched English girls," she answered, recalling Miss Salisbury's anecdotes of the young female's position in the British Isles. She was beginning to find that something about him, not his title, but his complete calm, was beginning to affect her a little. She was not quite so angry as she had been. "I suppose I've been more persistently sat upon ——" She began to be sorry for herself, and found her voice shaking. This would never do. She reassumed the empress. "Tell me this excuse you say you have"

"I didn't say I had an excuse," said the duke. Of course she had used the word on purpose. "I said there was another side to the case. Shall I tell you?" An imperial nod. "I had particularly asked your people not to give any parties for me. I had told Pittsy to refuse everything."

"Oh, our entertainments do not interest Your Grace?" Pretty fairly bitter, that was.

"The fact is," said the duke, "it's frightfully stupid of me; but I'm rather—I'm rather—rather shy. At home it isn't so bad, because one knows what one's expected to do. But over here, where one hasn't naturally any particular job—and one feels the empire is being judged by one's own wretched performance—it's rather frightful. But of course," he went on more briskly, "when I found Mrs. Mac was having a party I'd have come to it if I hadn't promised to dine with a poor chap who may be having his arm off tomorrow morning—the bravest man I ever knew and having a fairly murky time of it."

He went on telling her about the deeds of this bravest man, while she sank into tragic depression. Passionately demanding justice from the world, she was also prepared to yield it. She believed every word Dormier said. No one knew better than she did how probable it all was—how probable, as she expressed it in her own mind—that Mrs. McMannis had been trying to put one over. How terrible to be dependent on such people—to be identified with them—so that even your fine impulses of honorable anger subject you to fresh humiliations! She had just made a fool of herself—nothing more than that.

Despair is not companionable, and despair was welling up within her, involving tears and stampings of the feet and all sorts of convulsions. She turned away in the middle of his sentence, and would have been inside her own door, but he managed to catch the hem of the white dress.

"Don't go," he said. "Did I say something more to offend you?"

"It's not what you said; it's what they are," she answered, and overcome by the pathos of her own words, she burst out crying—not a pretty purling weeping, but a convulsed sobbing, so that she covered her face to hide its contortions. Dormier came up the two steps and stood beside her.

"I'm so sorry," he said.

A complication had arisen. Jacqueline had left her handkerchief in a little white-beaded bag on her dressing table. She needed it desperately. The need of it absorbed her attention, and again she turned to her door, but this time Dormier took her hand.

"Please don't go," he said.

(Continued on Page 157)

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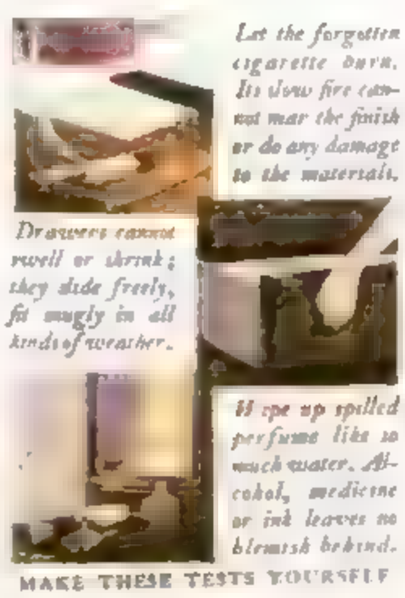
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(Continued from Page 155)

"I must get a handkerchief," said Jacqueline. The duke produced one, unfolded, from his breast pocket.

It is difficult to be haughty and aloof with a person whose handkerchief you have been obliged to borrow—especially when you are seized with an almost insane curiosity to know whether it has a coronet on it. She blew her nose, wiped her eyes and glanced at the corner where the monogram was. It didn't have a coronet.

"I thought dukes always had coronets on their handkerchiefs," she said.

"You've been reading penny dreadfuls," said the duke.

"I don't even know what they are," answered Jacqueline with a sort of mild hoot of amusement.

The next instant they were sitting side by side on the narrow stairs and Jacqueline was crying very comfortably on the lapel of the duke's serge coat. It may seem strange that a girl, not by any means averse to weeping, should have reached the age of seventeen and ten months without ever having experienced the immense comfort of weeping on a convenient shoulder. But such was Jacqueline's case. Her tears were many, but they had always been shed in solitude. Before her father it had been her ambition to appear a strong, rational equal; Mrs. McMannis' shoulder, broad and ample though it was, had never invited her tears. Miss Salisbury was an enemy, Lucy a dependent. No, this was her first experience of the primitive comfort of human contact in a moment of grief. She enjoyed it to the full, burrowing her nose as her sorrow became wilder, lifting her head to brush her nose lightly with the ducal handkerchief as she felt a little better—not considering him as a duke, or even as a man, but as a fellow creature who was letting her cry.

At last she sat up. Her eyes felt hot, her hair was ruffled, her right cheek was reddened by the contact with rough serge; but she was at peace.

"Oh," she said, with a long, long trembling breath, "I feel a lot better."

"Good!" said Dormier.

She had tried to smile, but he looked serious. There was a short silence. Then far down in the lower hall a clock initiated an elaborate series of chimes, like the opening phrases of a pompous orator, and then began to strike midnight.

The sound recalled to Jacqueline's mind all the sleepers in that great house—her father, Pitts-Cave, Miss Salisbury, Mrs. McMannis, even Heccles. What would any one of them think if, emerging from their rooms, they should see her and Dormier? She sprang to her feet and, stuffing a warm soft damp ball of cambric into the duke's hand, said "Here's your handkerchief" and went into her own room and shut the door. Then she immediately wished that she hadn't. After a few moments she heard Dormier's feet going on up to his own room on the floor above. She thought that there was nothing in the world so much to be regretted as ill-considered prudence. If only she hadn't been so quick—she might still be there with him; he had looked at her as if he had had something to say. Perhaps he would have kissed her.

She stood quite still in the exact middle of her room, with her hand laid against her right cheek. The most rare and extraordinary thing in human experience had happened to her—romance and real life for a few minutes had met and coalesced. She did not think, but she felt over and again the emotions of the last hour, and she became aware of the incredible yet indisputable fact that surely as the sun rose tomorrow she would see him again; not at breakfast, for she and Miss Salisbury took that early and alone, but certainly at luncheon. There would be those long weary hours at school—and then she would see him. How stupendous!

She was not supposed to have a fire in her room in the evening. In the morning, when the housemaid came in to wake her and shut the windows and pull back the curtains she lit the fire. But now Jacqueline herself put a match to the paper and kindling and sank down on the floor before it. She sat there all night. Once or twice she fell asleep, and waked again through pure joy. At seven, anticipating the arrival of the housemaid, she rose, undressed, opened the windows and got into bed. She had not had two hours' sleep but felt in superb health.

As she came downstairs the clock was again giving vent to its self-conscious chimes and then proceeding to strike eight. Eight hours ago! Jacqueline entered the dining room with a smile in the corners of her mouth. Miss Salisbury was down already, stirring her tea.

"And how was the party?" she asked almost gayly.

"All right," said Jacqueline.

She did not feel the least need of breakfast, but stood while she poured out a cup of coffee.

"And did you have a little talk with the duke?" said Miss Salisbury, and there was something coquettish in her tone.

Jacqueline dropped two lumps of sugar into the cup in slow sequence.

"He did not come," she said.

It is a great mistake to think that youth cannot be extremely guileful when it wants. No one, except perhaps criminals in relation to the law, has so urgent and frequent necessity to deceive as young people in relation to interfering elders. Jacqueline had learned ways of keeping her own counsel before she was ten. The most finished diplomat could not have put a colleague off the track more completely than she did Miss Salisbury.

The pantry door opened, and the voice of Heccles could be heard demanding porridge for His Grace, and shut again in the midst of his general condemnation of "your American breakfast foods."

Walking to school, Miss Salisbury made another effort to probe into the facts. She asked why the duke had not been at dinner. Jacqueline replied that Mrs. McMannis had said he had another engagement.

"How very odd!" said Miss Salisbury.

"I thought perhaps it was an English custom," said Jacqueline, looking like a young saint.

"An English custom—to break engagements!" exclaimed Miss Salisbury. "No, indeed!" And she went on to explain how practically everything of any dignity or worth in American social life was a remnant of English customs. This brought them very contentedly to school.

And in school a most incredible thing happened. The first two hours dragged out their course, with Jacqueline aware of the passing of every second. The third lesson was Miss Grigsby's. Her desk was piled with beautifully bound books, single volumes in vermilion leather, tooled in gold, a dark maroon patterned with its own shade, and a pale calf with one pink and one blue label. The lesson was to be about eighteenth-century dedications. The books on the desk contained various examples. Miss Grigsby did not read from all of them, but she said the girls might examine them. Jacqueline, who sat near the desk, picked up one and found that it was dedicated to "The Right Honorable Lord Fitzgrady: My lord, your lordship's critical judgment is as widely known as it is duly appreciated." A flood of color rushed over Jacqueline's face. She had a bad habit of blushing. But no one noticed her, for who could suspect an eighteenth-century dedication of rousing emotion?

She was late for luncheon that day, partly because they were lunching early in deference to some engagement of Dormier's, partly because she had made a more careful toilet than usual. The result was that she entered the dining room alone when the others were seated.

Her stepmother said quietly, "Here you are at last. I don't think you've met Jacqueline, have you, Dormier?"

Dormier got up with his napkin in his hand and bowed very formally. Jacqueline sank silently into her chair, which fortunately was against the light, so that no one but Heccles, passing behind her chair, saw the color that flooded even to the back of her neck. She felt annoyed with herself for blushing when she was so good at other forms of inscrutability.

"Heccles," said the duke, "did you get the box?"

"Yes, Your Grace," said Heccles, "at a price."

"Haven't all your boxes come, Dormier?" asked his hostess anxiously.

"Do you suppose Mrs. Mac, that having been ten days in this country, I am still calling my trunks boxes? Not at all. This is a box for the game this afternoon."

"Is there polo this afternoon?" said Mrs. McMannis. She was almost sure there was not.

"Polo—no," said Dormier; "the World-Series baseball."

Mrs. McMannis wrinkled her brow. This English interest in all forms of sport!

"I'm trying to think of someone who can go with you and explain it to you," she began, but the duke cut her short.

"Nobody need explain baseball to me," he said; "not that I mean to swank at all, but I saw it twice in Washington, and I must say it seems to me a tremendously good game. I met some of the players; they let me come up in the same train with them—delightful chaps—they explained some of the finer points to me. In fact," said the duke, "I'm a fan."

"Oh, Your Grace!" said Miss Salisbury, tittering behind a curved hand. The titter maddened Jacqueline.

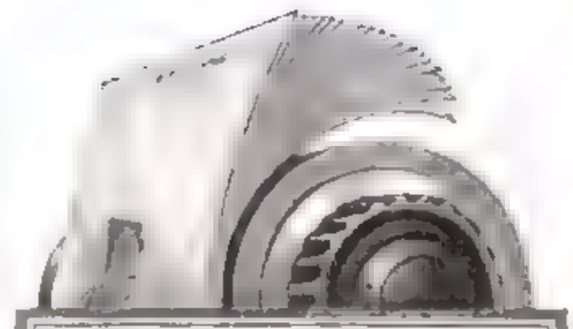
"It's a better game than cricket," she said.

"Have you ever seen a game of cricket?" asked her governess.

Jacqueline did not answer, for her situation was even worse than this; she had never seen a game of baseball.

"As a matter of fact," said Dormier, "it is a better game; though not, I think, so well suited to the English temperament. I shouldn't like Heccles to hear me say so." The duke craned his neck to see that Heccles was not behind the screen. Heccles had been told a number of times that his presence wasn't necessary in the dining room at meals, as the McMannis servants were capable of serving the McMannis guests, but Heccles had never allowed himself to be influenced by any consideration except his own inherent knowledge of how things ought to be done. "Heccles bowled for Crumbelly in his youth. He'd have me shot at daybreak for saying it wasn't the best game in the world. I had rather hoped, Mrs. Mac, that you'd go with me."

Deer Lake, Washington



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The Beginning—1891

"I've promised to go to that exhibition of Italian primitives," answered his hostess. "I think you'd enjoy them, Tac. There's a Piero della Francesca, very like that one at Coney House."

The duke was shaking his head.

"I can see plenty of primitives at home," he said, "but this is the only chance I may ever have of seeing the World Series."

He bent across the table and looked at Jacqueline.

"Would you care to come with me?" he said.

"I'd adore to," said Jacqueline. She felt sure her stepmother would refuse to let her go. She would say, "I'm afraid schoolgirls have no time ——" The process of hating her stepmother was cut short by the discovery that Mrs. McMannis was answering, "I'm sure Jacqueline and Miss Salisbury would enjoy going. It's such a lovely day to be out."

Just for a second Jacqueline and the duke looked at each other. He had not mentioned taking Miss Salisbury.

"Oh, yes, indeed. Baseball—how amusing!" said Miss Salisbury.

"We must look sharp," said the duke. "The game's called at two. Where is the Polo Grounds, Heccles? Did you find out?"

"Yes, Your Grace," said Heccles, as if it were hardly worth inquiring as to whether he had done his duty. "It is at the Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street and an avenue called, I believe, the Eighth." His tone suggested that he made no statement as to what the name of the avenue actually was.

"Shall we go?" cried the duke. "Have you had enough to eat?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" cried Jacqueline. Again she had eaten hardly anything, but it seemed to make no difference in her feeling of complete well-being.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE [redacted]OLLECTIONS OF A CONSUL

(Continued from Page 48)

have sailed in 1497. In the course of structural alterations in 1847, the coffin of the admiral was uncovered and the face was disclosed unaltered by time for an instant before it crumbled to dust. From the tower in which Chatterton pretended to discover the Rowleian manuscripts may be seen a part of Clifton Suspension Bridge, which beautifully spans the Avon River more than 200 feet below. Would-be suicides, for a short period while I was in Bristol, came there in sufficient numbers to require the presence of watchers. A girl, disappointed in love, jumped over. Ballooned by her skirts, she floated almost uninjured into the soft mud below, to receive thirteen offers of marriage while in hospital.

Donovan, the Brooklyn Bridge jumper, ingenuously sought the consul's aid.

"Can't you square the cops?" he asked. "There's no money in jumping over unless there's a crowd, and then the cops stop me."

"Why don't you go to work?" I asked.

"Look at this," he said, pointing to heavy eyebrows meeting in the middle. "Would you give me a job with that?"

"I might if I needed a very strong man."

"Well, you're the only one in the world who would. They look at my eyebrows and say I'm a villain, and won't have me."

In the modern jargon, Donovan had had since childhood an inferiority complex on his abnormal brows and so had adopted the profession of bridge jumping.

Attic Treasure Trove

Among the intricate problems of municipal diplomacy, if I may use so high-sounding a phrase for exchange of speech and letters with mayors and officials, was Senator Hoar's chest. The distinguished son of Massachusetts was descended from one who had been sheriff of Gloucester in the year 1450.

This sheriff, as proved by records submitted by the senator, had presented something—I forget what—to the neighboring city of Bristol and the gift had been sent in an iron-bound oak chest. Was that chest still in existence? The senator's letter was put before the city treasurer, guardian of the city's interesting and historia regalia and antiquities.

"There are several chests in the attic," he said, picking up a bundle of large keys. As we ascended the stairs of the Council House, he paused and said impressively, "If we find it, do you pledge yourself on your honor not to ask for it?"

"I can make no promises which may prove embarrassing," I answered firmly.

"Then let us go to lunch instead," was the courteous but decisive evasion.

A few weeks later, in the museum, I stumbled on a newly introduced iron-bound oak chest, to which was affixed a card giving its history. I sought an interview with the treasurer and delicately probed for his evidence of authenticity. An expert on old oak, I learned, had pronounced the chest as undoubtedly of the fifteenth century. No record disclosed another chest as ordered or arrived during that period. Could I prove it was not the one in question? I admitted that with the evidence at my disposal I could not.

"It is the Hoar chest," the treasurer pronounced with finality.

The facts were placed before the senator. His reply was a passionate plea for the chest and he offered in exchange a sheaf of ancient deeds, documents and monuments relating to Bristol. I showed the letter to the treasurer and received in answer an invitation to dinner with the mayor. It was, of course, the usual mollifying and delightful meal and at its end the mayor said in effect: "We wish to find a *modus vivendi*. We wish to find a formula which will satisfy your distinguished fellow countryman and prevent our having to give a consul a direct negative."

"There is an easy solution, your worship," I answered. "I will report to the senator that there exists no proof at all that it is the Hoar chest."

"That," answered the treasurer, "would be to cast doubt on a valued relic in the archives of the ancient city and would not be acceptable to us."

A silence as we ate Madresfield Court grapes, a wonderful cross between Black Hamburgs and muscats of Alexandria, and sipped Bristol Cream, a golden luscious sherry. Then His Worship tentatively: "How if you report that Bristol is so tenacious of its memorials of antiquity that you thought the moment inopportune for presenting the request?"

After due deliberation, I said that the Senate, in confirming the President's nominees, was part of the appointing power, that Senator Hoar was a member of the Foreign Relations Committee, that a request from him must be regarded by me as a command, and that with great regret I must press the matter to a conclusion. This firm attitude was disconcerting to His Worship, who offered me a perfectly matured Carolina cigar and himself struck the match in order to gain time for reflection. It was soon apparent, however, that further conference would not be productive of results, and negotiations lapsed not to be resumed.

An International Matter

I may not claim after long years that the above recital is precisely accurate, but it is substantially true, and is as near to the facts as are many reports on far more important matters. This was not my only failure in diplomacy. I owned a rare Russian collie which had jumped on a sailing vessel as the lines were being cast off the banks of the Neva. This dog, proudly paraded before the judges at bench shows by Arthur Napoleon French, my lemon-colored valet, made so striking a display that he usually won some special prize, though he did not conform in technical points to the collie ideal. The dog was thus forced on the notice of the authorities; a courteous messenger from the police called and intimated that no record appeared of the issuance of a dog license.

To this messenger I made an equally courteous response to the effect that the dog was a foreigner and its owner a consul, and that international comity should preclude the exaction of a tax. The result was a summons before the magisterial bench, to which I frankly stated that this was a test case; that experience had taught me that many concessions were made to British consuls in the United States which were not reciprocal to American consuls in Britain; that it seemed reasonable that attention should be drawn to these inequalities with a view to their correction; and that it appeared to be inconsistent with the dignity of the great British nation continually to be receiving favors for its officials in the United States which were not correspondingly extended in Great Britain.

Surprised at so weighty a plea on so slight a matter, their worships conferred in private and subsequently announced an adjournment of the case, pending communication with the head of the Department of the Inland Revenue. In due course I received a pleasantly worded letter from Sir Alfred, afterward Lord Milner, to the expected effect that no law allowed unlicensed dogs to consuls and I paid the tax. This result was anticipated; wherein lay the failure is explained in the following conversation.

Dining soon after with one of the magistrates, he said, laughing, "You thought you were going to get your rigmarole into print, but I took care of that. I asked the reporters to cut your fiery oration to the bone."

"Injustice always fears the light," was my bitter retort.

The Comity Collie

What did appear was a brief notice that the consul had pleaded exemption on the ground of international comity and that their worships had held the case under advisement. The sole result of my justifiable effort was that the dog was subsequently known as the Comity Collie. Thus was I thwarted in my effort to gain wide publicity for a state of affairs which had only to be known in the United States to be corrected. I had visioned the Comity Collie as a leader in the march toward a better reciprocity, ending perhaps in an Anglo-American treaty defining the status, privileges and exemptions of consuls. I need not explain that the Department of State knew naught of this effort at propaganda. The department does not argue; and for such a grave indiscretion as usurpation of diplomatic initiative, does not even censure. It sends a telegram: "You are transferred to Aden"—the hottest place in the service; or perhaps to that port on the cheery banks of the Straits of Magellan, the coldest and most isolated post in the service. In either place you are as helpless for mischief as was Napoleon on St. Helena.

The solemn and rigid enforcement of English law by conscientious officials to the last clause is, of course, an element of administration much to be commended and accounts in part for empire; but the system breeds a type of man and develops a type of mind averse to departure from routine.

I stood by the side of a consul of a South American country when he told the customs officer at Plymouth who he was and that his country admitted without examination the baggage of arriving British consuls. After consulting higher officials, the

(Continued on Page 163)

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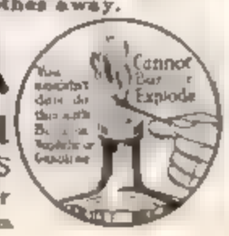

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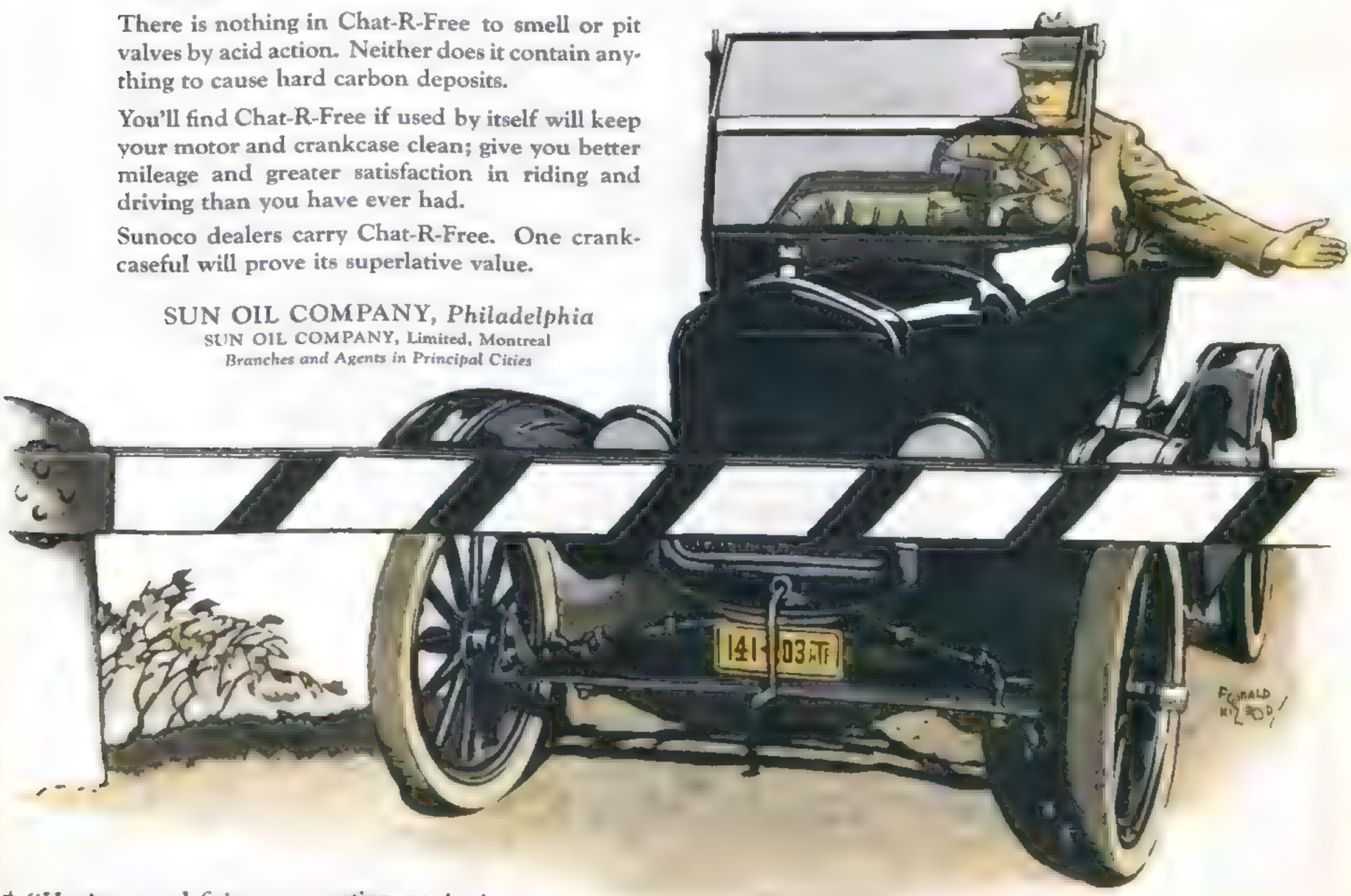

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officer very courteously said that no regulations exempted the consul and would he please unlock his trunks. The examination was no more than nominal; but I heard the consul mutter in Spanish most objectionable epithets.

"It is as I have heard," he said; "these British take all and give nothing."

In a similar case at New York, I heard the customs officer say, "Well, I don't know about that, but I guess it's all right"; and he put the mystic chalk mark on the unopened baggage. This welcome to the newcomer was appreciated and he entered the country in a pleasant frame of mind.

The British income-tax officials delve so deep into the pockets of foreign consuls in search of a private income to be taxed that they compel officials to furtive and secret dealings in money. I kept over a course of years from curiosity a kind of census and had a record of nineteen consuls general and consuls of various nations, of whom fourteen admitted to estates or property in their respective countries. All owned up in the freemasonry of a common profession, that they did not and would not pay a tax from which British consuls were exempt in their countries, and they confessed that they were forced to vexatious concealments. One neutral consul, pressed for tax on income from his private fortune, which income was never transmitted to England, was so angry about it that he procured transfer to a post within enemy country.

During the war, red tape became so adhesive that I was unable to receive food supplied from New York under a scheme arranged by the Department of State. A barrel of sugar lay on the deck of an American ship within sight of the consulate windows. I wished this sugar for my infant child, gravely suffering from lack of fats and sugar. Red tape was tied in such fantastic knots about that barrel that vessel and sugar had been gone two months before I was denied my request from headquarters.

Too Far From Paris

These incidents, a few out of many, are detailed in no vindictive spirit. They lead up to a formula devised for the dignity of the United States and equal treatment of its consuls abroad. It is very simple. Collectors of customs, governors of states, mayors of cities, chiefs of police, managers of theaters—"The consuls," said an American theater manager to me, "don't ask first-night tickets; they demand them"—when asked concessions by foreign officials, should answer as follows:

"Your request will be gladly complied with on the production of evidence that similar courtesies are extended to American consuls in the country which you represent."

My census of consuls showed surprising results. Fifteen officials agreed that posts in the United States were least desirable of all. Five alleged distance from Paris as their reason. These men frequently slipped to Paris for a week-end, two because they were passionately devoted to music and the French stage, three for frivolous reasons. All agreed that the society in which they wished to move in American cities lived on a scale so extravagant that they must spend much more than their salaries.

"No Latin," said a cynical consul general, "is happy among Anglo-Saxons, and notwithstanding your mixtures in the States, you have all the terrible virtues of Anglo-Saxons except hypocrisy."

A Greek gave the strangest reason, and he meant it seriously.

"Your olive oil," he said, "is not made from olives and I nearly starved to death."

An important objection, advanced by nearly all, was the presence in nearly all cities of numbers of fellow country people.

"They make much trouble," said one. "If they are a rich colony, I must be bored with many functions. If they are poor, there are always many vexatious calls."

"If service in your country is transportation for felony," said one, "it is penal servitude in this sunless England, where all is so cold and stiff, where consuls have not the treatment that my country gives to British consuls, and where the awful Sunday kills the joy of the heart."

Never before, I think, have the frank views of enough consuls been collected from which to induce the general statement that these itinerant officials desire least, for geographic and economic reasons, service in the United States; and are almost equally averse, for reasons of climate, incompatibility of temperament and nonsympathetic treatment, to service in Great Britain.

The most gorgeous ceremonial which I ever witnessed was the investiture of the Prince of Wales at Carnarvon Castle in 1911. The Prince was born Duke of Cornwall, but by unbroken precedent must be created Prince of Wales. The investiture had never before been effected in the principality, but Mr. Lloyd George at that time was not only Chancellor of the Exchequer but constable of Carnarvon Castle, a complimentary honor; and in great part through his influence, it was decided to recognize the growing spirit of Welsh nationality by an elaborate ceremony. The castle, the largest, the best preserved and the most magnificent example of a medieval castle in Great Britain, was begun in 1283 by Edward I, and it was there that his son, the first prince, was born in the succeeding year; but the Black Prince was the first heir to the throne to be invested.

Medieval Pageantry

A courtyard of the castle had been arranged as an amphitheater and tiers of seats rose to the crenelated unroofed walls. Thousands looked down on the king and queen, sitting crowned and in state on a dais. To Their Majesties was conducted the attractive stripling "dressed in his surcoat and bareheaded." Portcullis Pursuivant, Rouge Dragon Pursuivant, Chester Herald and Garter King-of-Arms delivered the letters patent to the Lord Great Chamberlain, who presented them to His Majesty, who thereupon handed them to Mr. Winston Churchill, Home Secretary. Lord Mostyn, "bearing the mantle," the Earl of Powys carrying "upon a cushion a sword," the Marquess of Anglesey, a coronet, and the Duke of Beaufort, a golden rod, gathered round the prince as he made "three separate obeisances" and knelt on a cushion before the king. Mr. Churchill read the letters patent, the prince was invested with the "ensigns of honor" borne by the four peers, and did homage in these words:

"I, Edward, Prince of Wales, do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship and faith and truth I will bear unto you to live and die against all manner of folks."

The king then "raised his son from the kneeling posture and in the sight of all saluted him upon either cheek."

The ceremony was over. On the return journey of twelve hours to South Wales, I found that there recurred to memory not what I had seen but what I had heard. The haunting melody of the Welsh mass singing outside the walls had made its usual profound impression on the unaccustomed listener.

The ordered splendor of royal pageantry makes no strong appeal to the tumultuous, gregarious Welsh. Their pleasure is found in their gatherings for competitions in the arts of music and verse making. Geniuses are as rare in Wales as elsewhere, and if artistic perfection be not found among the competitors at these eisteddfodau, there is lots of fun among the crowd. It is interesting to see a throng listen with critical appreciation to the making of a pennill. This quatrain of four lines, with its recurring assonances and alliterations, is not so easy in Welsh and is almost impossible in English, in which unbending tongue I have come across but two passable pennillion. As with their close kinsfolk, the inhabitants of Brittany, the Welsh pay unbounded homage to death. On a wild hilltop of Wales I once met a procession of 2000 men, every man in the dead black clothes which are the Sunday dress of the miner, every man with a stiff black hat, and beneath every hat the dead-white face of him who works beneath the earth's surface. They were going to the funeral of an extremely popular saloonkeeper and they marched in ordered silence like a procession of black-shrouded ghosts.

A friend who "had a little Welsh," caught in a storm, was accorded kindly shelter in a lonely cottage. Mother and daughter went on with their household duties, the daughter happily humming a plaintive air. My friend saw mother and daughter suddenly exchange glances as they stood listening. He heard the sound of slow marching feet. The mother pointed a shaking finger toward the door, but the girl stood still, waving her hands.

"Go; is the head covered?" the woman cried. The daughter went, shaking, and looked out.

"The head is covered," she whispered.

The mother uttered one shriek and then swiftly cleared the table, whereon a moment later was laid the litter containing the body of her husband. Such is the shadow under which miners and their families live.

During all the years when I was consul at Cardiff, I never used a Welsh sentence in public except on one occasion. That sentence contained but three words, but its effect was electric. No utterance of mine before or since was received with such acclaim. It was wartime, and British and American army and navy officers were present in uniform at the luncheon.

I rose and glanced about and asked, "A oes heddwch?" Every Welshman was on his feet and everyone shouted his own answer. I had borrowed the opening words of the Gorsedd, the ceremonial gathering of the bards, and they mean, "Is there peace?"

This is a chapter of superlatives. It begins with a reference to the most brilliant ceremony I ever witnessed, drops to a reference to the three most appreciated words I ever uttered, and now lifts again to the most interesting survival of ancient customs in which I ever participated. The accuracy of modern measurements has rendered obsolete the beating of the bounds; but in the last year of the last century, Bristol elected to revive for once the old practice with modifications.

An Ancient Ceremony

There was preliminary discussion whether a boy should be soundly beaten at every landmark, that through life he should remember a spot so painfully impressed on body and mind; or whether, as recorded in some ancient records, he should receive a plum bun so luscious that he should recall always a spot hallowed by associations so pleasant; but of volunteers for the whipping there were none, and for the cake too many. Hence the ceremony was shorn of tears and indigestion.

It was a jolly lark, lasting through several days. Aldermen, town councilors, officials, all perambulated the city boundaries; and these city lines led into strange places, back yards, slums. Astonished people who did not read newspapers saw a lot of well-dressed and apparently sane adults playing follow my leader round their premises and sometimes through their houses. I saw a crumbling wall fall prostrate beneath the weight of a portly alderman, and an agile councilor jump clean through the roof of a shed. These were the only casualties in a devious and arduous journey of nearly ten miles. There were days on the water, too, for certain islands in the Bristol Channel had by charter in ancient days been included within the borders of the city and county of Bristol.

That the perambulation of boundaries is more than a useless survival was proved by an interesting law case in the city of Gloucester. In that ancient cathedral city, the custom of borough-English still lives. By this custom, in certain localities, the

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youngest, and not the eldest son, inherits the land. The theory was that elder brothers were away fighting and that the youngest, at home taking care of his mother, was on the spot to protect the property. The custom insured also purity of blood in a time when the *droit de seigneur* existed. Evidence of those who had beaten the bounds was taken in court and it was established that the property was inside the city and subject to the custom.

In the course of the long struggle of commerce against arbitrary power, Bristol won many privileges from impoverished kings, recorded in a long series of charters. In its third charter, granted in 1185 by Henry II, are clauses to the effect that a freeman of the city is exempt from the ordeal of battle, may grind corn where and marry whom he chooses without license of his lord and may murder within city limits without paying a fine to the king. Though no privilege now attaches to freedom of the city, a freeman by birth and inheritance is proud of it. I once heard a mayor, after a public dinner, rebuke a newspaper man for the continued chattering at the press table.

"Do you know who I am, sir?" demanded the journalist haughtily. "I am what you are not—a freeman of the city."

What pride was in the voice, what scorn for the fur-robed mayor, unhappily born away from Bristol!

I have always thought that cities in the United States should invent some new method of honoring distinguished visitors, something that has meaning in a land of unwalled towns and cities which have no traditions of a time when a man born ten miles away was a stranger and potential enemy. My schoolmates at Lincoln School in San Francisco unanimously agreed with me, after much eager discussion, that the freedom of the city extended to General Grant could only mean free food and drinks. We thought that he might eat and drink where he chose and that the city paid the bills. Little Louis Hertz, afterward a respected butcher, held strongly the view that the general could invite whom he chose to share the civic hospitality.

"San Francisco," said Louis proudly, "wouldn't let General Grant drink alone. I bet if I was a man and went to see him he would order wine and say, 'Charge that to the city.'"

Pop-eyed, we visioned the great general waving a lordly arm to waiters who bore armfuls of bottles.

Bristol's Famous Yearly Dinner

All dinners are more or less alike, some good, some bad; but one annually recurring Bristol dinner is unique. Who has ever eaten that staple dish of Middle Ages, pease pudding? Who has seen half an ox brought to table? I have, and with great ceremony, thanks to Doctor White, who founded almshouses in the year 1610. His will provided that his trustees should dine off pork, pease pudding and a pie containing 100 apples on each anniversary of his birth; and that after the trustees had finished, the beneficiaries should feast to his memory on what remained. Pork, roasted, broiled, fried, salt, fresh—all the pork there was—was served with the pease pudding in every kind of way, in the paneled board room. But the number of beneficiaries had increased with the income from the property and all the pork in Bristol being insufficient four powerful waiters entered with a platter in which one might take a bath, and in the platter brownly sizzled that gigantic side of beef. The town clerk, carefully poised that he might not fall into the gravy and be drowned, carved with neat precision.

In choicest old port, laid down at their own expense by a previous generation of trustees, we drank in solemn silence the memory of the pious founder of the charity. In amiable mood, we concurred most heartily in the tribute paid to the founder in a speech made by the vicar of that ancient church in which Knights Templar once had worshiped.

Other recurring dinners of merit were those of the Society of Merchant Venturers. This medieval guild, founded in 1551, outlived its original purpose of fostering commerce and shipping; but it justifies its existence by a wise beneficence and spends most of its considerable revenues on a technical school which has achieved national reputation. Admission to the Venturers is by apprenticeship, and sons of the important and well-to-do are indentured as seriously as though they really meant to navigate schooners through uncharted seas.

This adherence to outlived practice was best illustrated for me in an insurance policy issued in the 1870's to an elderly maiden lady, which contained a stipulation that she should not fight a duel. It is probable that Christopher Columbus, when he stopped at Bristol on his Iceland voyage, met fathers of founders of the Merchant Venturers and that he discussed with John Cabot, his fellow townsman of Genoa by birth and born about the same time, the current rumors of a land to the west. The Merchant Venturers' cellars are well stocked. Madeira of 1820 may come with the turtle soup and octogenarian sherry may arrive with dessert.

It was at one of these dinners that a fellow guest asked me in surprise, "What? Has golf reached your side yet?"

A Bad Break

In this chapter of superlatives it is proper to record the most freezing reception which I ever heard given to an after-dinner speech. It was the jubilee of Queen Victoria's coronation, 1887, and loyal affection rose to reverence. In those days every woman wore a corset like a coat of mail, bulging at top and bottom and pinched at the waist. Corset making was an important Bristol industry, and the president of the chamber of commerce that year was a most popular citizen who manufactured these indispensable things and shipped them all over the world, with the exception perhaps of Fiji and Tahiti. A fellow manufacturer from the States was accorded hospitable welcome and given a dinner. Responding to his health, the guest of the evening extolled the merits of his wares with humor and vivacity. Arrived at his peroration, he brought his fist down on the table with an impressive thump.

"Gentlemen," he said, "before I leave this country I'm going to get one of my corsets on the queen."

Dead silence! Up springs the tactful host.

"We have enjoyed the speech of our friend from across the water," he said. "It contained one allusion quite proper for him to have made in his country about the sovereign of another nation, but we in England know nothing of what is beneath the imperial robe of her majesty except that a great heart beats there."

Tumultuous applause! Harmony was restored!

Speaking of speakers, the most lucid expositor of political ideas, I thought, was Joseph Chamberlain. In his earlier days he was reckless with his promises, and his telling phrases were often quoted in the vain hope of embarrassing an imperturbable man. I remember the rattle of the saber in Berlin when he incidentally remarked that he who sups with Germany needs a long spoon.

When he came to Bristol once, a tobacconist of national reputation said to me, "He is the best customer our firm ever had except Colonel Ward, American consul here when your Civil War broke out."

This Colonel Ward was the father of Miss Genevieve Ward, who won international reputation first as a singer and then as an actress. A previous generation will recall Forget-Me-Not, in which she toured the States for years. She died last year in London, aged more than eighty, the honored doyen of the theater.

Lord Rosebery was the most polished and delightful speaker on noncontentious or ceremonial occasions. When he unveiled a statue he invested the marble with life and

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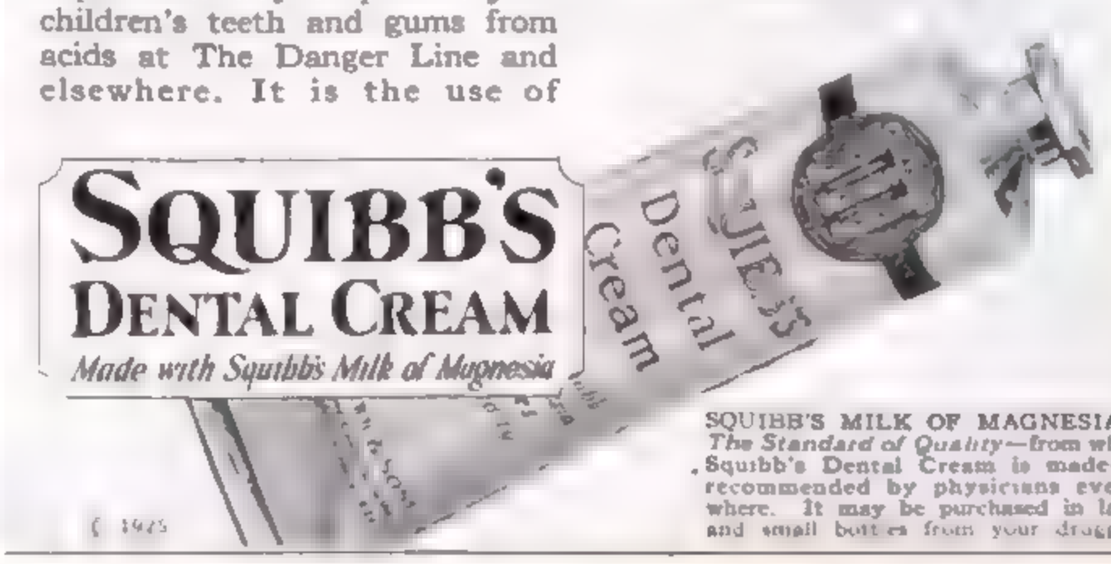

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added new graces to the character of the subject. His address at Bristol on Edmund Burke resurrected for me the local contemporary view of its great representative in Parliament.

A man old enough to have imbibed in youth the prejudice of a previous generation said to me, "Burke was not a good member for Bristol. While he talked his highfalutin' about everything on earth, he forgot his constituency and never did anything for it."

Mr. Asquith's speeches, set side by side with those of Daniel Webster, are of striking similarity—the same solid structure, the same inevitable progressions from fact to fact and from conclusion to conclusion, and the same rejection of adornment unless inevitably right. Mr. Asquith used to come a-courting into my district. Once when I was eating bread and cheese in a little inn near Easton Grey, I heard through the open taproom door a conversation between liveried grooms.

"She makes him talk as fast as she can," said one.

"'Tain't possible," was the incredulous answer amid laughter.

I should not quote this if the lively chatter of Miss Margot Tennant were not an open chapter of history.

Oratory has lost its sway, but Mr. Lloyd George could move emotions as no other speaker in my time. In his most passionate moments it was not apparent that one part of his brain was guiding the flood. He seemed to have lost himself, but he never did. Not so with Mr. Towen Jones, a Welsh minister elected to Parliament, who habitually uttered 200 words to the minute. The Reverend Towen is in this superlative chapter for the reason that he was the fastest speaker in the world.

Owing to the conditions under which it was delivered, the speech of my forty years in Europe which most astonished an audience was that delivered by Mr. Roosevelt at the London Guildhall in 1910. With uplifted monitory finger, Mr. Roosevelt, fresh from Africa, told the assembled wealth and power of London how to govern Egypt. Statesmen on the platform sat motionless, but millionaires and financiers in the audience glanced at one another.

A shipping magnate in front of me muttered to his friend, "Teachin' his grandmother to suck eggs."

When the world knew the next day that Sir Edward Grey had walked the New Forest with Roosevelt and had heard and approved, the extraordinary influence of that austere statesman did much to allay a resentment which was never expressed in print. The resentment was neither strong nor permanent, and it mellowed into admiration for an audacity which refused to talk platitudes on receiving in a gold casket the freedom of the City of London—an occasion consecrated by long precedent to pleasing and innocuous oratory.

T. R. Surrounded by Monarchs

All European monarchs were gathered at that time for the funeral of Kind Edward. On the night of a banquet at Buckingham Palace my arm was seized in Trafalgar Square by an English newspaperman on his way to Fleet Street. Without uttering a word, he guided me to the statue of Charles I. He took off his hat and made a sweeping bow.

"How about it, O champion of the divine right of kings?" he said. "Tonight have I seen five monarchs conduct Mr. Roosevelt to his car."

The most striking coincidence of my life was the result of a summons to a small isolated village of Somersetshire most difficult of access in days before autos came. I was led up the steep stairs of a small cottage there to place official seals on a coffin that contained the remains of an American citizen. In the dead face I recognized that of a San Francisco friend—a shipping man whose firm was known from Alaska to Cape Horn and who was greatly respected for his ability and sterling character. He had originally come, it appeared, from this little village, to which he returned frequently in his prosperous days as a generous benefactor.

The most musical man I ever met was a member of a torpedoed crew. These sailors, after suffering great hardships, had been picked up and taken into a French port, whence they were sent on to me at Cardiff, in Wales. They arrived at six o'clock on a Saturday night with nothing in any hand except a euphonium. A seaman carried this large brass instrument as a mother would carry a babe.

"Was that saved?" I asked the mate.

"The only thing saved," was the answer. "He flung it on the life raft before any of us got on it."

"Did he play it on the raft?"

"We couldn't stop him till his lips swelled with thirst."

I turned to this ragged instrumentalist, who, like all the rest, had not changed his clothes for days.

"Will you play now?" I asked.

He came inside the counter, and while I was giving the men money to get them over Sunday, the room rang with the cheerful notes of A Life on the Ocean Wave.

It is possible to be musical without knowledge of the significance of tunes. An Oriental Portuguese from Goa, torpedoed off the coast of Spain, clung for four days and nights to a spar, was then rescued, and the rescuing vessel was immediately torpedoed. The man ultimately got to Corunna, whence he was shipped back to me.

Why the Captain Winged Him

"Where did you get that?" I asked, pointing to a healed wound in his hand. In his broken English he replied that he had been shot by the captain of the submarine. "But it could not have healed already."

He referred, it seemed, to an incident of the year before. Swimming in the North Sea after his vessel had been sunk he was asked from the deck of the German submarine if he could cook. He answered that he was the cook, and was hauled aboard, where he remained three months. The captain, hearing him sing, summoned him daily to the tiny cabin, enjoyed his solos; but one night whipped out a pistol and shot him through the hand.

"What were you singing?"

"I no know the name—some French song."

"Sing it."

He hummed the Marseillaise.

Some dull curiosity was stirred within him by my inquiries. With great difficulty he made me understand that he had always been puzzled about that shot in his hand. He had pleased by his cooking, by his singing; why pop at him? He knew there was a war, but who was fighting whom and why, I could not get over to him; nor could he understand why the warbling of the French national air should have vexed the German officer. He had but one desire—to get back to peaceful Goa, where he could sleep all night in his berth and not be wakened by loud noises and find himself floating in the water.

The most joyfully confident youth of my war acquaintance was a young American seaman buoyantly hopeful of achieving a record for involuntary immersions. When he was brought in after his first torpedoing he had had enough, he said; but solid food and warm clothes encouraged him to prompt acceptance of a seaman's berth. Of his second and third shipwrecks I knew only by his papers, which he now carried in an oilskin bag about his neck. On his fourth, fifth and sixth rescues he was brought to Cardiff, and each time he reshipped immediately.

"Am I champion, consul?" he asked eagerly; "six times torpedoed and never a scratch. Can't you give me a certificate that I hold the record?"

"We are too busy," I answered, "to do anything we don't have to do. But if you will write out the names of ships, dates of attacks, and so on, I will attest it."

He subsequently presented a misspelled and jumbled document, to which I was proud to affix a large red consular seal. I saw many weird official papers during the war, but that young seaman proudly carried away the most illiterate credentials probably ever issued. I do not know his ultimate fate, nor do I care what subsequent inspectors of that document thought of my grammar.

The most callous-sounding comment in my experience is recited in this telephone talk:

"Is that the American consulate? We are Smith's, tailors. We have two suits of clothes ready for Captain Brown, of the Hermione"—let us call it—"to try on."

"The vessel was torpedoed off the Lizard two weeks ago and all hands lost."

"Ah, well, he was stock size. I dessay we can get them off our hands. Good-by."

I do not think that tailor was unusually heartless. Numb to recurrent tragedies, overworked, because all his able-bodied men had been drafted, he was like everybody else, except that he lacked the tact to utter one hasty sentence of regret for the tragedy.

The most battered human being who ever reported to the consulate was Robert Ferguson, second mate of the American tug Vigilant. This little vessel of 200 tons, in 1917 encountered such wild weather in crossing the Atlantic as to send finally, when 1000 miles from Queenstown, a call for help. A steamship, responding, took off all the crew but three, who refused to leave. These three, after a fifty hours' watch without food, got the vessel to port, and they were certainly all in. Rest, deserved praise and handsome salvage payments speedily restored them. Ferguson made a novel use of his money. He wrote from San Francisco:

"I have financed a two-reel film of the Vigilant adventure. I've got the mayor and prominent people figuring in it, also the court scene, taken in San Francisco city hall with a very popular judge. I've got you in it."

He sent some of the pictures. Screen art and make-up could not equal reality; Ferguson in the picture could not look the wild-eyed haggard man who crept ashore from the little tug. But the consul in the picture—he surpassed in impressive dignity any official ever commissioned.

Lily-Fingered Mariners

The eight most remarkable hands—I do not refer to hands at bridge or poker—which I ever saw belonged to four tanned and hardened men of the sea. Their brawny arms ended in lily fingers and the backs and palms of the muscular hands were covered by delicate baby skin white as milk, beneath which broad blue veins showed in startling contrast. A torpedo had burst a steampipe and these men had been picked up unconscious on the Cornwall coast with skinless hands. Surgical treatment soon gave them new coverings, but as yet they were oddly helpless. They could do nothing until Nature's gloves had been hardened by time; so each of these veterans, in glowing health, went about with a nurse, "to cut my meat and pay my carfare," as one said.

I have seen bodies from the Lusitania, dressed in silks, with ropes of pearls round the neck and diamonds on the fingers. I was at Senghenydd after the great explosion of that fiery mine. I have seen wrecked and mangled bodies, but I think the most appalling sight I have ever seen was the wreck of a mind. A man known the world over, a brilliant intellect; and he came to a club one night, and I thought, as I watched him laughing and talking, that there could be nothing in the vague rumors. In due time he rose to speak, an engaging figure, bright-eyed, easy, pleased. His lips moved, the familiar gestures were made, his body swayed—but no words came. Shy men, receiving unaccustomed honors, have been in similar case. James Payn in his recollections gives an instance; but shyness and this man had ever been strangers. Rumor was true; a mute swan song. We applauded when he sat down and did not look at one another. I think that he never appeared in public again.

The most singular request I ever received was from a Jewish rabbi in the early days of the war, when neutral United States was acting for the Germans.

"Russian refugees of my race and religion have got through to England," he said, "and you know what importance they attach to their feather beds. One of the unhappy men lost his bed in the scurry at Posen when changing trains. Could you get it for him?"

The strangest wine list I ever saw was at a little inn in Malines in December, 1914. The Germans were in possession and I was driving from Antwerp to Brussels through war-wrecked country. Stopping for lunch under the shadow of the shell-pierced church at the Hotel de la Cour de Beffer, I was handed a printed list containing the names of seventy-five brands of wine, all but three of which had been lightly scratched through with a pen. The spirited little landlady explained.

"The Germans took all, monsieur," she said. "We were so proud of our cellar. And now the German officers come and I must serve them, and their tongues hang out, for they thirst always and their mouths water, and then I give them the list and I say, 'The Saint Émilion, the Saint Julien and the Moulin-à-Vent are all that your soldiers left, and they have gone to vinegar. Which will the high-born officer have?' And, monsieur, how they curse!"

A Noncommittal Document

While the landlady was talking, a tall silent man was wandering about, shifting a chair here, a table there.

"My husband, poor dear," she said. "He has never spoken since the second bombardment. He was struck dumb."

What with torpedoed vessels and other accidents of war, hundreds of men were always moving about British seaports without credentials, the objects of suspicion and careful scrutiny. If non-British, the consuls of these lost sheep with lost papers had to back their swift judgment of character. Probably some innocent men went to internment, but I think that few spies went free through consular intervention. Spies always had gilt-edged papers, and in the end I came to base decisions on personal impressions and the result of cross-examination.

All this leads up to the most innocuous document I ever saw issued. A European consul in a British port devised and printed this form:

"This consulate has no objection to state the name, particulars and signature of the man as given by himself and which are set out hereunder."

This was the extreme limit to which this consul would go. The authorities could take it or leave it, and they often took it.

The most useful thing I ever did, in my opinion, for my country was so modest that I may recount it without incurring charge of undue egotism. Eight colored landsmen, illiterate, helpless, decoyed into a tug in a Southern port under pretense of cleaning it up, were put on board a Russian vessel and made to work in the fire room. Discharged penniless at Bristol, they were sent back to the United States as witnesses in a prosecution to subsequent conviction and imprisonment undertaken by the Government on representations from the Bristol consulate. Ship captains from various ports told me afterward that they had seen the sentences placarded in the offices of shipping commissioners in Atlantic and Pacific ports and that the deterrent effects were marked. How many men were saved from involuntary voyages cannot be stated, but fraud and violence seem to have been noticeably lessened.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Lathrop. The next will appear in an early issue.

Keep Your Car Young and Healthy

KEEP IT CLEAN

Mud, grease or grime on a car spoils its appearance and if not removed promptly will permanently spot and stain the finish. *Whiz* Oil Auto Soap is made from vegetable oils, is guaranteed to be pure and neutral, and not to damage any surface not affected by pure water. Cars kept clean with *Whiz* Oil Auto Soap retain their finish and always look well. For your car's sake, ask your garage or auto laundry to wash it with *Whiz* Oil Auto Soap, or if you prefer, get it in cans for your own use.

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When the spring leaves do not slide freely one over another, due to rust or lack of lubrication, the spring loses resiliency and becomes more like a solid bar of steel. Then, every shock, jolt and jar is transmitted through the stiffened spring and results in excessive wear of tires and straining and racking the entire car. Use of *Whiz* Anti-Squeak Spring Compound eliminates squeaking, makes riding more comfortable and minimizes the danger of breakage.

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If your car is finished with Duco or Enamel, you can prolong its beauty and keep it free from blemish with *Whiz* Wax Auto Finish. It imparts a satin lustre to the surface, shields it from stains and prevents deterioration.

Whiz Auto Body Polish

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Car manufacturers know the importance of good gears. They use the best steel and highly skilled labor. Good gears deserve good grease - the best obtainable - *Whiz* Gear Grease. When you buy grease, don't sacrifice quality to "save" a cent or two a pound - to do so would be the poorest kind of economy - buy *Whiz* Gear Grease from a dispensing drum, as illustrated, or in cans to use yourself and give your gears a chance.

Protect Your Investment

There are thousands of cars on the road to-day,- veterans of years of faithful service and many thousand miles of travel,- that perform as smoothly and present as good an appearance as they did after the first five thousand miles.

The owners of these cars are justly proud of them. They have learned what we mean when we say that *Whiz Products make OLD cars look NEW and keep NEW cars from looking OLD*. They keep their tops looking new with *Whiz* Auto Top Dressing; preserve the finish by use of *Whiz* Oil Auto Soap and *Whiz* Auto Body Polish; keep their gears at maximum efficiency with *Whiz* Gear Grease and use many other *Whiz* Products of low cost and high efficiency.

These owners of *new-looking old cars* understand just why the annual sales of *Whiz* Products amount to more than *41 million packages* and why more than *103 thousand dealers* sell them.

Ask your dealer for *Whiz* Products - every article is *guaranteed* to give satisfaction or your money back. Also send for the *Whiz* catalog - you will be surprised to learn how many *Whiz* Products there are to preserve the beauty and prolong the efficiency of your car.

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And she submits to the tide of progress without regret or envy, for the baker has relieved her of a terrific burden. The toil of preparing the week's supply is done—and the bread she now serves is always fresh!

Appreciating fully this new responsibility, bakers everywhere are always alert for any opportunity to improve their service.

In the natural course of such a policy, it was inevitable that they should rely more and more on Graham Brothers Trucks. In 1924 they bought over six per cent of Graham Brothers entire production—and this year they are well on the way to an even greater proportion. These sturdy trucks are attractive, long-lived and utterly dependable—and bakers know what these qualities mean!

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NO EQUAL FOR WEAR

THE BEST MINDS

(Continued from Page 31

Palm Beach, Florida, where the weather was, at the moment, milder. Smits sent them the tickets, and after a stay in Florida they decided to try New Orleans, where Mr. Fee was born and where he did some of his best early work. The Smits Film Company glanced over its books in the course of time and observed that The Great Amendment might be many things, but it would never be a cheap picture.

In Hollywood, Director Finch inquired of General Manager Plank concerning progress and the chance of an early start.

"Search me," replied Plank. "This baby is going to cost a ton of money."

"Can't we start on the sets or costumes?"

"How can you start? We don't know where this thing is laid, who works in it or what it's about."

"And later on they'll be bawling me out for making a costly picture," grumbled the director.

Nellie Timmins and Joe basked in the sunshine of true and perfect love, and examined parlor sets through plate-glass windows.

"I can't understand why you're afraid of Plank," Nellie said. "If you knew how I'd love to furnish a bungalow you'd go in and get your raise."

"I know my stuff," returned Joe. "I'm lucky to be drawing thirty. They laid off twelve carpenters this week, and Finch says we may not start on the Prohibition job for weeks."

"If you loved me," said Nellie, "you'd let me go on working."

"I love you, and that's why I won't let you go on working. I've watched these marriages where the husband and wife both work, and there's no luck in them."

"All right," said Nellie. "I wrote it all out in a little book, and if we don't get sick and never need any dental work and don't give anything to charity, it takes just thirty-five dollars a week for two people to live in Glendale—that is, if I make my own hats and you wear two clean shirts a week."

"I'll see Plank tomorrow," promised Joe, knowing he would probably do nothing of the sort.

Five weeks later Manager Campbell reported that Messrs. Fee and Harris seemed to be up against a stone wall.

"All right," responded Mr. Smits. "Fire Harris."

"I don't know where he is."

"Fire him when you locate him, because he has either hopelessly confused Fee and Winbigler or else these two celebrities don't seem to savvy what we need on the screen."

"Then what?" inquired the manager, who knew roughly the cost of the enterprise to date.

"I was talking it over with my wife," said the boss reflectively, staring out of his high window at a man painting a flagpole. "She pointed out where we made our first big mistake, and she's dead right. We should not have gone after Winbigler or Fee, because this is not a small-town picture, nor is it a society drama of night life in New York."

"What is it?"

"It's a Western—a tale of the open spaces, where a man's a man. Fee and Winbigler aren't getting anywhere, and Harris was a mistake. There's only one man who can do this thing right and that's Mack Wanderwell."

"The red-blooded novelist?"

"None other."

"Who would you get to do the scenario with him?"

"Annie Hansen, the highest-paid woman scenario writer on the Coast. She's due in New York this week, and I'm going to have her and Wanderwell start immediately. We've lost a heap of time."

"And some money," added Campbell.

"It's too big to consider cost now. Done right, this picture will gross a million and a half as sure as my name is Mortimer Smits."

In the West Coast Studios, Manager Plank dictated a plain memorandum, stating that because of unforeseen delays and high overhead, all members of the George Finch unit would be paid off until further notice. The order included all except Director Finch, who had a contract.

"Does this mean I'm fired?" Joe Bell asked, waving the pink slip at his immediate boss.

"Of course not," smiled Finch cheerily. "The minute they get our story ready, everybody goes back on pay."

"How long?"

"Oh, a week or two; maybe three."

Joe took his bad news down the line and found Nellie combing a red wig

"I'm laid off," he said. "I sort of expected this."

Nellie's eyes sparkled angrily.

"The pigs!" she said.

"Well, they can't get started on our next story. Where would we be now if we were married?"

"Out of the movies, maybe, and better off. Are they going to take you back?"

"Sure. The minute Finch gets his script."

New days joined those that have crept into the jaws of eternity, and between them Mr. Wanderwell and Miss Hansen tossed the situations upon which The Great Amendment would presently arise to astound and entertain the world. The novelist moved the action to Red Butte, Arizona, where there is more truly red blood per voter than anywhere else in America and a man is a man virtually twenty-four hours a day.

In order to catch the exact spirit and do the job right, Wanderwell called for his secretary and the two of them left New York, occupying a compartment and a half, and later on he devised brisk and exciting incidents in Red Butte itself. Miss Hansen joined him there for conference and put up at the Grand Cañon Hotel, where a person can work steadily upon a scenario and be free from interruptions, except for the noise of occasional pistol shots, as one red-blooded resident talked things over with another.

The Wanderwell version of the great epic was never completely finished, owing to a telegram from the Smits Film Company, recalling novelist and scenarist. It read:

"Have changed plans on Great Amendment. Return immediately and drop everything. Smits."

This telegram was inspired and brought about exclusively by Miss Jessie Monkton, stenographer, adviser and private secretary to Mortimer Smits. She had stringy hair and toed in when she walked, but within her soul burned the fires of romance.

"I know who ought to do your Prohibition picture, Mr. Smits," she said on a rainy Monday morning in New York.

"Who?" Smits asked, his manner distinctly gloomy.

He had been going over things with Campbell, from whom he had learned that Wanderwell and Hansen were struggling with the hero, who had gone somewhere, consumed a glass or two of prewar beer and dropped clear off the social map.

"Who?" he repeated, with a trace of bitterness.

"Martha McCoy," replied his secretary. "The love expert."

Mr. Smits arose instantly, pounded his desk once with his fist and called for the general manager.

"Jessie," he said, "you are absolutely right. Why didn't I think of her before?"

"Mrs. McCoy writes the best love stories anywhere," said Jessie.

"True," said the president. "Where is Mrs. McCoy?"

Jessie said that she didn't know, but the reliable Campbell located the novelist in a modest nine-room suite on Park Avenue.

Mr. Smits called in person, and remained standing upon a large, indefinite animal rug before the fireplace until the love expert swept into the room, dressed in an old Greek costume adorned with beads.

"Whom have I the honor of addressing?" she asked, and Smits told her, holding his hat at right angles. He added that he desired immediately a knock-out love story for the Smits Film Company, which would intertwine perfectly with the important subject of Prohibition and result in an epic photoplay.

"I shall be glad to undertake the commission," the lady said, smiling slightly. "Let us now discuss terms."

Terms were discussed and the love proponent was promised an immediate voucher, to be followed by other vouchers as the tale unfolded.

"Excellent," she said. "And I shall require no help from these persons you call scenarists. I shall produce a story for you equally as good as my recent Soiled Souls, and perhaps better."

"Fine!" said the delighted Smits.

He taxied back to his office and dictated telegrams to Hollywood, notifying department heads that no mistake would be made in denominating the forthcoming picture as one of the master dramas of all time.

"Maybe," mourned General Manager Plank, of the West Coast Studios, reading the fresh news, "but if this keeps up, nobody will ever make a dime out of this Prohibition picture, even if it's the best thing ever done."

Joe Bell kept in melancholy touch with the studio, waiting patiently for good news, and Nellie held to her despised job. Of an evening they continued to go riding in Joe's battered car. At the conclusion of a long drive to the beach, during which their future seemed to grow bleaker than ever, Joe and Nellie sat in the Timmins kitchen, so as not to disturb old man Timmins, who was working on the crystal set.

"If Smits would only get Prohibition going, we could all go back to work," he said glumly.

"What's it about?" Nellie asked.

"About Prohibition, of course. A fellow goes looking for a job to please his girl, because so far he's no good, and just before he gets the job he bumps into a saloon, which ruins him. The whole thing proves that we're better off than we were."

"What's the rest of it?"

"Search me. That's all. They've had that much for months, which is why I'm off the pay roll."

"Let's us make up something," Nellie said.

"Huh," said Joe. "Don't make me laugh."

"We know what they do in the movies," insisted Nellie.

"Sa-ay! They've had a barnyardful of book authors plugging on this since last year."

"We could do it if we tried. You're smarter than any boy I know. I'll go in and ask father for his pencil."

"We haven't anything else to do," said Joe thoughtfully.

And so, on the Timmins kitchen table, using such sheets of paper as came readily to hand, Joe and Nellie evolved a tragic tale of love and alcohol, starting in the old days when a man could buy a glass of light beer for the sum of five cents. There was high adventure for the hero, who sank to depths indescribable before he began his ultimate rise, a rise directly caused by the advent of Prohibition in America. It contained a great many exciting incidents which Joe and Nellie had seen in other movies, and there was a dramatic scene when the young hero overcame his craving for bourbon. Four glasses and a bottle were used in this scene.

"That isn't so bad, now, is it?" Nellie demanded as the clock struck twelve.

"I dunno," said Joe

"I think it's wonderful. You show that to George Finch tomorrow and see what he says."

(Continued on Page 173)

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HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

1925

(Continued from Page 171)

"Haven't you got any home?" asked old man Timmins, coming in from the other room, after proving conclusively that the man doesn't live who can bring in Denver on a crystal set.

Joe folded the papers into an irregular lump and retired.

He went early to the studio the following morning and found Director Finch idling in his office, with telegrams from New York advising that progress was being made and that definite word would soon be sent.

"Here's something I wrote," said Joe, handing in the papers.

"What is it?"

"Well, it's that story about prohibition. I want to get back to work, so me and my girl wrote out some suggestions last night, and here they are."

"Leave it on the desk," said Finch, smiling inwardly and not wishing to hurt the feelings of his second cameraman. Later he read the rumpled papers, having nothing better to do. Joe Bell, hiding behind a set, observed him come out of his office somewhat hurriedly and walk toward the executive department.

"If you want to start work," Finch said to Plank, "we can begin tomorrow. I can take this and shoot tomorrow morning, because there's your much-beloved Prohibition story, and it's pretty durned good, or I'm no director."

"Where'd you get it?"

"My second cameraman wrote it," answered Finch. "Carmody is here and we can cast this thing today. This is a rough outline, but it can be plastered into shape if you'll put a couple of good script writers on it."

Plank stared in doubt.

"I'll have Wilson and James read it," he said.

"Let me know," said Finch, departing.

Next morning in New York City, President Smits opened a telegram which said:

"Starting production on Prohibition. Very good little story and made right here in the studio. Advise your O. K. on this, because with present cost on picture, any further delay ruinous. Plank."

"Call up Mrs. McCoy," Smits said, turning to his secretary.

This was done and the lady novelist informed Smits that she had her hero clearly in mind, and had, in fact, started him upon the career of debauchery from which she later intended to rescue him.

"Mail in what you've got," said Smits, and there was a certain distinct sadness in his tone. He then took the first train for California, after sending a telegram which read:

"Go ahead on Prohibition. Am leaving for coast today. Smits."

Mr. Finch plunged at once into the preliminaries of sets, and two script writers hurried the story into shootable form. Within the week, Joe Bell was restored to the pay roll, along with the electricians, carpenters and mechanics.

"At how much?" Nellie asked of her future husband.

"Dunno," said Joe. "Nobody said anything to me."

"You go right in and see Plank about it," the girl commanded. "I guess you've got a raise coming to you—now."

"He's pretty busy," Joe said weakly.

"You see him today."

"All right," Joe promised.

He asked the secretary in charge if it would be convenient for Mr. Plank to grant an interview, to which an answer was given that Joe could see the boss at three o'clock.

At that hour half a dozen leading officials of the Smits Film Company sat in leather chairs in Plank's office and President Smits led the conversation.

"Who got this story together?" he inquired.

"One of our cameramen," Plank answered. "We wasted a good deal of time before we started, but we're going to have a great motion picture."

"We are," admitted Smits. "What's the fellow's name?"

"Whose name?"

"The cameraman's?"

"Joe Bell. He's just a young fellow and, by the way, he's coming to see me at three."

He looked at his watch. Smits cleared his throat.

"There's this to remember," he said slowly. "We can't let him hold us up. I'm as reasonable as anybody, but the fact is, we have spent about a hundred thousand on Prohibition, one way and another, before a scene was shot."

"We'll hear what he says," said Plank.

"There's no use wasting money," the president continued. "As it is, we will probably be in half a million before the final scene is shot."

"We won't let him impose upon us," Plank promised. "I've handled men too long. You leave it to me, Mr. Smits, and if this lad tries to sting us I'll lay him flat."

There was a knock on the door and the six faces within the room settled into a general look of sternness and grim determination.

Mr. Bell entered timidly and looked in surprise at the seated six.

"This is Mr. Smits," Plank said, rising.

Joe murmured incoherently and dropped his cap. He coughed twice and rubbed his left elbow uneasily.

"What's on your mind, Joe?" Plank asked, his voice genial and his manner friendly.

Joe wet his lips and remained speechless. Mr. Smits had fixed him with a look that amounted to a glare, and wherever he turned Joe saw nothing but motionless hostile faces.

"Why," he began—"why—why ——"

"Speak up, Joe," Plank said.

"I didn't expect a crowd," Joe said desperately. "I wanted to see Mr. Plank."

"You'll say what you've got to say right here before all of us. These men are company officials."

"All right then," Joe said desperately. "I'm drawing thirty now and have been for two years, and I think I ought to get thirty-five."

Officials glanced wonderingly at one another. Joe half expected to be ordered from the room. There was an instant of perfect silence.

"I think you can give him thirty-five," said Mr. Smits, looking toward his general manager.

"Certainly," agreed Plank.

"Thanks," said Joe, backing toward the door.

"You'll start at thirty-five today," concluded the general manager.

"Thanks," Joe repeated. He then disappeared.

"Well," said Smits, smiling for the first time, "the age of miracles is not over."

Joe Bell strode radiantly down the asphalt lane toward Mildred Harley's dressing room and found Nellie.

"I got it," he said, grinning.

"Got what?" she asked

"Thirty-five. Now we can be married."

Nellie smiled up at her sweetheart.

"Did they act nice about it?" she asked.

"Did they! Say, they were just as friendly as could be; nothing to it at all. Smits himself gave me the raise."

"Gee," said Nellie wistfully, "I wish you'd stung 'em for forty."

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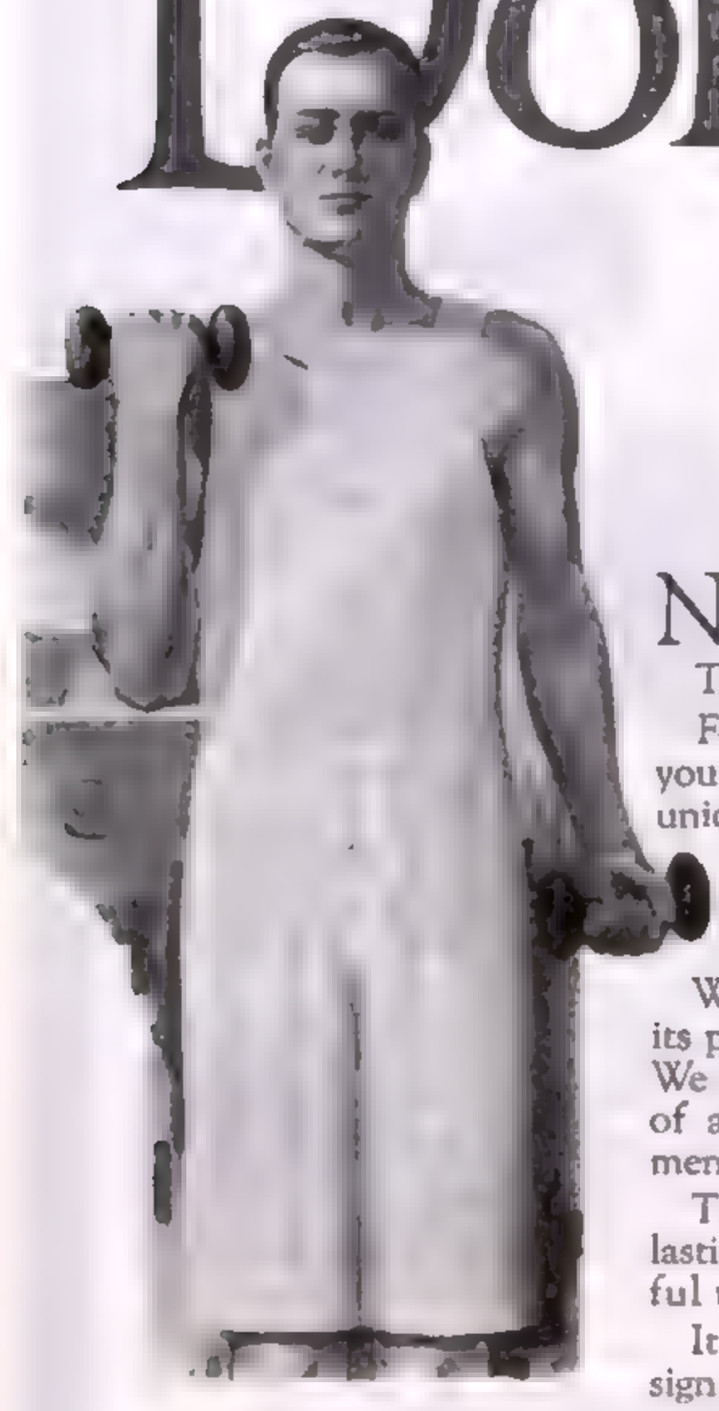
One Dollar



NOT all the old standards of value are gone.

There's still Dollar Topkis.

For the price of a golf ball, you can buy a big, generous union suit of fine fabric and excellent fit.

It's like finding money to buy Dollar Topkis.

When we built Topkis, its price was not considered. We sought to create the type of athletic union suit that men most desired.

That meant, of course, fine, lasting fabric. It meant careful tailoring, accurate fit.

It meant, above all, a design that would give loose, easy-fitting comfort.

Then we did something phenomenal. We priced this unusual, and long-awaited union suit at just a dollar.

What happened?

Men swarmed to Topkis. Never before had they been able to get such a garment. And the cost was just a dollar.

Go to your dealer's today. Ask him for Dollar Topkis.

Topkis Men's Union Suits . . . $1.00. Men's Shirts and Drawers, 75c each Boys' Union, Girls' Bloomer Union, Children's Waist Union Suits, 75c. In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50

Buy Topkis by the bar—the easy, convenient way. Six splendid suits for six dollars. Look for the label.

Write for free illustrated booklet

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY
Wilmington, Delaware
General Sales Offices:
95 Worth St., at Broadway, New York

TOPKIS
Athletic Underwear

EASY MONEY

(Continued from Page 26)

Together with a detective from the New York police force the business man journeyed again to the little white farmhouse, but a great change had taken place since his first visit. The house was deserted: the chickens had vanished; and although the cows still grazed in the neighboring field, inquiry disclosed that they belonged to a near-by farm. The house was bare of furniture. There was no sight of the genial affable farmer.

The dupe then consulted a lawyer and was informed that, although he unquestionably had been victimized, it was doubtful whether any crime had been committed for which anyone could be punished. The fake bankers and financiers, while undoubtedly part of a scheme to defraud, had not violated any law, and it was impossible to show that any connection existed between them and the farmer. Moreover, the farmer had not only told him repeatedly that the stock was worthless, but had tried to dissuade him from purchasing it. Certainly he had done nothing for which the law could punish him. The disgusted business man departed for home, a sadder and a wiser man.

Matched Pearls

During the past year a prominent jewelry house was trimmed of several thousand dollars, and its lawyers are still trying to figure out a way to punish the perpetrator of the swindle. This is the story:

One day last winter a tall breezy athletic-looking Westerner entered a New York jewelry store and told the salesman that he wished to purchase a rose pearl for his wife. They had been up against it for many years, he confided to the salesman, but recently he had struck it rich. Oil had been discovered on some land he owned out in Oklahoma. His wife was going to have a birthday the following week, and he had decided to splurge this time to make up for all the lean birthdays she had had in the past. And she had set her heart on owning a rose pearl.

Rose pearls were rather hard to obtain, the salesman explained, but he would see what could be done. The following day the salesman called at the luxurious hotel apartment of the Westerner.

"This is one of the finest pearls I've ever seen," said the salesman, "but it's pretty expensive."

"How much?" asked the Westerner.

"Ten thousand dollars," said the salesman.

The Westerner drew a roll of bills from his pocket and peeled off ten one-thousand-dollar bills. The salesman handed over the pearl and a receipt.

The following day the Westerner appeared again at the jewelry store.

"My wife's just crazy about that pearl," he said. "She's as pleased as a kid with it, and I thought that if I could get another one to match it I could have a pair of earrings made for her."

"I'm afraid that's going to be a pretty difficult proposition," said the salesman. "There aren't many pearls like that, and it's going to be hard to find one that will match."

"Well, she's set her heart on it, and anything she wants she's going to have," said the Westerner.

They decided to consult the manager of the store.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the manager. "I'll assign this man to the job. He knows the pearl. We'll let him scout around for a week or so, and perhaps he'll be lucky enough to find something."

About three days later the salesman called on the Westerner at his hotel.

"I think I've located something," he said. "There's a wealthy woman in New Jersey who owns a pearl which, from the description, seems to be pretty much like yours. But it's going to come high, because I understand that she is not anxious to sell."

"How much do you think?" the Westerner asked

"I don't know," said the salesman. "We have to make our profit, of course. I should say somewhere around twenty thousand."

"All right," said the Westerner; "I'll go as high as twenty thousand, provided, of course, it matches."

The following day the salesman took the train and called on the owner of the pearl. It was better than he had expected; in luster, weight, shape and beauty it was in every way a fitting companion to the pearl he had sold the week before. After some negotiating and bargaining he finally succeeded in purchasing it for seventeen thousand dollars.

Immediately upon his return to New York he called up his customer, and was informed by the hotel clerk that the breezy Westerner had checked out that morning and had left no address. Quite puzzled, he returned to the store, took the rose pearl out of his pocket and examined it again. Then it dawned upon him for the first time that the pearl that he had bought that day in New Jersey for seventeen thousand dollars was the identical pearl that he had sold a few days before for ten thousand dollars!

No crime had been committed. The Western gentleman had made no misrepresentations; the lady in New Jersey had made no misrepresentations. Everything had been strictly legal and technically, at least, on the level.

The professional swindler is not always able to keep within the law. His ambition, of course, is to devise schemes to acquire easy money without transgressing the provisions of the penal statutes—an ambition, I may say, that is not confined exclusively to the criminal classes. But that sort of offense requires ingenuity that is almost genius. The average criminal often takes long and desperate chances.

One of the most amusing as well as the most audacious crimes I know of was committed a few years ago by a woman. In those days she was not so well known to the police as she is now, and was able, therefore, to carry on her professional activities with a fair degree of security.

A Surprise Party

It was the day before Christmas, and the New York department stores were in their annual condition of hysteria and turmoil, due to the inevitable rush of customers who had neglected to do their Christmas shopping early. The fair adventuress entered one of the largest and busiest stores, and made purchases amounting to nearly four thousand dollars.

"I have no charge account here," she said, "and I haven't that much money with me. But if you will let your house detective accompany me to my house I'll pay him. I'm anxious to take my purchases with me because I bought them for Christmas presents."

That seemed fair enough, so her purchases were delivered to her, and she and the house detective, a hard-boiled former member of the police force, drove away in a taxicab.

The taxicab drew up before a handsome private house near Central Park, and the lady and the detective dismounted. The door was opened by a liveried servant, and the detective found himself with the lady in a luxuriously furnished foyer.

"Will you tell them we're here?" she said to the servant.

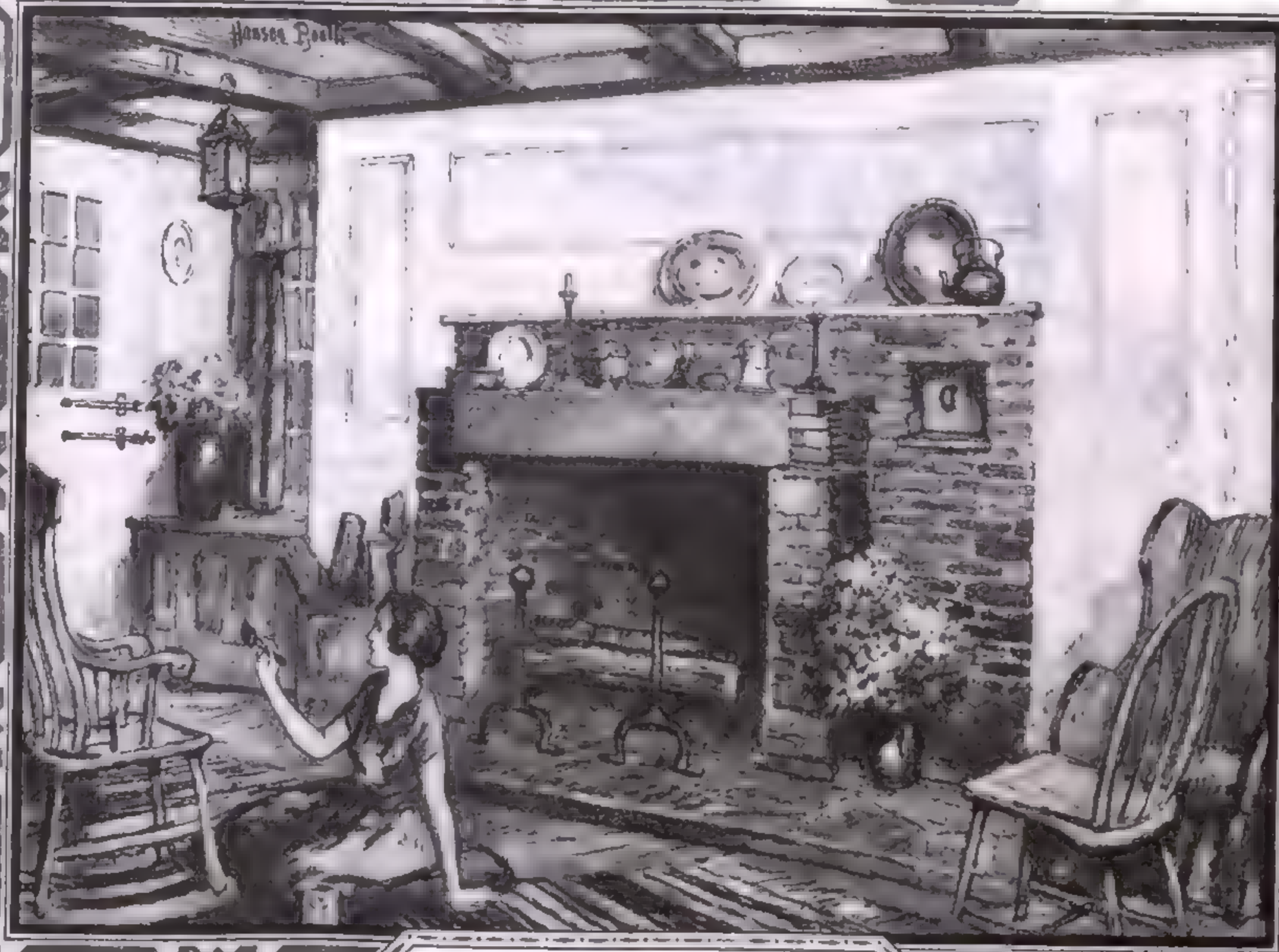
A moment later two husky athletic young men wearing white coats entered the room.

"Here he is," she said pleasantly, indicating the house detective.

The two young men walked over to the sleuth and seized him kindly but firmly by the arms.

"What the devil!" he exclaimed.

(Continued on Page 177)



Painted by Hanson Booth

Copyright 1935, P&L

Vitralite
The Long-Life Enamel

Whether you live in a quaint colonial cottage or a modern home, the lustrous glow of Vitralite, *the Long-Life Enamel*, on the woodwork and furniture will add even greater charm. Both white and tints are so durable they are guaranteed three years. Vitralite is *not* expensive, because it spreads so far and lasts so long.

Color card and sample panel, with names of P&L dealers will be gladly sent you on request.

Save the surface and you save all

P&L Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by dealers everywhere.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

Boyce-ite

A Remarkable Guarantee!

This advertisement is addressed to every automotive jobber, dealer, and gasoline distributor in the United States

BOYCE-ITE was the sensation of 1924. Twenty million cans of this remarkable gasoline improver were sold. As a result of records now before us backed by laboratory research, we are prepared to offer the following astounding guarantee:

> **"REGARDLESS of the mechanical condition or design of your motor, or the grade of gasoline or oil used, if after adopting Boyce-ite treated gasoline as your standard motor fuel you ever again find it necessary to remove carbon, have that carbon burned out and send us the bill! A check will be sent you immediately."**

Now, we stand back of this guarantee in any way you choose to interpret it.

We know there will be many cars which, because of mechanical defects or conditions such as carburetor adjustments, or hard carbon deposits already formed, will be unfavorable to Boyce-ite, because Boyce-ite never has been nor ever will be a "cure-all."

We know, too, that the mechanic who loves to gouge out hard carbon from the delicate parts of a motor will not be enthusiastic about this Boyce-ite guarantee, but you who have the car-owner's interest at heart will welcome it.

We know, also, some unscrupulous persons will impose upon us under the terms of such a broad guarantee, but that guarantee stands!

Stop and think what this means. You are no longer selling a product called Boyce-ite, you are selling a service called Boyce-ite—a service that once and for all relieves the motorist of the thousand and one troubles caused by present day gasoline. It ends all arguments about the merits of Boyce-ite.

Now, there is a reason for this Boyce-ite guarantee—experience has shown us that the average motorist is not interested in any statements regarding Boyce-ite by scientific authorities, no matter how favorable they may be.

The average motorist is not greatly excited over the fact that we have one of the most completely equipped laboratories in the country for the testing of non-carbon-forming motor fuels.

The average motorist is not interested in the fact that we have spent a fortune in the continual improvement of Boyce-ite, or that Boyce-ite is far more powerful in action than it was a few months ago.

Here's what the average motorist *is* interested in—**"Will my motor operate more satisfactorily, more economically and over a longer period of time, with fewer trips to the repair shop, when Boyce-ite treated gasoline is used, than with any other motor fuel I can buy?"**

The Boyce-ite guarantee is the complete answer to that question and will be broadcast to the entire motoring public in big space advertisements. It will be the sensation of the year.

The car owner from now on who adopts Boyce-ite treated gasoline as his standard motor fuel will not only be relieved of all carbon expense, but in addition will receive the following benefits—quick start; faster pick-up; more miles per gallon and smoother operation.

Under this unqualified guarantee, which you are now at liberty to use, all arguments about Boyce-ite are forever swept aside.

Boyce-ite makes good in every car or we will.

* * *

Now, let me make a suggestion:

Last year, at the height of the season, the demand for Boyce-ite outstripped production. In spite of greatly increased factory facilities, it is probable that the shortage this year will be far greater, owing to this remarkable guarantee.

The time for you to stock Boyce-ite is NOW!

Boyce-ite Blu-Green Gasoline, already mixed for your convenience and identified by its blue-green color, may be obtained direct from the pump at the leading filling stations in over one hundred important cities.

Boyce-ite ingredient for making your own fuel may be obtained in the small handy container at hardware stores, garages, accessory stores and filling stations.

Thomas Boyce

President

BOYCE & VEEDER CO., INC.
Long Island City, N.Y.

Continued from Page 174

"It's all right," said one of the young men. "Just come along with us."

"Wait a minute," expostulated the detective. "There's some mistake here. I'm the house detective at Blank's."

"Yes, we know all about that," said the other young man. "Just come along."

And without more ado they dragged him struggling and infuriated from the room. The beautiful young lady smiled sweetly and vanished into the night.

After a miserable hour of attempted explanation, argument and telephonic communication with the department store, the unhappy sleuth learned that he was in a private sanitarium for mental cases. The young woman, they told him, had called at the sanitarium that morning and told them a sad story of her husband who had suddenly become insane. He had always been an avid reader of detective stories, she said to the doctor, and his aberration had taken the strange form of believing that he was a detective. He carried a pistol and he had even bought a secondhand badge somewhere. Before she left she made arrangements to bring her husband to the sanitarium that evening. By the time the detective was extricated from his predicament the young lady was on a fast train bound for parts unknown.

Easy Money

The prohibition laws have proved to be a fertile field for the confidence men. Any number of stories might be told of large sums of money paid for alleged liquor which turned out to be nothing but water. However, there are numerous cases in which the devices employed were more subtle and ingenious.

Mr. Blank, a shrewd and seasoned swindler, met a man whom he knew casually, named Dash.

"If I could raise some money," said Blank, "I could clean up a fortune."

Dash intimated that he had some money to invest and was not averse to cleaning up a fortune himself.

"My closest pal," Blank explained, "is the prohibition enforcement commissioner. I can fix it with him so that we can get withdrawal certificates—to take liquor out of bond. It's worth millions to us."

"It has possibilities," Dash assented. "But I'm from Missouri. I'd like to meet the commissioner and see for myself."

"Well, that can be arranged," said Blank. "He's coming in from Washington this morning. Let's go down to the station and meet him."

In the meantime Blank's accomplice had taken the train to Manhattan Transfer and boarded the incoming Washington train. Upon his arrival in New York he greeted his friend, Blank, cordially.

"I'm in a hurry to get to the office," he said; "drive down in the taxi with me."

On the way downtown in the taxicab the withdrawal certificates were discussed and certain financial arrangements were made. The private office of the commissioner was at the end of a long hall. As they walked down the hall the pseudo-commissioner, who had the nerve and impudence of twenty men—an indispensable asset in his profession—bowed cordially and affably to the groups of men gathered before the private office. Naturally they responded to his hearty "Good morning, gentlemen," with an equally courteous and friendly greeting. The fake commissioner without a moment's hesitation walked to the door marked "Commissioner" and entered the room, leaving Dash and Blank standing in the hall. Dash did not know, of course, that the "commissioner," once inside the room, strode rapidly through the empty private office and disappeared out a side door. Mr. Dash was completely impressed by this performance.

"Now I don't want you to give up a cent until we're sure about this thing," said Blank. "The commissioner said it would cost forty thousand dollars. Suppose we deposit this money under our joint names so that neither one can draw out the money without the other's signature."

This seemed fair to Dash. He converted everything he had in the world into cash, and deposited the forty thousand dollars in the bank under the joint names of Dash and Blank.

A few days later Blank forged Dash's signature and withdrew the forty thousand dollars. On the first day of the following month he called at the bank and received the canceled vouchers and destroyed them. After several months had passed, during which Dash did not hear from his accomplice, he called at the bank to see how his forty thousand dollars were getting on. What he learned upset him strangely.

Blank was subsequently arrested and indicted, but when his case was brought to trial he was acquitted. Without the forged checks it was impossible for the prosecutor to prove his case.

A Novel Gem Fraud

One of the smoothest schemes I ever saw put across was worked in an Eastern city about a year ago. The perpetrator—a tall handsome young fellow, and one of the most skillful swindlers in the business—is, I believe, still at large.

He arrived in town one morning and registered at a prominent hotel under the name of John Doe. A day or two after his arrival he called at the desk and inquired for his mail. The clerk told him there was none.

"That's funny," said Mr. Doe. "I'm expecting some very important letters. I wonder if they could have gone astray."

"I'll tell you what might have happened," said the clerk. "We have another guest at this hotel whose name is the same as yours—John Doe. He's the president of one of the big banks in the city. It's barely possible that your letters were sent up to his room. I'll call him up at once and inquire."

"Sure, I got the letters," said the banker. "Send Mr. Doe up and I'll give them to him."

Doe took the elevator up to the banker's suite.

"I must apologize for opening them," said the bank president. "I thought they were for me. One was a business letter."

"From my partner," said Doe

"And one was from a lady."

"My wife."

They chatted awhile and joked about the similarity of names.

"I wonder if I could trouble you to do me a slight favor," said Doe. "I'm leaving here tomorrow to be gone about two days. I'm expecting an important package by registered parcel post. It's probable that they'll send it up to you. Would you sign for it and hold it for me until I return?"

"Sure," said the banker.

When Doe returned to the hotel three days later he called on the banker.

"Here's your package," said the bank president, handing him a small package securely sealed with wax.

Doe was profuse in expressing his gratitude.

"Not at all," said the banker. "It was absolutely no trouble. I was glad to do it."

Doe left the hotel that night and, so far as the banker and the police know, he disappeared into space. The sequel, however, is interesting. The following month the bank president received a bill from a large New York jewelry concern for an expensive pearl necklace which they had mailed to him and for which he had signed a receipt.

The Money Machine

And so it goes. No matter how alert and sophisticated we may think we are, the ingenious confidence man manages always to keep one lap ahead. Many of the methods used today were old in the days of Noah, but dressed up in modern trimmings they are hard to recognize. Modern inventions and discoveries are serving the clever crooks, as well as the honest members of society. The radio, the aeroplane—all are at the service of the astute gentry who live by their wits. The antiquated green-goods game is worked every day, but the old-fashioned green goods have been supplanted by the more up-to-date commodities, such as platinum and radium.

I once saw a machine that was guaranteed to manufacture currency that could defy detection. The inventor inserted blank slips of white paper, and genuine hundred-dollar bills emerged. This was during the time the Germans were occupying Brussels, and the swindler had represented to his victim that he had obtained a list of the numbers on the American currency in the Belgian Treasury. These numbers, he said, could be placed upon the notes manufactured by the machine so that the deception could never be detected.

The machine was an elaborate affair—a huge box filled with wires, wheels, electric lights and a mysterious jumble of machinery. It must have cost a couple of hundred dollars, but it was worth it, for it netted its ingenious manufacturer several thousand dollars before he was finally caught and sent to Sing Sing.

After all, the strongest resource of the professional swindler is the avarice and cupidity of a large percentage of the human race. The con man will thrive and flourish just so long as the desire for easy money continues to be one of the strongest instincts in us.

Enright's "all O' the Wheat" Bread

100% Whole Wheat

is the bread you have been looking for. We make the flour and the bread is baked by the best baker in your town. Buy it from your grocer and eat it every meal.

OLD FASHIONED MILLERS, INC.
SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

"Old Town Canoes"

Double the charm of your outing

WHEN you plan your vacation this year, be sure to include an "Old Town Canoe" in those plans. "Old Towns" are light—they respond quickly and easily to every stroke of the blade.

In design, "Old Town Canoes" are beautiful. They are patterned after real Indian models. The price of "Old Towns" is remarkably reasonable. $64 up. From dealer or factory.

• • • •

The 1925 catalog shows all models in full colors. It is free. Write for your copy today. OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 505 Fourth Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

Making the most of room and weight

The war taught whole nations that weight was not necessarily strength—that size was not always power.

IN nearly every field of life there is a movement toward economy of space, weight, and size.

There is a marked tendency to use the space that was not being used and to get some service from every ounce, every inch, and every second that we find at our disposal.

Here are examples that indicate a definite appreciation of the fact that extra space and extra weight are not virtues in themselves:

In style—This is the day of the small house, the thin watch, and the light car.

In conveniences of life—We have the portable typewriter, baby grand pianos, pocket cameras, light canvas golf bags, tabloid newspapers.

In hotels—The small, compact, pleasant room is replacing the large, over-furnished room.

On the farm—Making every acre yield is regarded as a surer way to prosperity than having enormous ranches with much unused land.

The world is ready to acclaim any idea, any invention that serves to do things in less time, with less cost, with less effort, or with less waste.

Without the slightest damage to the halftone illustrations, broadsides on Warren's Thintext similar to those reproduced here can be folded to fit the small envelope shown in the lower left corner. And the weight of a broadside, letter and envelope is less than one ounce

How printing and paper save time and money

Printing and paper have always helped save the time, money and labor of communication. They made the book a thing that every man could hold and that every man could own. Printing and paper made education something that many could give and all could have. Printing and paper made the advertisement by which the great manufacturer could talk to a nation, the great merchant could talk to a city, the little merchant could address his local community.

Even the poor workman out of a job could advertise and get one.

The package insert, the envelope enclosure, the compact booklet are savers of space and of the time of men.

Nearly every article that is packed in factory or store is the better for some piece of printing that explains its purpose or its use, or that pictures or describes other articles the seller has to offer.

Nearly every package that is made up to be sold contains space for such printing useful to buyer and seller alike.

In many letters there is a margin of space in the envelope that is not used, a slight margin of weight in the postage paid that is not used. All that unused space and unused postage can now be used to carry a printed message that will save the time of salesmen, increase the business of manufacturers and merchants, and give every buyer of goods a better understanding of the thing he has bought.

Now Warren's Thintext creates a vast new field for the use of printing

S. D. Warren Company has developed a thin printing paper—a paper so thin and light that it is only one-third as thick and one-third as heavy as an average coated catalog paper. Yet this paper can be printed and bound like any other paper.

This thin paper called Warren's Thintext is the latest contribution of S. D. Warren Company to the printing and reading world.

Warren made for America the first coated paper that gave to halftone printing and color printing the quality of true reproduction. Warren also developed Cameo, the father of all dull-coated paper.

The use of Warren's Thintext means that first-class or third-class postage can carry a letter and also reports, data, and

description in folder or booklet form that if printed on heavier paper would double or treble the postage cost.

To printers Thintext means a vast new field for printing. For here is a paper so light and thin that a pamphlet of eight or even twelve pages can be packed in a pill-box on top of the pills

Or a broadside as large as a windowpane with envelope can be mailed for 1½ cents.

Warren's Thintext, the latest achievement of S. D. Warren Company in paper making, appears destined not to supplant other papers so much as to establish new uses of printing and new forms in which printing can be used.

This paper, which has a remarkable opacity for so thin a sheet, will take halftone engravings of 120-screen. Almost any type face can be used, though the heavier ones are not recommended. It is tough, binds well, lies flat, and does not readily puncture. It is pleasant to the touch and will not scratch delicate surfaces.

Examples of the use of Warren's Thintext

An eight-page circular that will fold and wrap around the neck of a two-ounce bottle.

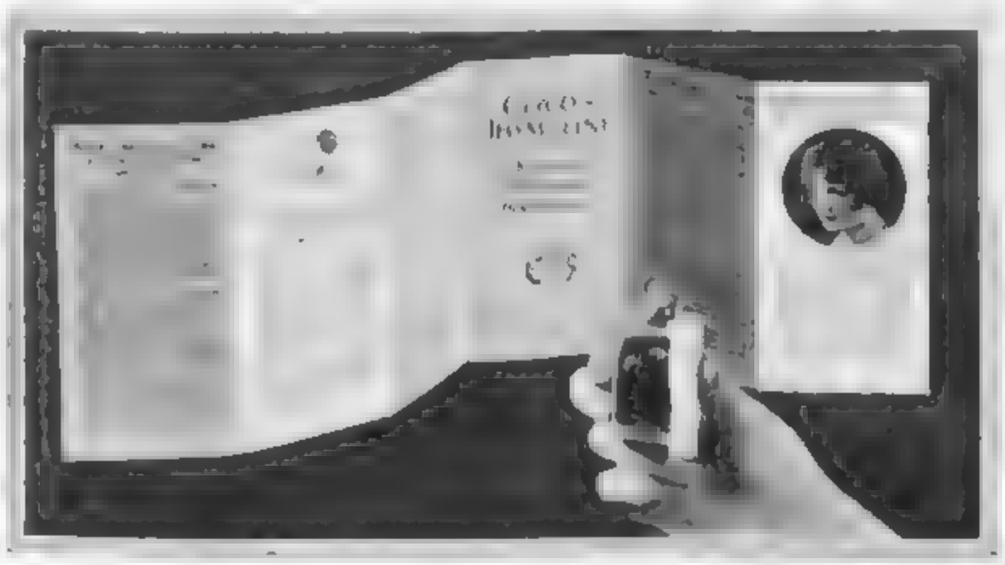
Novels like David Copperfield, over 900 pages long, set in large type yet making a book only 8 ounces in weight and less than ¾ of an inch thick.

Reproductions of advertisements—either newspaper or magazine, actual size or enlarged—can be folded and mailed in an ordinary envelope with or without an accompanying letter.

Price lists, store announcements and broadsides can contain many pages and still fold to fit without bulging a man's coat pocket or a woman's handbag.

Very large catalogs can be attractively printed and mailed at a substantial saving in weight and postage.

Salesmen's data books that go in the vest pocket without crowding or bulging.



A small sample of Glyco-Thymoline and the 12-page circular that goes with it. Printed on Warren's Thintext this entirely adequate descriptive circular folds into small space and wraps around the vial. Thintext bears repeated folding without injury.

A few users of Warren's Thintext

Thomas Nelson & Sons, publishers of The New Century Library and fine Bibles; the Packard Motor Car Company; the Boston and Maine Railroad; the A. S. Hinds Company—Hinds Honey and Almond Cream; National Casket Company; Bird & Son, Inc.; The Stanley Works—Stanley Four Square Household Tools; National Fireproofing Co.; the Law Books of different States.

To Printers, Merchants, Manufacturers, and Buyers of Printing

If you would care to read booklets descriptive of Warren's Thintext, or of any other Warren Paper, you may obtain them on application to any paper merchant in or near your city who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers. In addition S. D. Warren Company is issuing through these merchants, books dealing with preparation, production, and profitable use of direct advertising. These books may be obtained as they come out from paper merchants selling Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or direct from us. S. D. Warren Co., 101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Warren's Thintext and other Warren Papers are carried in stock by these merchants:

Warren Papers are sold by representative paper merchants, so located in the larger cities as to be able to serve any printer in any town in the country. These firms carry Warren's Standard Printing Papers in stock and are prepared to give prompt and efficient service to printers:

Albany, N. Y.	Hudson Valley Paper Company
Atlanta, Ga.	Sloan Paper Company
Baltimore, Md.	The Barton, Duer & Koch Paper Company
Birmingham, Ala.	The Diem & Wing Paper Company
Boston, Mass.	Storrs & Bement Company
Buffalo, N. Y.	The Alling & Cory Company
Charlotte, N. C.	Caskie-Dillard Company, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.	Chicago Paper Company The Paper Mills' Company
Cincinnati, Ohio	The Diem & Wing Paper Company
Cleveland, Ohio	The Petrequin Paper Company
Columbus, Ohio	The Central Ohio Paper Company
Dallas, Texas	Olmsted-Kirk Company
Denver, Colo.	Carter, Rice & Carpenter Paper Co.
Des Moines, Iowa	Western Newspaper Union
Detroit, Mich.	Beecher, Peck & Lewis
Fresno, Cal.	Zellerbach Paper Company
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Quimby-Kain Paper Company
Hartford, Conn.	Henry Lindenmeyr & Sons
Indianapolis, Ind.	Crescent Paper Company
Jacksonville, Fla.	Antietam Paper Company, Inc.
Kansas City, Mo.	Midwestern Paper Company
Little Rock, Ark.	Western Newspaper Union
Los Angeles, Cal.	Zellerbach Paper Company
Louisville, Ky.	Miller Paper Company, Inc.
Lynchburg, Va.	Caskie-Dillard Company, Inc.
Memphis, Tenn.	Tayloe Paper Company
Milwaukee, Wis	The W. F. Nackie Paper Company
Minneapolis, Minn.	The John Leslie Paper Company
Nashville, Tenn.	Bond-Sanders Paper Company
Newark, N. J.	Henry Lindenmeyr & Sons Lasher & Lathrop, Inc.
New Haven, Conn.	Storrs & Bement Company
New Orleans, La.	The Diem & Wing Paper Company
New York City	Henry Lindenmeyr & Sons Lasher & Lathrop, Inc. The Alling & Cory Company
Oakland, Cal	Zellerbach Paper Company
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Western Newspaper Union
Omaha, Neb.	Field-Hamilton-Smith Paper Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.	D. L. Ward Company Charles Beck Company
Pittsburgh, Pa	The Alling & Cory Company
Portland, Me.	C. M. Rice Paper Company
Portland, Ore.	Zellerbach Paper Company
Richmond, Va	B. W. Wilson Paper Company
Rochester, N. Y.	The Alling & Cory Company
Sacramento, Cal.	Zellerbach Paper Company
St. Louis, Mo.	Beacon Paper Company Mack-Elliott Paper Company
St. Paul, Minn.	Nassau Paper Company
Salt Lake City, Utah	Zellerbach Paper Company
San Diego, Cal.	Zellerbach Paper Company
San Francisco, Cal.	Zellerbach Paper Company
Seattle, Wash.	Zellerbach Paper Company
Spokane, Wash.	Zellerbach Paper Company
Springfield, Mass.	The Paper House of New England
Toledo, Ohio	The Central Ohio Paper Company
Tulsa, Okla.	Tayloe Paper Company
Washington, D. C.	Stanford Paper Company
Wichita, Kansas	Western Newspaper Union

Export and Foreign

New York City (Export)	National Paper & Type Company
Australia (Brisbane, Melbourne, Sydney)	B. J. Ball, Ltd.
New Zealand (Auckland)	B. J. Ball, Ltd.
Hawaiian Islands	Zellerbach Paper Company
Argentina (Buenos Aires)	National Paper & Type Company
" Rosario)	National Paper & Type Company
Cuba (Havana)	National Paper & Type Company
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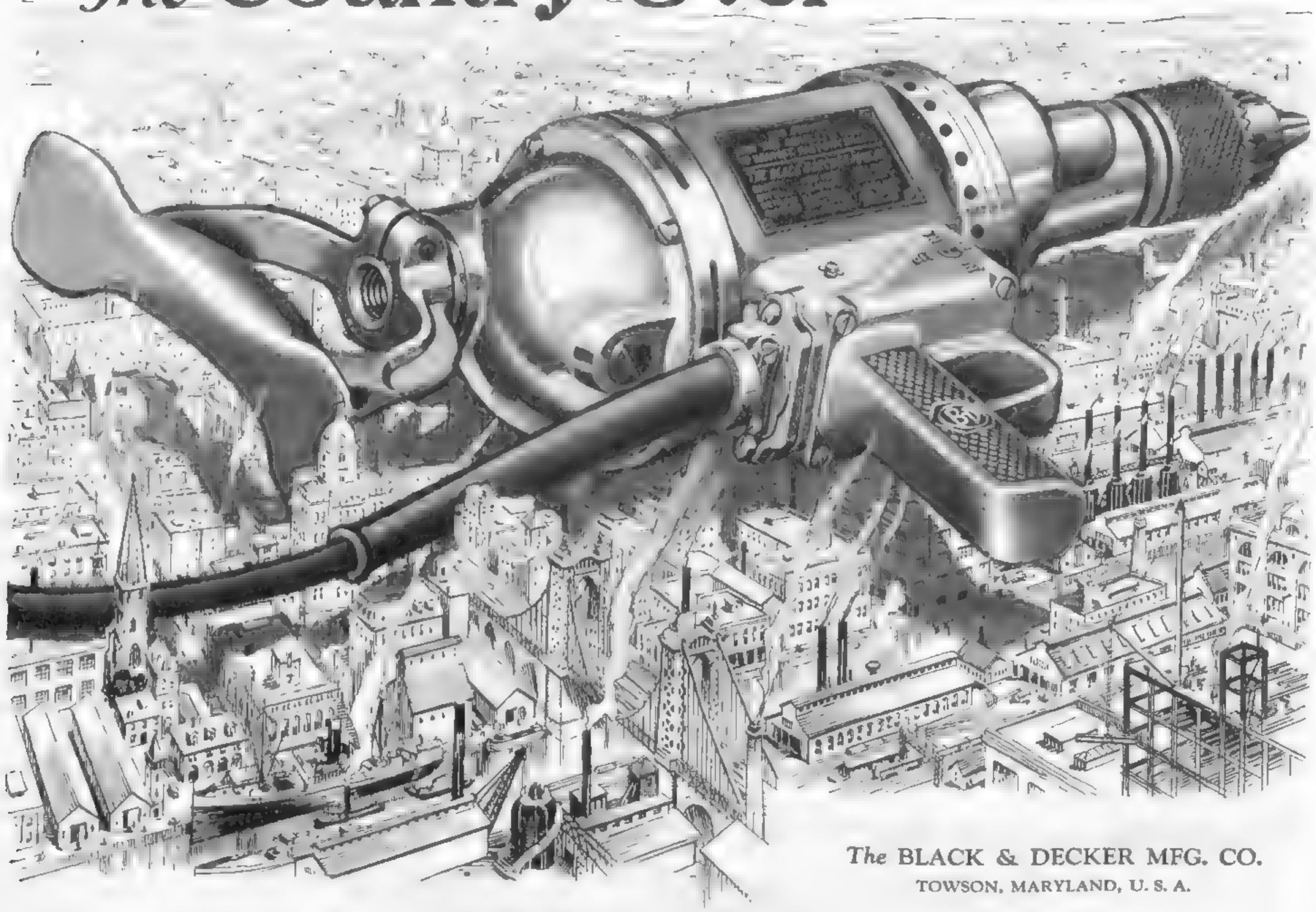
WARREN'S THINTEXT

One of 20 WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

The Country Over—



FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE—

Black & Decker Portable Electric Drills are carried in stock by the leading Mill Supply, Machinery, Electrical, Plumbing, Sheet Metal, and Automotive Supply houses.

The distribution system is so complete, that no matter where you are located you can secure Black & Decker Portable Electric tools, without delay, from your own supply house.

When the large industrial, which is operating thousands of Electric Drills, wants to speed up to take care of additional orders, it can secure the additional Electric Drills required without the delay which would result if it were obliged to order from the factory.

Probably the greatest convenience of the Black & Decker distribution system is for the hundreds of thousands who use Portable Electric Drills for maintenance of general machinery and buildings (this even includes hotels, office buildings and apartment houses). When a superintendent, engineer, millwright, or department foreman needs an Electric Drill in a hurry, he knows that his regular supply house can supply him with the Black & Decker without delay.

In addition to their mechanical excellence, the convenience with which they may be obtained saves much time and money.

THIS IS ANOTHER REASON WHY SO MANY CONCERNS HAVE STANDARDIZED ON BLACK & DECKER

The BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.
TOWSON, MARYLAND, U. S. A.

Canadian Factory:
Lyman Tube Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.

Branch Offices with Service Stations in

Boston	Philadelphia	Cleveland
Buffalo	Baltimore	Atlanta
Detroit	Minneapolis	Dallas
Chicago	San Francisco	Montreal
New York	St. Louis	Toronto
	Kansas City	

BLACK & DECKER

"With the Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch"

NO PARKING

(Continued from Page 33)

an adequate contribution of engineering effort and that the line of least resistance, designated by the no-parking sign, has been generally followed with the result that the owner-driven automobile has been the goat of the *verboten* legislation. The car driven by the chauffeur, however, has a free right of way in the downtown districts. This operates as an unfair discrimination against the majority of automobiles.

"Take the great Highland Park district of Detroit as an example," declares this engineer. "When I was in college Highland Park, which now contains about 80,000 people, was a sleepy suburb of about 4000 inhabitants. It now has the biggest factory in the world, which releases 70,000 employes every day—38,000 in one shift. All tumbled out into Woodward Avenue, the one great traffic artery! Until recently there were no parallel streets to help handle that great traffic north and south, and that one street in front of the Ford plant is the one artery that runs up into the northern district to Pontiac, Saginaw and Bay City. It carries all the big automobile-body trucks fifty to sixty feet long, all the interurban cars, suburban street cars, the suburban busses, and all the arterial through traffic for the tributary territory to the north.

"Even with decentralization you must plan or you will have another center of congestion a little later on. Highland Park is one of the biggest new secondary centers in America. The combined traffic at one point in the sleepy little Detroit suburb of twenty years ago is now greater in effect than the total traffic at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, New York. There is no question about enlarged superthoroughfares. They are bound to come. As a matter of fact, the plan of Detroit calls for them. But Detroit's superthoroughfares begin four miles out. They do not touch the intra-city movement; they only concentrate it. Detroit has two city problems—the initial city, and Detroit the city of the future.

"Cities must expand in area as well as in population. You will be surprised to find how few cities are homogeneous in their layout. Most of them are lopsided, spreading along water courses. Much of what passes for city planning, in the traffic sense of the term, is merely creating one big speedway leading out of the central mess. If congestion is to be relieved for more than the passing moment the subcenters or satellite cities must also be protected in advance from congestion by a sound and broad plan allowing for a growth which seems at the moment almost impossible."

The Saturation Point

Things move rapidly in these days, when the influence of the automobile touches everything and virtually dictates the distribution of population. And that movement will accelerate instead of diminish in the years immediately ahead of us. In fact, about the only serious limitation on the universal use of the automobile today is that of traffic congestion. Many eminent authorities hold that reaching the point of saturation for automobiles in America will turn, not upon diminished volume of desire or diminished ability to buy but upon restricted freedom of use.

It is in view of these facts that I say that the automobile will shift population in the years immediately before us with almost incredible swiftness.

The only enemy to its free movement is traffic congestion in large centers of population. However, like time and tide, the automobile waits for no man.

Automobile owners who drive their own cars—millions of them—are rapidly becoming aroused to the fact that something radical, something fundamental, must be done to relieve city congestion. They refuse to have relief derailed at the political switch.

The business man, who must pay the bill, is no longer going to have transportation and traffic pigeonholed as an insignificant item, because he is learning, from first-hand experience and observation, that transportation is what makes the city beautiful possible as a place to do business in and to live in. He will not sit quietly and allow his business or his personal comfort to suffer for lack of a little city planning of the new model, traffic brand. No congested city can get real relief without a traffic plan which begins with the structure of the city itself, with its physical opportunities for expansion and with its existing transportation facilities. But first of all must come a definite accurate knowledge of traffic facts—its volume, its character, its distribution as to time and place.

As Mr. Bibbins insists: "Facts first, then the plan! And you cannot get all the facts unless representatives of all forms of traffic and all who are affected by it get together on the job. It hasn't been done. There are few adequate agencies at work today on a thorough fundamental coöperative planning of the traffic and transportation in our large cities. We are all arguing from opinions, not facts. Put before the people of any city the picture of what goes on today and what has to be tomorrow, and you will get something."

The Truck Driver's Simple Pleasures

One wide-awake traffic engineer noticed that traffic was jammed by a huge truck carrying an immense steel I beam. He followed it to where a skyscraper was going up in the center of the city. While the truck was being unloaded he made the acquaintance of the driver and learned some illuminating facts: All the steel for the building was hauled from an industrial suburb by trucks—which invariably took the most attractive streets on which trucks were permitted.

"But why," asked the engineer, "didn't you take Blank Street? It has less traffic, a better roadbed, and you could have made better time."

"Say," answered the driver, "that street's a dead one—nothing to look at! Not a decent store the whole length of it, an' the women wear shawls on their heads. No class! Just because I drive the heaviest truck made ain't no sign that I don't want to see a little life. An' I'm not worried about makin' time. My time goes on just the same whatever street I take. As for holdin' up a few limousines, that's about all the sport I get on the job."

Truck drivers are quite as human as the men and women who occupy the soft seats of costly limousines, and they are equally keen to see a little life as they roll along. This human trait will dictate their choice of routes whenever it is not dictated by a higher authority.

This incident clearly emphasizes the value and necessity of classifying, routing and controlling our traffic of various kinds according to the facilities each needs—that is, slow, fast; passenger, freight; bus, trolley; industrial truck, business delivery. In a well-balanced traffic plan each type can be provided for better by special streets and thoroughfares than if all were allowed to move indiscriminately anywhere.

In the Indianapolis traffic plan, future street development has been so laid out as to segregate automatically these different classes of traffic, so far as humanly possible, and it is contemplated to secure city-wide acceptance of the plan by coöperative educational work among the industries and business houses, commercial associations, automobile clubs, truck and any other organizations contributing to or affected by city traffic.

In fact, it is not impossible for an industry to operate its motor vehicles just as street cars are operated on definite schedules, routes, collections and delivery points, by which complete information is available at all times as to the whereabouts of the fleet, its efficiency and cost of operation from day to day. Through this means most of the cruising and sight-seeing movement, especially of commercial vehicles, which is now contributing unnecessarily to the downtown congestion can be largely avoided.

This, of course, can be brought about most conveniently and simply by development of by-passes and street routes, not only around the business district but also, on the same principle, around the margins of large cities for the accommodation of the great volume of through traffic on our highway system, much of which does not need to flow through and add to the congestion of the central districts.

When the movements of certain types of commercial vehicles are made to come under a definite schedule and are routed with a view to relieving general traffic congestion, many a crowded downtown center and arterial highway will be surprised at the results. Here is a form of relief which has thus far been largely neglected.

Admitting that the no-parking sign stands for the sheerest expediency in relieving city congestion, there can be no doubt that it is capable of achieving much greater relief than its common practice now affords. Mr. Bibbins declares that in most cities an intelligent graduated time-limit system of parking would increase the parking capacity of the downtown district three or four times over what is obtained by unlimited parking. Some cities suffering acutely from congestion have many exceptionally wide streets. These are generally elaborately parked or landscaped.

"Washington, D. C.," says Mr. Bibbins, "is one of the most conspicuous cities of this type. We have streets here 100 to 160 feet wide, roadways twenty-five to fifty feet wide, sidewalks thirty-five to fifty feet wide, and one or two lines of trees. We need more traffic-moving lanes.

"No business district needs a sidewalk fifty feet wide. The commissioners recently decided that they wanted to widen the roadway past the new Investment Building by cutting down the sidewalk. That meant destroying two lines of splendid trees, moving curbs, electroliers, manholes and fire plugs, and repaving the street. They did it on Thirteenth Street and it cost them $40,000 per block, according to the newspapers. Here is my plan for exceptionally wide city streets with unnecessarily wide sidewalks."

Increased Parking Capacity

"Instead of parking cars parallel to the curb or at forty-five degrees, turn the cars around at right angles, with the rear wheels lined up against the curb. This makes the rear overhang of the cars practically uniform at three feet. The parking capacity is thereby increased 100 per cent over the curb parking. This obviates the danger of entering the left-hand door of the car on the street or traffic side. Store deliveries can be made from the rear, virtually from the pavement. No reconstruction of the street is necessary except, possibly, the building of a new sidewalk next to the building front.

"The space occupied by the trees could be left open to the extent of a strip six or eight feet wide and the length of the parking berth, thereby more than doubling their breathing space. This saves three feet of active roadway space on each side of the street, creating a new traffic lane which will be sufficient to double the outbound or inbound capacity of the two-way street or add 50 per cent to the capacity as a one-way street. The trees are saved permanently.

"In front of the War Risk Insurance Building is right-angle parking in the middle of the street, which is simply taking two sides and putting them in the middle. Here

Corns

Lift Off—No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

FAMOUS FANDANGO

AUTO SEAT COVERS

$13.95

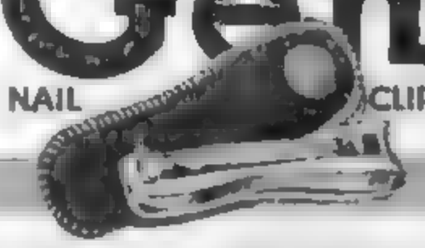
For Buick, Studebaker, Chevrolet, Dodge, Chandler, Cleveland, Chrysler, Dort, Durant, Essex, Flint, Hudson, Hupmobile, Jewett, Maxwell Nash, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Overland, Star, Willys-Knight etc. Sets include complete tailor made covering for seats, backs, sides and doors. Arm rests, edges and pockets trimmed in handsome Spanish leather. Beautify your car, and protect both clothing and upholstering. Put on at Home in 10 minutes. Fit, workmanship and material GUARANTEED. Specify gray, blue or red Spanish trim, also make and model of car. SEND NO MONEY. Just pay postman special price of $13.95 (extraordinary value). Ford Coupe $4.95, Sedan $7.95. Money back if not satisfied. Dealers wanted

D [redacted]

MOTOCOVER COMPANY

6TH AVENUE at 10TH STREET NEW YORK

Gem



NAIL CLIPPER

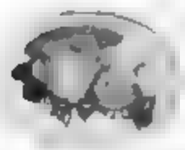
TO carry a Gem is to be sure of clean well-trimmed nails—always. Business men everywhere are carrying them, the perfect manicure, because it is convenient, quick, and easy to operate. Pocket size at drug and cutlery stores everywhere—50c.

THE H. C. COOK CO.

Nail Clipper Headquarters

Ansonia, Conn.

BUSTER BROWN SHOES



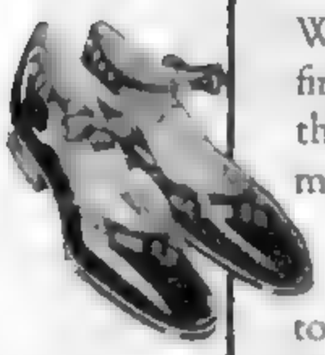
Buster's Picture in every pair

THE smart designs in Buster Brown Shoes, faithfully mirror the current mode, and give them the enviable style-distinction found in custom-made shoes.

The Brown Shaping Lasts, used only in making Buster Brown Shoes, assure to your boy or girl effortless ease of motion, true comfort, artless grace—and thus lay the foundation for continuous health.

The sterling quality of leathers and shoe-making, and these added style and health advantages, prove the superior values in Buster Brown Shoes. Good stores everywhere sell them at $3 to $5.

Brown bilt Shoes



Women who demand style and quality, find Brown bilt Shoes, at $5 to $8, bring them more compliments and give them more satisfaction than higher-priced shoes.

Men who once wear Brown bilt Shoes, thereafter refuse to pay more than $5 to $8 for real foot-comfort and correct shoe-style.

Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U.S.A.
Manufacturers

you have 100 cars per block per day as against thirty in ordinary city parking. It can only be used on the wide streets, but there are plenty of wide streets in Washington and several other cities.

"Suppose we take K Street, which is the same width all the way through. There is a great intercepting highway on the boundary of the business district. If you could increase the parking capacity of that street by three times what it is today it seems to me it is something worth while. But we shall not reach a point of utilizing our present facilities to anywhere near the maximum efficiency until we get down and study the city with a microscope on a scientific basis and not try to do it through newspapers, the police or by guesswork."

Creating an all-day parking zone just outside the central business section of a city is a common expedient. It affords a measure of relief to car owners who drive to their work in the center of the city, but it is as unpopular with the owners of residence property in the zone as the smallpox.

Traffic Bottle Necks

The engineer already quoted declares that in a traffic survey of Indianapolis—a city with streets 90 to 120 feet wide, remember—he found that the average efficiency of those streets, within the mile zone, all equally available, was only 25 per cent of what it could be, and this on the supposition of solid parking. In traffic engineering, as in bootlegging, nothing is more important than the neck of the bottle. The neck may be as long as Andy Gump's or as short as Napoleon Bonaparte's; its throat bore is the vital dimension!

"The traffic capacity of city streets," declares this engineer, "is the same order of problem as the capacity of a railroad main-line track and its terminals. You cannot get more traffic over that lane than can get through the terminal bottle necks, and the bottle necks are the vital things.

"In a survey which I made I found that the private automobiles were carrying more rush-hour passengers than the street cars in a city of nearly half a million people! That has occurred in two or three other cases. Yet in the majority of cities the private automobiles are handling only a small fraction of the number of passengers carried by the street railways. Clogging at the neck of the bottle was what caused these outstanding examples of street-car traffic congestion and the rush to automobiles.

"Automobile traffic in nearly every city of the country is now up against the neck of the bottle and crowding hard to get through. The bottle necks must be enlarged and multiplied."

"The goal of the modern city planner is to abolish the neck of the bottle," declares John Ihlder, manager of the Civic Development Dept. of the United States Chamber of Commerce. "That, of course, means making so many necks that the bottle will empty and fill quickly. There are two types of bottle necks—those well within the city and those at or near its outskirts. Those at the outside terminals of arterial highways are more easily overlooked in city planning than those nearer the center. But both must be planned for before any real relief can be had.

"Last Fourth of July, for example, a car broke down at the intersection of two main boulevards near the outskirts of a certain Far Western city. The lines of cars on both highways were blocked, and in a short time the jam had extended so far in all four directions that the service car could not reach the broken-down automobile. Meanwhile the jam kept extending, newcomers not realizing its character. The only way of relieving it was by peeling off the outer layers, a process that took so long that occupants of cars near the intersection spent the night there."

This authority on city planning holds that each building in the downtown district should provide, somehow, for the parking or storage of the cars of the occupants of that building and that the public should provide for the parking of casual cars.

"It may be objected," he remarks, "that space is too valuable to use it in that way. City space is only highly valuable when there is an intensive demand for it. If a given location becomes relatively inaccessible, business there feels this inhibition and will move to where this restrictive influence is not felt. If providing storage space for the automobiles of occupants of large central office buildings will prevent this and thereby insure the property from depreciation, it is cheap real-estate insurance at almost any price."

A District Deserted

"About as melancholy a spectacle as can be found is a central business district deserted by the business which once made its holdings almost priceless. A bride deserted at the altar is the only sight which exceeds this in tragic sadness.

"Look at New York. Between Chambers Street and Fourteenth Street, about twenty years ago, was the most valuable real estate in the city. They planned to build a foot bridge across Canal Street because of the great stream of traffic on that street. But that business has now moved elsewhere.

"Within two blocks of the great sky-scrapers on Lower Manhattan are old

(Continued on Page 185)

The Mezzanine Floor of a Municipal Garage

The Mothers' Day Gift

THERE are not only the grey-haired mothers of grown sons and daughters to be remembered on Mothers' Day. There are also the younger mothers, to whom tribute likewise is due.

The Norris Variety Box of Exquisite Gift Candies, in its special Mothers' Day wrapper, is an appropriate token of affection for any mother, of any age.

From the special wrapper emerges the most beautiful of candy boxes; a central motif of Harlequin and Columbine, bordered with a graceful arabesque design; the whole a charming symphony of color.

The Variety Box contains, among other goodly Norris creations, such delightful selections as Almond Truffles, Almond Butter Brittle, Chocolate Cream Brazil Nut, Apricot Souffle, Lemon Roll, Grape Mallows, Bitter-Sweet Mousse, each a chef-d'oeuvre.

If your dealer hasn't Norris' Candies yet, send us $1.50 for each full pound Variety Box desired, prepaid to any part of the United States. One-, two-, three- and five-pound sizes.

NORRIS, INC., Atlanta, Georgia

Send for sample

A Miniature Variety Box, faithfully reproducing the standard package, and containing 5 pieces of candy, will be sent you postpaid for 25c in stamps.

NORRIS
Variety Box
OF EXQUISITE GIFT CANDIES

HERE TODAY - HERE TOMORROW

"These are good tires. I know it, and I want you to take my word for it. And when you have had full service from them, come back—I'll still be selling them—for it's by selling this make of tire that I earn my livelihood."

You buy a certain brand of automobile tire, because of the satisfaction that brand has given you, or because of your faith in the word of a particular dealer. If you believe the dealer, you accept his responsibility for the performance of the product he recommends.

AJAX Dealers, in assuming responsibility for the product they sell, do so, because of—

1. *Their experience with the performance of AJAX Tires.*
2. *Their knowledge of AJAX quality.*
3. *Their belief that this standard of quality has not been and will not be lowered.*

Your faith in a dealer's word is based, necessarily, upon how long that dealer has been in business in your community and the reputation he has built thru the product he has sold; the way he has stood back of it, and the service he has rendered.

The legitimate tire merchant is one who was in business yesterday, who is in business today, and who will be in business tomorrow, selling a first-quality tire. His word is worth all that he has made—all that he possesses.

Man by man the AJAX organization has been built up of that sort of dealers. AJAX has chosen them because of their records as men and merchants. They have chosen AJAX because of their belief in AJAX methods and their knowledge of AJAX products.

Individually and collectively they are your security that AJAX Tires and Tubes are worthy of your fullest confidence.

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
220 West 57th St., New York City

(Continued from Page 182)

buildings that date back to the Civil War—backwaters of the metropolis. It would seem that some of these buildings or their sites might well be used for automobile storage—provided, of course, that facilities for reaching Lower Manhattan were created, the present bottle necks enlarged. I've been a tube strap hanger, and I prefer riding in the open air to that method of hanging. So does every car owner, and so do all his relatives and friends.

"Make any business district of any city virtually inaccessible by automobile transportation, and real estate there will soon feel the stifling effect of that restriction. Automobile day storage is real-estate insurance in congested centers. Some cities and some large property interests are realizing this. In the center of Los Angeles, back of Alexandria Hotel, is a hill, not good for business-building purposes. Here has been built a storage garage of six floors, most of which can be entered at street level because of the hill. Also between the hotel and the big life-insurance building which occupies the other half of the block there is a wide space. Under former conditions that vacant space would have been unproductive. They have utilized this open space for surface parking, and under the surface have constructed a day-storage garage. That brings in revenue from space between two big buildings which enables them economically to keep it unbroken. One of the buildings owns that space. Here is a double value—revenue from day storage and increased value to the two abutting buildings. Hilly cities do not build up as solidly as flat ones, and therefore offer more opportunities for day-storage garages."

Detroit has begun a determined effort to overcome central congestion and the malign influence of the no-parking restriction by building a series of garages, placed at strategic points in the congested district. These are financed by private capital, in which the automobile industry is largely represented.

Three units of this system have already been constructed, at a cost of about $1,500,000, with a capacity of 1500 cars. It is estimated that this number of cars, parked parallel with the curb, would occupy thirty Detroit blocks. A ramp-type driveway in the center of each building enables any car to reach any of the six or eight floors by an easy ascent, on its own power.

What Cleveland Has Done

The exit lanes or drives are so arranged that the building may be emptied of cars in a few minutes. This is a private enterprise for public good. Its backers are looking for their dividends in the form of relief from street congestion. Charges are graduated to meet every type of need; twenty-five cents for the first hour and five cents for each succeeding hour up to six. The all-day rate is seventy-five cents; the overnight, $1.25. Evening or theater storage costs thirty-five cents. Night and day chauffeur service is available; also car washing and polishing.

Cleveland is a leader in efforts to relieve downtown congestion by providing generous automobile day-storage facilities. In its central section indoor storage has been provided for more than 7000 cars, one garage alone holding 3000 automobiles. The city of Cleveland maintains two parking stations of moderate capacity, which are said to be self-supporting. On the lake front a parking space capable of accommodating about 1000 cars has recently been opened.

Putting traffic density on paper without scaring away those readers who have a violent complex against figures is about as easy as building a cross-word puzzle for experts; but here is an attempt to dodge the distasteful digits and still draw the picture: If the motor cars owned and registered in Chicago were to start in the closest possible parade formation for New York City, moving at uniform speed, the first one out would be more than halfway back before the last to go left the Chicago limits. Figures furnished on request!

Is there any wonder that "Keep 'em moving" is the slogan of Chicago's traffic cops? Or that Chicago is gradually putting into operation an extensive city plan to relieve congestion or at least to prevent it from becoming radically worse? Major R. F. Kelker, engineer for the Chicago City Council's Transportation Committee, makes the astounding statement that Chicago's Loop traffic delays represent an annual economic loss of $60,000,000.

There are many interesting and vital things to be learned from Chicago's situation and the remedies being applied to it. The attitude of owners of central property in large cities toward the huge expense of remaking thoroughfares to relieve congestion has changed rapidly and greatly in the past few years. Roy D. Chapin, chairman of the Highways Committee of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, is in position to give authoritative testimony on this trend.

"The relief from traffic congestion," says Mr. Chapin, "in big centers must partly be accomplished by opening new arteries or widening old ones. Either method involves large taxation upon somebody. Property owners now see the direct financial benefits of an easy and free flow of traffic. To raise the taxes to secure this is becoming increasingly easy."

Prestige Worth Paying For

"For example, the property owners of one main thoroughfare of a city with which I am familiar are petitioning to have the city widen their street. The cost to them in direct taxation will be great, but the increase in the value of their property will be still greater. They are unwilling to see some other street take precedence. Besides, they know that as property holders they cannot afford to lose this prestige of location on the show street of their city. Therefore they are willing to stand the gaff of most of the cost themselves, with part of the expense assessed on property for a reasonable distance on either side, the city also to pay a share for its general benefit. This is one of the new methods of solving the financial puzzle of how to speed traffic along. The case I cite is typical of thousands of others.

"The owners of central city property are quite generally persons of large means, who ask only one question in relation to any proposed expense on their holdings: 'Will it pay?' If the answer is undeniably 'Yes,' then they are for the outlay, regardless of the sum involved. Very few real-estate values stand still; either they decline or they increase. Therefore costly improvements, such as those involved in widening a downtown street or a main traffic artery, are seldom merely matters of protection to real-estate values in their immediate territory—they are generally means of creating new values which more than meet the cost of creating them."

Chicago's experience with a vastly expensive plan of street reorganization seems to substantiate, to the letter, Mr. Chapin's generalization. According to Charles H. Wacker, permanent chairman of the Chicago Plan Commission, the great Michigan Avenue improvement, costing about $16,000,000 and completed in 1920, has already paid for itself in increased property values six times over. Half of the cost of this improvement was assessed upon the property in the district of benefit, and half was paid by the city as a whole. The widely published public statement issued from the office of the Chicago Plan Commission, that for every dollar paid in special assessments for this improvement the owners of the property benefited have received twelve dollars back in increased values, has not, I am informed, brought a single challenge.

Probably there is not on foot in America today another city plan involving so vast an expenditure, nor one which will affect so many millions of people as the Chicago Plan. Its history is a dramatization, upon a

And What is Brighton Comfort?

BRIGHTON comfort is leg comfort that makes you forget you are wearing garters. And it's a comfort peculiar to Brighton Wide-Webs, because only Brighton Wide-Webs are made of Brighton "comfort" elastic.

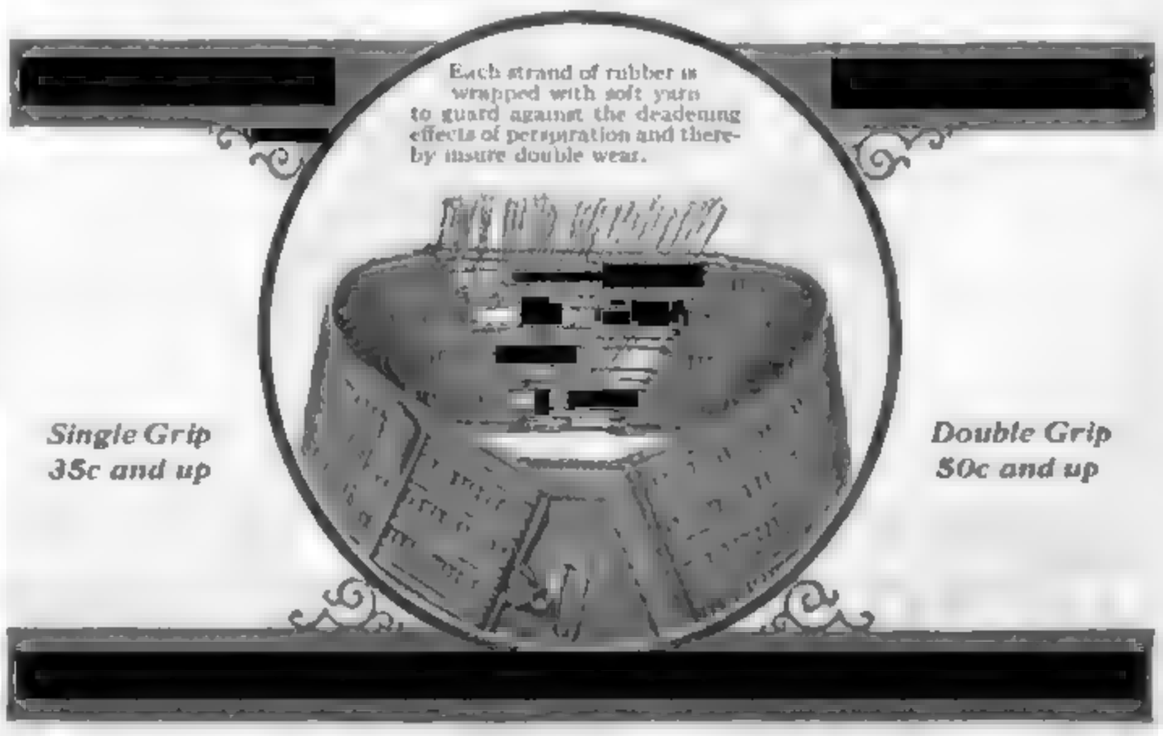
Brighton elastic is designed for comfort. Thin strands of long stretch rubber form the foundation of the elastic—and these strands are given remarkable ease by a special curing process. No binding; no creeping torture from tightness and tension; not even the consciousness that garters are there. Just solid comfort, that's all.

And then, to preserve the elastic's life against the deadening effects of perspiration, each strand is wrapped with soft yarn. Result—double the wear of ordinary elastic.

With Brighton Wide-Webs on the legs, there's perfect freedom of circulation, perfect support for the socks and perfect ease for the legs.

Treat your legs to really comfortable garters—and insist on Brighton Wide-Webs.

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.
For 48 Years Manufacturers of
Pioneer-BRIGHTON Garters Pioneer Belts Pioneer Suspenders
Also Sole Makers of
Kazoo Athletic Suspender Waists for Children


Each strand of rubber is wrapped with soft yarn to guard against the deadening effects of perspiration and thereby insure double wear.
Single Grip 35c and up
Double Grip 50c and up

He Stropped A *New* Blade—And Oh! What A Difference

He had always thought he was getting the best shave possible when he used a new blade in his razor, but somehow he never quite had the well groomed look that distinguished his friend, Chadbourne.

One day in an exchange of confidences he asked Chadbourne about it, and Chadbourne told him. Just that little difference of stropping a new blade on a Twinplex Stropper put him on the well groomed side of society.

Now he knows the exquisite smoothness of a well stropped blade as it caressingly glides over his face. He has discovered the secret of adding the touch of a perfect shave to the effect of a faultless attire. He feels that well groomed look which bespeaks the gentleman.

He has also discovered the real economy of shaving, for Twinplex saves him both time and money—a stropped blade giving him quicker smoother shaves, and many more of them.

Well over a million Twinplex owners know the joy of better shaving. Be one of them for the pure delight of it! Most any good dealer will sell you a Twinplex on thirty days trial.

New Stropped Blade Free

Name your razor and we will send you free a brand new blade, stropped on Twinplex. We would just like to show you what Twinplex will do to a new blade.

Twinplex Sales Co.

1604 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · MONTREAL · LONDON

For Velvet Smooth Shaves Strop Your Blades on a

Twinplex Stropper

huge scale, of the possibilities of city planning in the modern sense of the term with relief of traffic congestion as its outstanding purpose. In 1909 the 100 business, commercial and professional men—leaders in their lines—composing the membership of The Commercial Club of Chicago, took a clear-eyed look into the future and decided that something radical must be done to catch up with the automobile or the central Loop district of the city would, in a very few years, become impossible from a traffic-congestion viewpoint—and therefore from a real estate and business viewpoint as well.

They decided that they could do nothing better for themselves or for their city than to provide it with a plan based upon a knowledge of all the facts ascertainable and worked out by the best engineering and business talent anywhere obtainable. This was done, and the plan presented to the city. It was accepted by the City Council, which created the Chicago Plan Commission to keep the home fires burning for the great project.

Daniel H. Burnham and Edward H. Bennett were the master minds, in a technical sense, of the Chicago Plan, which involves not only the unification of all Chicago transportation agencies, to the end of affording them the freest movement and highest development, but also an equal development of the city beautiful.

As a traffic-relief project the purpose of the Chicago Plan is to provide for the expansion of the central downtown business section of the city to several times its present size and to furnish a system of main and secondary arteries permitting through traffic to avoid the central district. In the November issue of The Annals of the American Academy, Eugene S. Taylor, manager of the Chicago Plan Commission, tells the story of what Chicago has done and is doing in making the greatest of all modern city plans an actuality. Mr. Taylor says:

"Traffic counts show that upon the downtown streets of Chicago every week there are about 175,000 vehicles, 10,000 street cars and nearly a million pedestrians. Every Saturday night there are 1150 more automobiles upon the streets of Chicago than there were on the preceding Saturday night."

Relief to Downtown Chicago

The Michigan Avenue improvement is an accomplished fact—the widening of a narrow and crooked bottle neck 66 feet wide, to a straight boulevard 141 feet wide, with a two-tier bridge, the lower level for commercial vehicles. This bridge carries 73,000 vehicles a day instead of 9700. Surrounding property values have been increased $100,000,000 by this improvement, asserts Mr. Taylor. Roosevelt Road, the southern section of the quadrangle forming the new downtown Chicago, is nearing completion at an expense of about $10,000,000. It is a 66-foot street widened to 108 feet, with a 118-foot viaduct and bridge more than a mile long. Here is the great artery connecting Chicago's South and West sides. Its opening will bring an immense relief to downtown traffic.

The western boundary of the new downtown quadrangle is Canal Street. This is now being widened from 80 feet to 100 feet at the expense of the railroads using the new $75,000,000 Union Station. Nearly all the work on this western section of the inner-belt boulevard system has already been completed.

As this is written, the northern boundary of Chicago's downtown section is being created by wrecking the buildings occupied by Chicago's produce market since Fort Dearborn days. South Water Street was not a thoroughfare for vehicles other than its own produce wagons; worse than that, it pinched traffic into a twenty-foot aisle on all north-and-south streets crossing it. Therefore Wacker Drive, which will supplant South Water Street, will be a new east-and-west thoroughfare—not the widening of an old public street. Here are city planning and congestion relief upon a gigantic scale. Of this improvement the manager of the Chicago Plan Commission says:

"On the upper water side of the 110-foot-wide street will be a promenade with a handsome balustrade and steps at intervals leading to the lower level, which is to be 135 feet wide, 25 feet of which is dock space. The lower street will be used entirely by heavy commercial vehicles. It is wide enough for six lanes of trucks, three each way, at the same time.

"In addition to the very great benefit which the city will derive from the acquisition of two new streets through its most congested area—the central business district—the improvement of South Water Street means even more in the relief of congestion in this city. It is the last link in the quadrangle of wide streets intended to bypass throughbound traffic around the Loop.

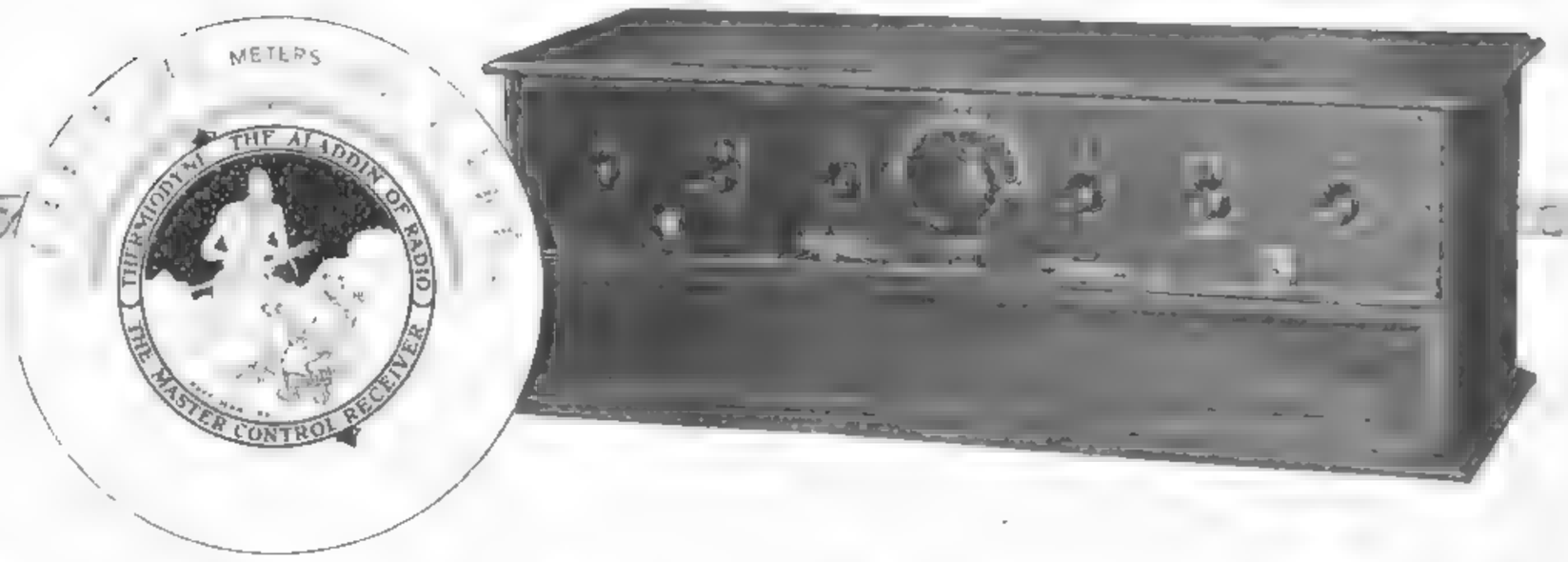
Planning for the Future

"Counts of the vehicles entering and leaving the Loop have shown that every sixth vehicle today is bound to or from the South Water Street produce market. The removal of the market, therefore, brought about by the widening of the street, will take from Loop thoroughfares 16 per cent of the traffic now upon them. This figure is in addition to the 25 per cent reduction in Loop traffic that will come from enabling throughbound vehicles to go around the congested district instead of through it, as they must today. Together the two represent a reduction of 41 per cent in present street traffic—a reduction which will afford positive relief from the condition of near-strangulation from which Chicago is now suffering."

The changes under the Chicago Plan for radial arteries reaching from the central quadrangle north, south and west, and for wide diagonal streets, are on a scale corresponding with the central development. As a demonstration of the kind of city planning which the automobile has forced, the Chicago Plan is America's outstanding example. The total expense of its projects already regarded as assured is more than $350,000,000. Greater physical difficulties could scarcely be encountered by any city, yet it is going steadily forward. Every feature of the plan has been sold in advance to the citizens of Chicago through a comprehensive and unremitting campaign of education. There is more than a hint to other cities needing fundamental relief from congestion in the fact that the Chicago Plan is systematically taught in the public schools of that city.

There is one form of relief for traffic congestion which costs nothing in dollars and cents and yet is capable of accomplishing great results. This is coöperation on the part of all users of the streets to make traffic laws and regulations effective and to reduce traffic friction. If every road hog of every sort were suddenly eliminated and every driver were controlled by a sincere purpose to contribute his best to promote the easy flow of traffic instead of looking for a personal traffic advantage at the expense of others, congestion would experience a relief far beyond common belief.

Too much to expect of frail and selfish human nature? In many instances, yes! But, fortunately, the mental pores of a very considerable portion of the American people are open to reason. Convince this element of citizens that helping instead of hindering the free flow of traffic will save them tax money, and their coöperation will be enlisted.



The Truth *about* Radio
– and a Word about Receiving Sets

IT IS seldom an agreeable task to tell the truth about anything. But the time has come to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing *less* than the whole truth about "Radio," and especially that part of "Radio" which has to do with the business of making and selling receiving sets.

RADIO has followed the course of the automobile. First, there was the pioneering stage. Then, the showman stage of spectacular sensationalism. After that, the public came in and began to buy. Inevitably, the scramble to make big profits while the going was good. Over-production and widespread, skin-deep sales extension followed. Finally, the inevitable "dumping" of discarded types and obsolete models. And this is where "Radio" stands today, so far as the manufacture and sale of receiving sets is concerned.

"Well," you ask, "What about it?" This is my answer to your question:

FIRST—If you do not now own a receiving set but think of buying one, and are willing to put up with the inefficiencies and inconveniences of an out-of-date and superseded model, you can get what you want at almost your own price.

It is a falling market—a *buyer's* market—for any radio receiving set designed before, or not redesigned since, the advent of *advance* 1925 models, of which Thermiodyne is an outstanding example.

The average radio store, and especially the "Gyp" radio store, is now a dump for manufacturers who are either closing up their business or cleaning out big stocks of old models before introducing new sets—*at higher prices!*

With few such receiving sets on the market, or even in sight, with brisk demand for such as are obtainable, with every item of radio manufacture and merchandising advanced in cost, how can such sets now or soon be sold for less than the prices they now command?

Of all receiving sets now on the market, regardless of price, none of them gives you more in distance, selectivity, sharpness, clarity, and quiet performance than Thermiodyne. And not one excels Thermiodyne in ease, simplicity and convenience of operation. It is not an engineer's job to "run" Thermiodyne. The women of your household—any child who can read—can listen in on the whole signal stream of the radio world with Thermiodyne in your home.

Don't expect just any "radio dealer" to tell you the truth about Thermiodyne. He probably has a lot of old sets to get rid of, and will try to sell you what he has at the highest price he can induce you to pay. Don't go in and buy; ask him to demonstrate any set he has, at any price, against Thermiodyne. Then *you* decide.

SECOND—If you are now the owner of a receiving set you are sure to want a set that will enable you to enjoy the best of—and *all*—that is offered by the wonderful New Era of super-program broadcasting now an established feature of radio entertainment.

Not in many years will there be a better time for you who are radio-wise to buy a new set such as will satisfy your exacting requirements.

For you, and such as you, who demand the best in radio receiving or none at all, it is a stable market—a *seller's* market—for genuine 1925 radio will be high standard radio type for a long time to come.

Authorized Thermiodyne merchants, who also handle reliable radio equipment of every kind, will be glad to tell you about Thermiodyne and demonstrate it for you. Whatever they tell you about Thermiodyne you may accept—on our responsibility—as the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about Thermiodyne—Aladdin of Radio.

Any authorized Thermiodyne merchant will gladly place Thermiodyne in your home for a Thermiodyne Week demonstration. If at the end of that time our claims are not substantiated, tell him to take it away.

If you want to keep Thermiodyne, the merchant will leave it with you, to be paid for as you like.

Through authorized Thermiodyne merchants, and *direct* to you, we guarantee that there is no receiver, *at any price*, that surpasses Thermiodyne performance.

Lee DeForest
President

Price, $150
Without Accessories
(Any standard accessories may be used)

Thermiodyne
TF6

[Ther-MŸ-odyne]
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Licensed under Truby and other patents pending

Thermiodyne Radio Corporation
1819 Broadway, New York City

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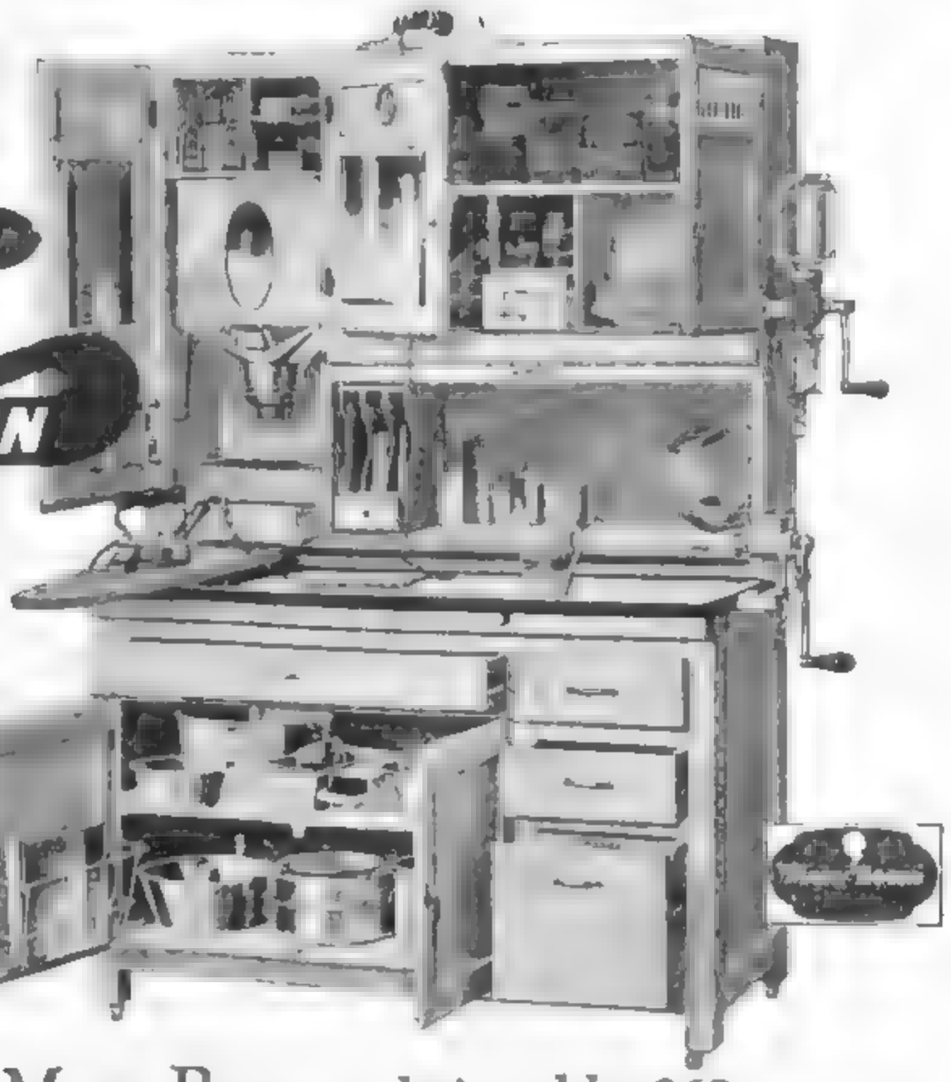
"Month of May Exposition"

of Boone

DESIGNED BY 369 WOMEN



to acquaint all women with *Boone* exclusive conveniences

Co-operating with "Better Homes Week" May 10 to 17, announced by Secretary Herbert Hoover and endorsed by the club women of most states.

AGAIN *Boone* is first to consider the interests of the woman in the home, and first to meet her needs.

Just as men find it essential, in the efficient operation of business, to attend expositions of business equipment—women now find it essential to the more easy and pleasant performance of their household duties, to keep informed regarding the latest improvements in household equipment.

A "Month of May" *Boone* Exposition is therefore being held to give you personally an opportunity to see for yourself how much more enjoyable a *Boone* will make your kitchen duties—to really appreciate how fully the numerous exclusive *Boone* features, *designed by 369 women*, provide for your every need—and to decide which of the seven new *Boone* models best suits you.

Moreover, this Exposition is held in your own city, from May 1st to May 30th, at the store of a leading furniture dealer, so you can easily attend it. These progressive merchants are showing special exhibits of unusual interest during the entire month of May.

Whether you contemplate the addition of a *Boone* to your present kitchen facilities or not, here is an ideal opportunity to see for yourself the extraordinary comfort and convenience of a *Boone*, *designed by 369 women*.

CAMPBELL-SMITH-RITCHIE COMPANY
The Oldest Manufacturers of Kitchen Cabinets in America
LEBANON · INDIANA

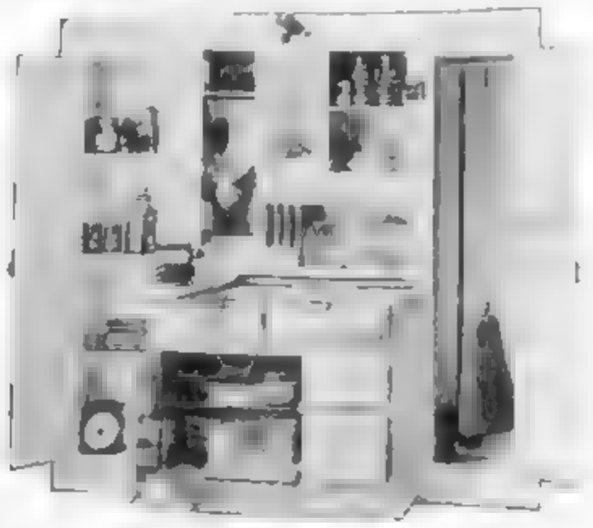
Child's Play Cabinet free at your dealer's

Your local furniture dealer will give you a cardboard cut-out of a miniature *Mary Boone* which children cherish for their doll houses.

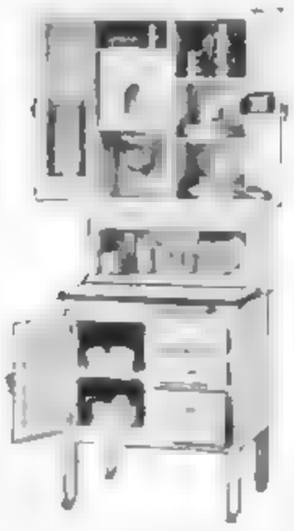
This is a Boone Year

Mary Boone, *designed by 369 women*

Fully equipped and with these exclusive features: disappearing ironing board, electric light, extra appliance socket, desk section, card index for recipes, mirror, alarm clock to time cooking, daily reminder, coffee mill. Finest construction. White or gray enamel.



Betty Boone *designed by 369 women*



A completely equipped cabinet for kitchenette apartments and small homes. Only 2 ft. 3½ in. wide. Several exclusive *Boone* features.

Bertha Boone *designed by 369 women*

Can be built into the wall if desired. A large, permanent, extra utility closet at each end. Has all the exclusive *Boone* features of *Mary Boone*.

Helen Boone *designed by 369 women*

Has the same exclusive features as *Mary Boone*. The two cutlery drawers and bread board slide out with table top, giving accessibility.

at your local furniture store

THE SUN AT ST. MIHIEL

(Continued from Page 29)

a little protection. We poked around and discovered a piece of elephant iron to put over the top, and we hung our pup-tent halves around the sides and it made a fairly good shelter from the rain.

"It's bad enough to get run out of a good home," said Henry. "But to think it was a dirty horse doctor done it! Anyway, that guy Baird seems to be a gentleman in spite of being an officer."

By the time we got our new place fixed up it was starting to get dark, so we went down and had supper. On the way back Henry said he was going to try an experiment, and he rolled up a hunk of old camouflage cloth and stuffed up the drain in the corner of the lower gun pit. Then we went to our home in the upper pit and turned in for the night. We was so tired that we slept sound in spite of being so wet and chilly, and the last thing I remembered was the tap-tapping of the gentle rain on the elephant iron.

But in the morning—which was September eleventh—the first thing we heard was lots of hollering and profanity down the hill.

"What vulgar language!" said Henry. "Let's go see what's the matter. I ain't heard such swearing since the day father caught his eye on the gas jet."

We piled out and walked through the rain toward the sound of the hollering. The lower gun pit had filled up halfway with muddy water, and there was a cute little waterfall going right down into our old dugout. While we looked, here come something splashing up the steps that looked like a big muddy muskrat crawling out of its hole, and when it got up in the daylight it was our old friend, the horse-doctor major. And behind him was a slippery-looking sea lion that turned out to be his dog robber dragging a ruined bedding roll.

It was a sad sight. Me and Henry hurried on down to breakfast for fear we might cry or something. And that was the last we ever seen of the major. But there was plenty more things to bother us. After breakfast we got caught on a detail worrying the poor horses some more with them wet brushes. And after that we had to help unload a lot of bales of hay that was twice as heavy as usual on account of being all soaked up with rain—and me just out of the hospital.

Then we had lunch, and after lunch we found our friend with the funny black beard. It was still glistening with little raindrops. We traded him some more cigarettes for fairly poor red wine, and Henry said, "There is something that has been troubling me for a long time."

And the Frenchman said, "What is it?"

Henry looked at his whiskers and said, "What I can't figure is how you guys get them big mattresses inside them little bits of gas masks you got."

But we never did get the answer to this, because one of our sergeants come along and we had to run out some more telephone wire and establish a station out in the field beside the woods. It was still drizzly and cloudy, so we could work right out in the open with no danger from airplanes. They hitched horses onto the guns and dragged them out and put them in firing position in the field. That is, they got three of them out, but the fourth one got stuck in the mud at the edge of the woods so deep it looked like it was there to stay.

It was now late afternoon of September eleventh, and it was beginning to look as if the big attack would come off pretty soon. Long columns of infantry began coming down the road and into the woods. This infantry belonged to the Twenty-Sixth Division. Our own infantry—of the Fourth Division—was further up the line. But these boys looked all right. You can always tell doughboys that has done a good deal of fighting; they are thin and gaunt looking, with hard weather-beaten faces. And that was the kind of a gang that was coming down the road. If there had ever been any soft fat boys among them, they had dropped by the wayside long ago.

Just before dark we got the three guns oriented—the fourth was still stuck in the mud—and we got the illuminated aiming posts set up. The poor cannoneers began toting in their supply of shells, which had been unloaded off trucks out on the road. Lieutenant Baird, who always fired the battery, told me and Henry to stay by the telephone at the guns all night. There was going to be a barrage, he said.

We found a couple of empty powder boxes and set them one on top of the other, with the upper one on its side, to make a kind of a sheltered desk for the telephone and the book with the firing data and a candle. Then we threw an extra 'paulin over the whole business, and me and Henry and Lieutenant Baird crawled in and waited.

By this time the cannoneers had finished carrying shells and was in their pup tents around the guns. The infantry of the Twenty-Sixth Division had passed on; they was probably in the front-line trenches. Everything was quiet; not a single German shell coming over; not a sound but the gentle drip of the rain on the 'paulin.

I told Lieutenant Baird that I had been told the horse-doctor major had got flooded out of his dugout. But he was too busy with the firing data to pay much attention, and he had pretty near forgotten about it anyway. In the Army a guy has so many troubles today that lots of times he forgets what it was that worried him yesterday.

I stuck my head out the flap in the 'paulin. A wet night. Way off down the road, I could hear the noise from the Fourth Section gun crew working on their gun that was stuck in the mud. A gun that weighs five tons is a mean problem when it gets mired up; and it would be no use to get it out now. We never could get it accurately oriented on a night like this.

At eight o'clock the telephone buzzed and we got the official weather report—barometer readings and wind at different altitudes, and so on—to use in computing the firing data. At nine o'clock the time came over the wire and we set our watches. Lieutenant Baird told us that H Hour was five A.M., and that we were to commence firing at H Minus 4.

Ten o'clock came and all was quiet—eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock. At half past twelve Baird hollered out, "Battery, attention!"

The section chiefs woke up the cannoneers. The guns were laid and loaded, and at exactly one o'clock in the morning, September 12, 1918, the gunner of the Number One Piece pulled the lanyard. There was a red flash that lit up the fog for half a mile around and a report that blew every drop of water from the outside of our 'paulin right through onto me and Henry. A hundred-pound shell was on its way toward the Germans and the barrage had begun.

After ten rounds we had a short rest, and we noticed that the whole landscape had come to life; booming and flashing all around, and overhead the air shaking and fluttering from the fire of batteries behind us shooting over our heads.

At two o'clock we swung over to the right for a few dozen rounds. At three o'clock we were back on our first target. Of course we had no observation of where our shots was landing. Whether they hit what was wanted depended on how well the data had been figured and how accurately the guns had been oriented and laid.

It was mean work firing in the rain. The powder for these big guns comes in cloth bags, and every once in a while wet powder would cause a misfire. When the cannoneers opened up the breech there was always a good chance it had only hung fire and would go off just as they opened up. But they had luck and there were no back fires.

McKINNEY HINGES

Good hinges *grow* on you

A poor hinge is like a cinder in the eye. Small in dimensions. Great in irritation. Perhaps an occasional cinder cannot be avoided, but there is no need of jading your nerves with poor hardware. The name McKinney on hinges will safeguard you.

When you build or repair, much comfort and economy depend upon your visit to the hardware merchant. Make the trip early. Avoid last-minute disappointments. Hardware is a lasting item.

When you visit your builders' hardware man you will find it customary to decide first upon your locks. This done—give careful attention to hinges.

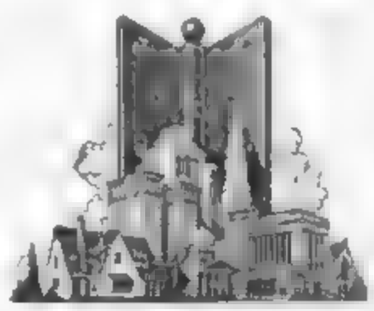
Of first importance is to see that *your* hinges are McKinney's. And you will not fail to do this if you recall how hinges grow on you.

You can obtain McKinney Hinge quality in sundry hardware articles, including complete hardware for garage doors.

A Gift for Those About to Build

McKinney Forethought Plans consist of little cutouts of your furniture made in proportion to your plans. With them you can arrange and rearrange your furniture right on the blue prints until you are certain the wall space, fixtures, doors and base plugs are as you want them. To aid in your home building McKinney will gladly send a set of these plans. Just write

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING CO.
PITTSBURGH, PA



The FLORSHEIM SHOE

It is gratifying to wear FLORSHEIMS and know that your shoes are in keeping with the times—smart looking—and built for endurance.

THE WALES ~ Style S-92

Most Styles $10 Booklet "Styles of the Times" on Request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers ~ CHICAGO

For the man who cares—

The Florsheim SHOE

Blue-jay is the efficient way to rout a corn. It leaves nothing to your guess-work. You do not have to decide how much or how little to put on. Each plaster is a complete standardized treatment, with just the right amount of the magic medication to end the corn. Simply put on the plaster—it does the rest.

She hated to acknowledge the Corn

So goes the old saying. And few, indeed, like to confess a corn. It seems such an undainty thing—an admission of physical untidiness. One may conceal the presence of a corn, but not its ill effect. It shows itself in the face—and the humor. That twinge in the toe means a frown on the forehead—and a thorn in the disposition. But how foolish to carry a secret sorrow in your shoe! You can end the pain in ten seconds—and usually the corn in two days—with a Blue-jay plaster.

Blue-jay

THE QUICK AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

© 1925

When the guns did fire, the recoil drove the wheels and trail spades so deep in the soft ground that finally a special detail had to bring planks and timbers to keep the guns from miring down; and even then they would jump way off the target every shot and a lot of time had to be wasted in relaying. And there was only three guns to do the work of four.

Me and Henry had our troubles too, what with keeping track of all the firing data, the deflection, elevation, powder charge, kind of shell, kind of fuse, and so on, for each piece, and the number of rounds fired; and the concussion of the guns putting out the candle every couple of minutes and blowing the rain water through the 'paulin, and the 'paulin flapping in our faces and the pencil getting lost in the mud and Lieutenant Baird walking around and tripping over the telephone wire and busting it off, and everybody nervous and anxious; because you can't make any mistakes in a barrage; just one little error in an elevation might drop a shell on our own infantry.

We could hear other batteries firing all around, but we couldn't tell how many; maybe just four or five, maybe a whole lot. We couldn't notice any German shells, which might mean the German batteries were pretty well silenced, or it might only mean that they didn't happen to be shelling our particular little neck of the woods.

"We never know nothing," said Henry. "We think this is a big attack, but we can't tell for sure. And when it's over, we may never know whether it was a success or not."

Lieutenant Baird didn't know any more than we did about what was going on outside our one little battery.

Finally it began to get light. H hour at five o'clock brought a big burst of fire from all the artillery. Apparently the infantry was going over. They always arrange it that way. Just as the doughboys start, every gun in the artillery fires just as fast as it can, and when the doughboys hear all those shells screeching past overhead it is like a message to them that we are behind them and helping all we can.

In the burst of fire at five o'clock we were shooting at a range of between four and five kilometers. After that the range began creeping up, and by seven it was six and a half kilometers.

"Looks like they were advancing," said Henry; "but you never can tell for sure."

At eight o'clock we were firing at eight kilometers, and by nine we had run out of our range at ten kilometers.

"Cease firing!" yelled Baird, and the cannoneers began to clean up their guns.

"Well," I said, "I guess the Fritzies have been chased so far away we can't reach 'em any more."

"Maybe they have," said Henry, "and maybe they haven't. How do we know?"

We added up and found that we had fired six hundred and fifty-two shells weighing about a hundred pounds each—total, something more than thirty tons. We had sent all that steel and TNT sailing off into the night, and not a man in the battery knew whether we had hit anything worth while or not.

Me and Henry went over to the kitchen, got some chow and took it over to our bunk in the old French gun position. Still it was raining, slow, steady and continuous.

We was pretty near tired out and we was wet and hungry and dirty, and as we started to eat, Henry said, "Here we work and work like hell and pretty near get drownded, and we never know whether the fight is a success or not."

We sat there and ate our chow, and the coffee was kind of lukewarm and bitter and no sugar in it, and the oatmeal was heavy and soggy, and the bread had pieces of green mold in it—and me just out of the hospital. It didn't seem like there was any glory in war the way they fight nowadays.

But after we had finished our breakfast and had pushed the shelter-tent halves out of the way and climbed up out of the old gun pit, we looked around and, by gosh, the rain had stopped and through gaps in the clouds we could see real blue sky! Everybody that was at the Battle of St. Mihiel will remember how it cleared up on the morning of the attack.

All of a sudden the sun came out, bright and warm and beautiful, and it lit up the whole valley so that from our little side hill we could see at least a mile in each direction. And the whole landscape was just lousy with big guns—batteries all over—more artillery than I had ever seen in one place before.

We looked down at the road that led out of the woods; and along this road, coming from the direction of the front, was a long line of men marching in column of fours. Out of the woods they came, through the fields and down to the main road. The column was at least half a mile long, and we couldn't see the end of it. Henry seemed to get all excited.

"Look!" he said. "Look at 'em!"

"Well, what of it?" I asked. "Ain't you never seen a bunch of soldiers before?"

Then I took another look, and when I saw what they were I couldn't say a word. But all at once I felt little hot-and-cold waves running up and down my back like when the band plays, because those soldiers in the long column were not American soldiers and they were not French soldiers. They were dressed in grayish-green uniforms with funny little round caps. They had no guns and they were being herded along by American M. P.'s with drawn revolvers.

German prisoners! Thousands and thousands of them winding down the wood road from the front, and thousands more being taken along the main road toward the back areas!

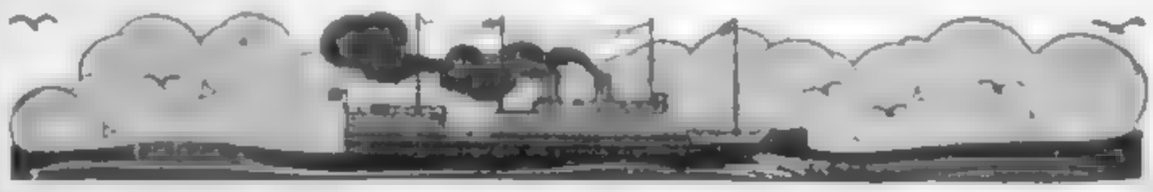
Then we knew. It had been a big attack and a big victory, and me and Henry had helped win it. We stood there on that little hill in the glorious warm sunshine and watched what looked like half the German Army filing by. And we forgot our feet was wet, and we forgot we was tired; we forgot the mud and the work and the first sergeant and all our other troubles. We swelled out our chests and breathed in the fresh air with shoulders back and heads up. And it was just like that day when I was a kid and lived in New Jersey and made the touchdown that won the game for the Hackensack High School. I just seemed to be floating around on air, and a thousand brass bands playing Hail, Columbia and The Star-Spangled Banner.

And after about ten minutes I noticed a whistle that had been blowing for some time, and here come the top sergeant.

"Are youse guys dead? Come on, snap out of it! The battery is moving out!"

We hurried back and rolled up our dirty muddy blankets and made up our packs and helped reel in some of the wire and pack up the telephone instruments, and before long we was slopping along the road again through the mud and slime. The little dab of sunshine was over; more clouds and more rain was coming over the hill. And although we didn't know it then, we was on our way to the Battle of the Argonne and more trouble and grief than we had ever run into yet.

But, anyway, we had got in that ten minutes when we stood on the hillside in the sunshine and watched the German prisoners winding down the road. Maybe it wasn't worth what we went through to get it, but while it lasted it was the real thing. It was the glory that comes with war.



Sunday, May 10, is Mother's Day

DAYS FOR REMEMBRANCE

Mother's	May 10
Father's	June 21
Friendship	August 2
Hallowe'en	October 31
Thanksgiving	November 26
Christmas	December 25
New Year's	January 1
St. Valentine's	February 14
Easter	April 4

After a print of the painting popularly known as "Whistler's Mother."

Mother Remembers ~ Do You?

SHE may not be near you now—but you are never out of her thoughts, for you are the one of all the world for her, and never does her faith in you fail. She is your mother and she never forgets.

Are you going to remember *her* day—Mother's Day—this year? Are you going to be worthy of that pure, sweet love which never, never changes? Are you going to show her by a touch of sentiment that you remember too?

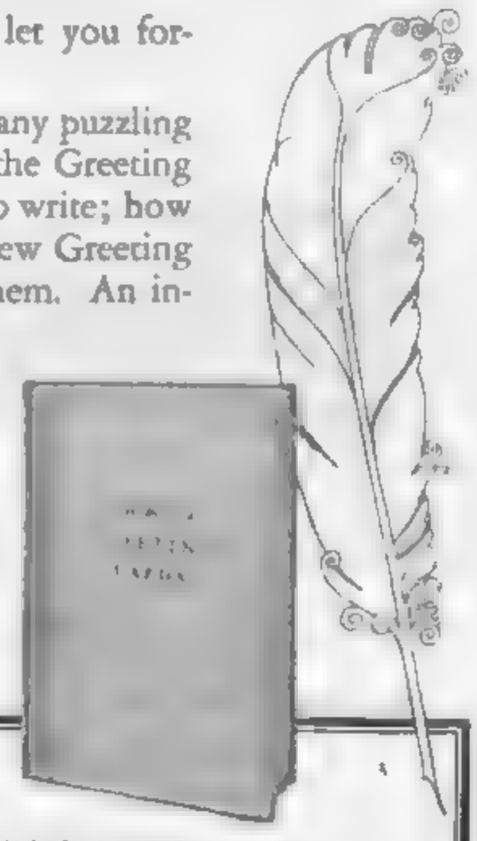
Send your mother a Greeting Card on Mother's Day, May 10. Let it bring to her the sunshine that a loving thought from you can bring. Go and choose some charming sentiment from among the many charming "Mother" cards intended for mothers and Mother's Day; and if you would truly scatter sunshine, choose some cards for some of the other gentle, wonderful mothers whose sons and daughters are your friends and whom you love too.

Do you know the etiquette of the Greeting Card?

Here is a "Social Secretary" that won't let you forget your obligations to your friends.

This book contains the answers to many puzzling questions concerning the etiquette of the Greeting Card. When to send a card and when to write; how to address Greeting Cards. Lists of New Greeting Cards; when, where and how to use them. An interesting, valuable and authoritative book—the only correct guide to the right social usage of the Greeting Card.

It contains 20 pages of lists conveniently arranged for your Christmas list, your Easter list, the Birthdays and Anniversaries of your relatives and friends; pages for children's birthdays, shut-ins—a perfect social card index



This book is approved by
ANNE RITTENHOUSE
The well-known writer and social authority

Buy it at your local dealer's, or, if he cannot supply you, send in the coupon.

THE GREETING CARD ASSOCIATION
354 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Gentlemen: Enclosed is 25c. Please send me, prepaid, "The Etiquette of Greeting Cards"—sponsored by Anne Rittenhouse.

Name

Address

City and State

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American Friendly Greetings Co
The Beckman Co
The Boston Line
Brady-Robbins Co
The Bromfield Publishers
Sidney J. Burgoyne & Sons
Butler, Thomas & Co., Inc
The Buzza Co
Chas. S. Clark Co
Edward E. Clark
A. M. Davis Co
Dupuis-Rickman Engraving & Embossing Co
Doughty-Davidson Publishers, Inc
Dreyfuss Art Co
The Exclusive Co
Gibson Art Co
Glenside Art Co
Stephen Greene Co
Hall Brothers
Harcourt & Co
Henderson Lithographing Company
Japanese Wood Novelty Co.
The Keating Co
A. E. Little Co
Jesse H. McNichol
Mastercraft Publishing Co
Milner Bros., Inc
Murray Publishers, Inc
John H. Neatby Co.
Newman Publishing and Art Co
Rust Craft Publishers, Inc
Shreve and Company
Stanley Manufacturing Co
Stauder Engraving Co
Superior Greeting Card Co.
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Turner & Porter Inc.
The Van Gorder Co.
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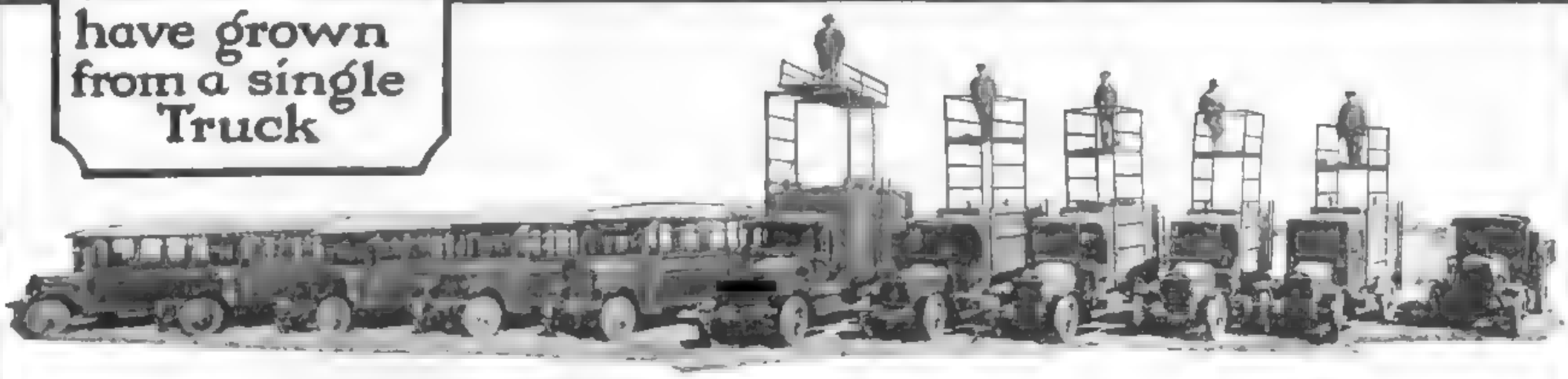
Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

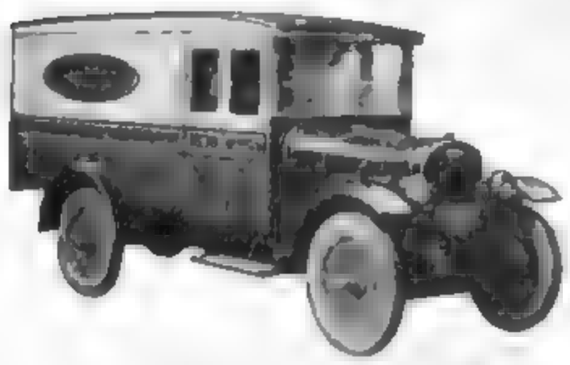
Hundreds of Stewart fleets have grown from a single Truck



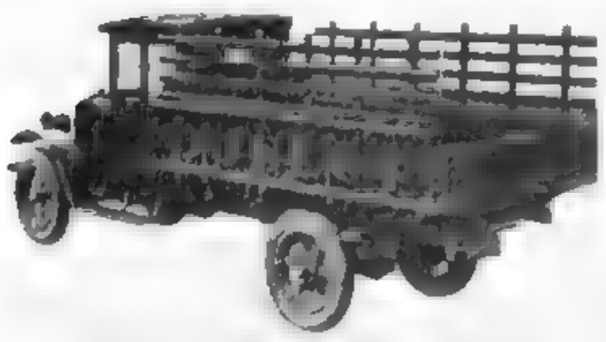
The Eastern Massachusetts Street Railway Company bought their first Stewart Truck in 1919. Since then, they have repeated frequently, and today have a total of 68 Stewart Trucks.

Stewart Owners Say—

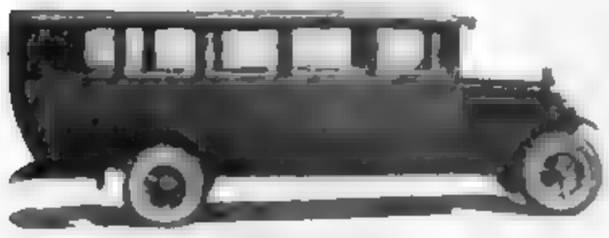
"You Cannot Buy a Better Truck"



STEWART 1 TON SPEED TRUCK
$1195 chassis



STEWART 1½ TON SPEED TRUCK
$1595 chassis



STEWART
EIGHTEEN PASSENGER SEDAN
$1950 chassis

TWELVE years ago, the Stewart Motor Corporation began building quality trucks at moderate prices.

Today, Stewarts are the last word in up-to-date mechanical design. Thousands of Stewart owners believe Stewarts are the best trucks built, regardless of price. *(Most of these owners previously operated other makes of trucks.)*

Stewart quality is more than surface deep. You see it in the figures of operating costs—greater mileage from gasoline, oil, tires; minimum repair cost. Stewarts are noted for staying on the road and out of the repair shop.

They are easy riding, easy handling; quiet and smooth running, with plenty of power.

The quality built into Stewarts is proven by the many 4, 6, 8, 10 and even 12 year old Stewarts still giving service. Point for point, they are designed to outlive and outwork ordinary trucks—to give the most truck value for the least money.

Because Stewarts give complete satisfaction, hundreds of Stewart fleets have grown from a single truck. For the same reason, owners and drivers say "You cannot buy a better truck."

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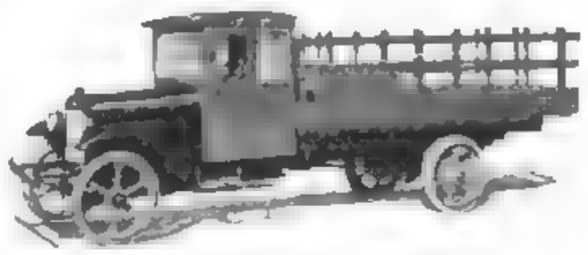
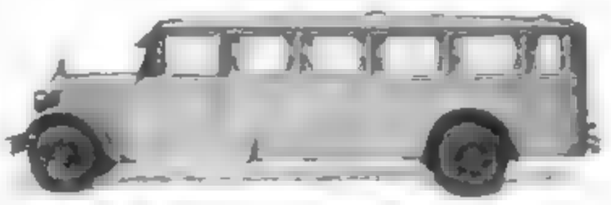
Export Dept.—90 West Street, New York, N. Y. U. S. A.



STEWART 2 TON TRUCK
$1890 chassis

STEWART 3½-4 TON TRUCK
$3795 chassis



STEWART SIX CYLINDER BUS
$3950 chassis

A Dealership Opportunity

Many men have built a permanent and profitable business for themselves through the Stewart Franchise. You do not need a lot of money.

Write for details.

Stewart MOTOR TRUCKS

The trucks comprising the Stewart line are suitable for 97% of all truck uses—from light delivery to heavy construction work.

All Prices F. O. B. Buffalo
Plus Tax

MR. PETROVITCH FROM RUSSIA

(Continued from Page 27)

personally make a trip to call on distant clients, but decidedly he took along no handbills to tack on their walls and make them indignant. Clients habitually sent in their orders for drugs by mail, which was the economic way to do business. Mr. Petrovitch's total overhead expense was barely nine per cent of his sales. Certainly Russia was a good business country in the old days!

During the three years in which Russia was at war with Germany his prosperity continued, for Mr. Petrovitch's city was not in the fighting zone and he himself escaped military service on account of his eyesight; without his odd thick spectacles Mr. Petrovitch sees but dimly. In 1917, when the revolution occurred, there was only mild excitement in the city. The business men regarded the change of government only about as much as the people in New York State would regard a change of Presidents at Washington. Most of Mr. Petrovitch's merchant friends believed business would be better.

It was not for a long time that the local business men began to hear of the radical changes the Soviet Government was putting into effect in other parts of the country. Newspapers were not allowed to tell about it, and of course there were no national trade associations to exchange information, and hardly any traveling salesmen going about to give definite news of conditions in other provinces. The business men talked privately of the vague rumors they heard—how individual industry was to be abolished and in its stead everyone was to become an employe of the state and work for the general good—but these rumors made no great impression. The merchants believed they were serving their clients economically and satisfactorily. What more could any government demand?

Besides, to Mr. Petrovitch and his merchant friends it was unthinkable that life could be much changed in so peaceful and orderly a city. It was a community of about fifty thousand people, practically the same as the New York State town where Mr. Petrovitch now has his corner grocery. Could anyone in the New York community imagine, for example, that a handful of agitators in Washington could ever have the power suddenly to overturn the customs of a hundred years, to close the factories and shops and schools and to kill ruthlessly those who disapproved? Assuredly not. Well, the people of the Russian city felt precisely the same way. Life went on. The merchants opened their shops at eight and closed at six. One met a friend or two at the café for a cup of tea and then went home to supper. After supper one read books, went for a walk with one's wife and children or visited with neighbors.

Soviet Tactics

The Soviet came to Mr. Petrovitch's city on the fifth day of October, 1920—just the season when in America the World's Series baseball games were being played before immense pleasure-seeking crowds in New York, and everywhere throughout the United States other joyous crowds gathered before score boards to gain vicarious thrills. On this day Mr. Petrovitch had gone to his place of business a little early. Everything along the principal business street was as usual, shop assistants sweeping off the sidewalk, a few peasants' wagons lumbering in from the country, clerks hurrying along to be at their places of employment on time. His wholesale drug business was on the ground floor of one of the principal business buildings. None of his people had yet arrived; he unlocked the door, went back to his safe and opened it, taking out the previous day's receipts, which he carried to his desk and sat down to count. He heard a sudden noise at the doorway, and in a moment there entered a tall man in the uniform of a Soviet army officer, followed by two soldiers carrying rifles with fixed bayonets.

The officer gave Mr. Petrovitch a brief command: "Put on your hat and coat You have two minutes to leave this place If you attempt to carry anything with you, you will be shot!"

There was no other word spoken. Mr. Petrovitch did as he was ordered, the two soldiers guarding him to see that he carried away none of the money he was counting, nor any papers. As he went out the officer took from him his bunch of keys, at the same time giving him a document bearing the seal of the Soviet. In the space of less than one minute Mr. Petrovitch was reduced from the position of a big business man to that of a private citizen with no business at all.

Out on the street Mr. Petrovitch read the document given him by the Soviet officer. It was official notice that in future the government would operate all business. Mr. Petrovitch and other evicted merchants could write to Moscow and apply for positions as managers of government stores, where their experience might be useful; but in no case would they be employed in establishments that they had previously owned, or even be employed in their home cities. This promise of employment was all Mr. Petrovitch received in exchange for his wholesale drug business that he had spent twelve industrious years in building up.

A Dash for Safety

Having nowhere else to go Mr. Petrovitch started for home. On the way he encountered two business friends, one the proprietor of the city's principal shoe store and the other a wholesale hardware dealer. Each of these men had the Soviet document. Hurriedly consulting together, all three agreed that they would not under any circumstances accept the Soviet offer of employment, although they realized the danger they were running. The hardware man himself had seen the proprietor of the city's leading dry-goods store shot to death because he was slow in obeying a Soviet officer's order to leave his establishment.

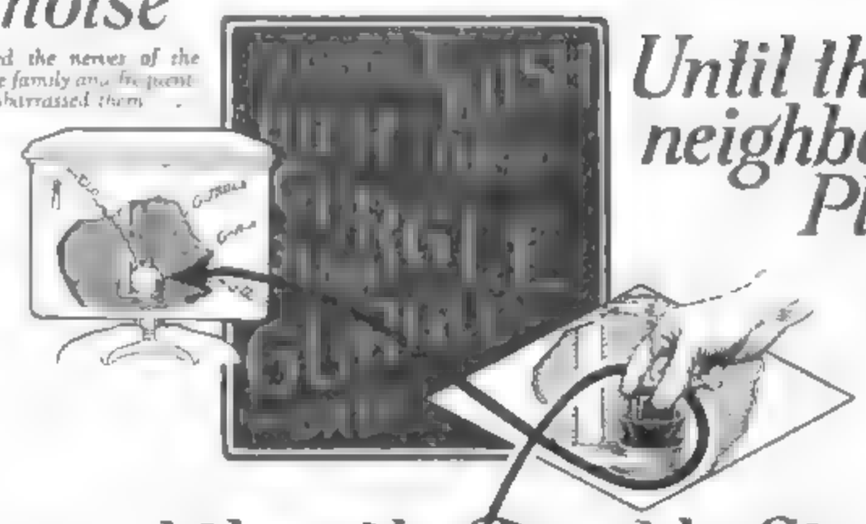
Mr. Petrovitch reached his house and consulted with his wife, who had already heard the news through neighbors. Rumors were that the dry-goods merchant had been killed not entirely because he had been slow to obey, but because of Soviet policy which reasoned that a wealthy man must of necessity be capitalistically minded, and therefore it would be necessary to put several of the wealthy men of the city out of the way as an object lesson to all reactionaries. This was sinister news to Mr. Petrovitch, for a man was certainly in the capitalistic class who had owned a wholesale drug business worth a hundred thousand dollars. His wife begged him to leave town while there was still opportunity; she had a little money, half of which she gave him.

When he left he had in his pocket the equivalent of about twenty American dollars with which to face the future. He slipped around to the house of his friend, the wholesale hardware dealer, and the two decided on the only available means of escape, which was to engage a hack driver to carry them out of town, for of course the railway trains would be watched. Going through back streets they came to a public hack stand and engaged the only equipage there—a one-horse vehicle such as is ordinarily used for weddings and funerals, with a high driver's seat in front and curved body behind with an upholstered seat for passengers. In this incongruous vehicle the two dignified and lately prominent business men made their dash for safety.

It was necessary, in order to gain the open road leading to the village of their destination, that they drive the length of the principal business street of the city, and they saw how thorough had been the government's work. In the hour that had

This maddening noise

racked the nerves of the whole family and frequently embarrassed them



Until the neighborhood Plumber

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....and then the Trouble Stopped!

EQUIP your toilet tank with a MUSHROOM Parabal ... and you put an end to three great evils instantly. No more of that maddening, nerve-racking gurgle—never again will you be embarrassed by that trickle and swish of water in the toilet bowl—and you save 355 gallons of water daily, *which is the average waste caused by a faulty old-style tank ball* ... a waste that in some metered cities costs $25 a year.

The MUSHROOM Parabal does all this. Made in one piece of pure live gum—and shaped like an inverted mushroom, it fits into the valve seat, sealing it at every point. It is guaranteed for three years—not to leak, split, collapse, or swell—but lasts indefinitely. Made in three sizes—one for every tank valve seat.

At Master Plumbers' only, $1.25 Guaranteed Three Years

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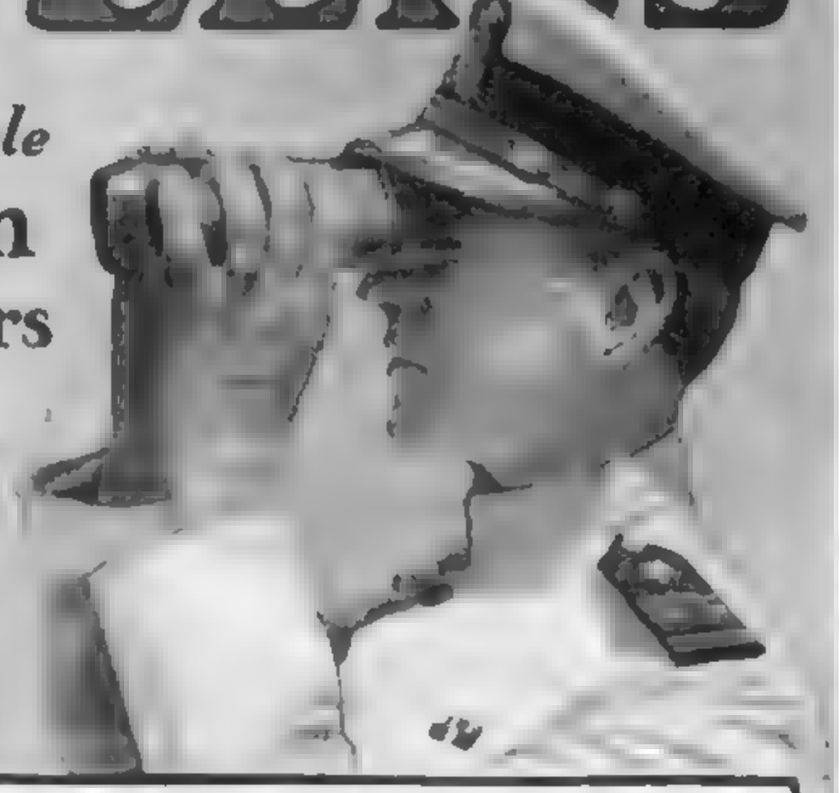
Quality Plumbing Specialties Since 1906

MUSHROOM Parabal

CARL ZEISS

Wide-angle Prism Binoculars

Exclusive features give Zeiss Prism Binoculars a wide field of view, sharp definition, and great light-gathering power. Their handsome design and elegant finish are in keeping with their optical superiority.



Capt. Hartley of the Leviathan uses a Carl Zeiss Prism Binocular. He says:

"I cannot find words to express the wonders worked by the Carl Zeiss glasses. They are the last word in binoculars for power, feel, weight, and ease on the eyes."

Carl Zeiss Prism Binoculars are sold by leading opticians, camera and sporting goods dealers everywhere. **The model used by Capt. Hartley** and 20 other models of 3 to 18 power are shown in our complete catalog. Write us for a copy today.

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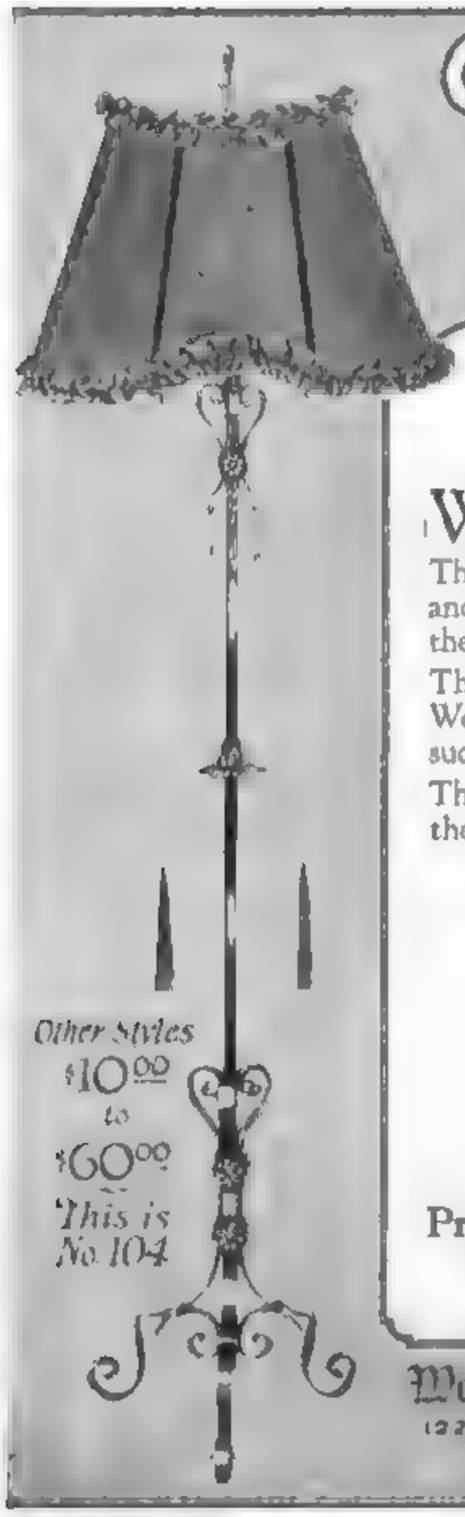

Wellston

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WELLSTON LAMPS are now being displayed by dealers everywhere.

The original style creations, excellent quality and *low prices* of *Wellston* Lamps have made them nationally known.

There is a difference between lamps. Wellston Lamps *are different*. That's why such enormous quantities are sold.

The genuine *Wellston* is branded. Look for the name inside the shade and under the base.

This Lamp Is an Example of Wellston Values

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APCO Equipment for Ford Cars

APCO Electric Windshield Cleaner—$6.50
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Put on a Timer that will "stay put." One that allows you to put aside all worry about this vital feature of your car.

The APCO is that kind of a Timer. Its round rotor, brushing each contact post with equal pressure, gives all four cylinders a spark of the same intensity. No vibration. No lubrication required. No "shorts" possible—because the case is of genuine Bakelite.

A high-grade accessory at a popular price. Made by the world's largest exclusive manufacturer of Equipment for Fords.

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The APCO Timer

elapsed since Mr. Petrovitch had been turned out of his office every establishment had been closed and locked, and soldiers were patrolling the sidewalks, warning the public to stay indoors. At the foot of the street where a bridge crosses the river there was a group of uniformed men. In order to allay suspicion, Mr. Petrovitch and his friend pretended to be drunk. Both wore the black flat-topped derby hats affected by the capitalistic class, and they began buffeting each other hilariously, denting in these derby hats and otherwise acting in a disorderly manner. This disgraceful and humiliating ruse got them past the soldiers without question, and in a few minutes they were out on the country road headed for their objective point seven miles distant.

What did Mr. Petrovitch and his friend talk about on this trip? Mr. Petrovitch cannot say. Perhaps they talked about trifles. Perhaps they did not talk at all. One cannot remember. One does not even know what one's thoughts are in such a time. A little hour before, one had been a prosperous business man, going to one's office in the morning, home for lunch at twelve, a visit to the bank in the afternoon, always methodical, secure. Now one was in a ridiculous hack driving along a country road with twenty dollars in one's pocket and danger to one's life on every side. It was like a dream. It was chaos!

Arriving at the village Mr. Petrovitch paid the hack driver, and he and his friend put up at the little tavern. Next morning they decided it would be less conspicuous and therefore safer to go their separate ways.

Mr. Petrovitch engaged another hack to take him to a village farther on. He has never heard what became of the hardware dealer.

The following month was something of a nightmare to Mr. Petrovitch. He did not have enough money to hire hacks from town to town and he did not dare to stay in any one place for long. During the days he walked, passing himself off for a laborer looking for work. Sometimes at night he stopped at a tavern if the charge for a bed was cheap enough, but more ordinarily he slept surreptitiously in barns and outhouses. After a few days he looked sufficiently like a tramp to escape notice, except that he always took off his spectacles when about to encounter people, both because Russian tramps do not ordinarily affect the pince-nez, and because he knew his blinking, nearsighted eyes gave him a foolish and disarming appearance. Mr. Petrovitch still thinks with shame of the experiences of that time.

Under Soviet Management

At the end of a month he ventured to write to his wife, who replied, stating that things had quieted down in the city and it was believed no more business men would be shot as examples to others. Accordingly, he made his way home, entering at night, and for the first week or two stayed hidden in his back bedroom. After that he began to venture out on the streets occasionally. What Mr. Petrovitch thinks of Soviet ability to operate business cannot be put into words. As decreed, no private merchant could operate his business; all the shops were in charge of officials sent from Moscow. Mr. Petrovitch went past his own former establishment, and what he saw filled him with indignation. The place was in disorder. It had not been swept out. In place of the orderly array of boxes and bottles on the shelves, all the goods had been piled helter-skelter on tables in the middle of the place and the Soviet official in charge was sitting tilted back in an armchair, smoking a pipe and spitting on the floor, his big feet plumped in the débris of one of the tables. Mr. Petrovitch's blood boiled to see the wreck of his business that he had nursed and cherished like a father for twelve long years. So enraged was Mr. Petrovitch that if he had had a rifle he believes he would have shot the lout of an official then and there.

Would not such an act have been pardonable? Verily Mr. Petrovitch believes it. For had the Soviet appointed this official on account of his knowledge of drugs and chemicals—elements so necessary to the health and lives of the people whom the Soviet wished to make happy? No, the official was not a chemist. Far from it. He was by trade a Moscow cab driver who had attached himself to the Soviet pay roll. He was a loafer. A bum!

Still, Mr. Petrovitch is glad he did not shoot the loafer, because it is better to be a groceryman in a New York State city than to be an executed reactionary in Russia. He continued to stay quietly in his house, going out only occasionally and then mainly for evening walks into the country. In truth, Mr. Petrovitch was not entirely bankrupt. During the preceding months, when the vague rumors were going around about the doings of the Soviet Government in Moscow, he had prudently taken a little money from his receipts each day and carried it home for an emergency fund. He had not actually believed anything serious would happen, but it was just as well to be on the safe side. This money, changed into bills of big denominations, was buried in his garden—about four thousand dollars in terms of American money. He did not dare to dig any of it up yet, because to be seen changing a big bill anywhere would make him an object of suspicion. For the time he got the necessities of life by surreptitiously carrying various of his household articles out into the country and swapping with the peasants for food.

From Bad to Worse

Winter came on and conditions in the city became worse for the people whom the Soviet wished to make happy. The stocks of goods in the shops were depleted and at last became so meager that all was moved into one big storehouse; this, the principal official said, was the scientific way to do business, because so many little shops simply were a burden on the public without giving any service in return. Particularly in the drug and chemical business were conditions bad. Mr. Petrovitch had been the only wholesale dealer in the city, the retail chemists looking to him for needed supplies which he himself bought from Russian manufacturers or imported from other countries. The ex-cab driver placed in charge of his establishment did not know how to conserve the stock, and it was not long before there was none to conserve. The retail chemists' shops, of course, had been closed up as uneconomic, the physicians being ordered to get their remedies direct from the wholesale establishment. In theory, the ex-cab driver made requisition on the government storehouse in Moscow for supplies needed by the physicians, but this was a hollow proceeding because by Christmas the Moscow storehouse itself was depleted and there were no supplies to send. It was a hard winter and an epidemic of influenza broke out which the physicians could not combat. Of the fifty thousand people in the city more than a thousand died that winter from influenza alone.

As has been shown, however, Mr. Petrovitch is a resourceful man. He managed to keep himself and his family in food through the cold weather by barter with the country people, and by the following spring Soviet regulations had so far relaxed that he conceived the idea of a project to rehabilitate himself. To do this it was necessary to have capital. The four thousand dollars in big bills buried in his garden? Vain thought. All winter the Soviet printing presses had been grinding out paper money in larger and larger denominations. By spring the four thousand dollars in bills cached in Mr. Petrovitch's garden would not buy a pair of socks! Hardly a cup of coffee! The treasure is still buried there, for Mr. Petrovitch never even bothered to dig it up.

In plain words, Mr. Petrovitch planned to become a smuggler. Not, it is true, a

(Continued on Page 197)

Look at the darned thing *now!*

It's a mess! Another engine that poor oil has sent to the repair shop. It is regrettable because the repairs should never have been necessary. The new parts, the hours of expensive labor needed to install them, were caused by the owner's indifference to the kind of oil that went into his crank-case.

Every day, fine engines are being abused by indifferent lubrication. The average motorist buys oil with far less concern than he shows in the purchase of a spare tire. (Yet oil is the most important single item of motor-car operation.) Poor lubrication can lead only to the repair shop or to the scrap heap.

Have no more repairs due to poor oil~~get super-lubrication! Get pure Pennsylvania, which oil men call *"the highest grade oil in the world."* Get 1000 miles without draining your crank-case~~~demand the oil that Nature made different!

PENNSYLVANIA CRUDE is one of Nature's happy masterpieces. Different location, different formations of the earth, different conditions of Nature, have made this super-crude of different materials—have given it greater resistance to heat, wear and dilution.

Remember this law of lubrication—those qualities in oil which keep your motor from tearing itself to pieces must be inherent in the crude if you are to find them in the refined oil.

Right there you have the reason why pure Pennsylvania oil gives super-lubrication. The super-qualities are inherent in the crude. That is why—under normal conditions—you can drive 1000 miles or more to a filling. Of course, the oil level must be maintained. But it is not necessary to drain pure Pennsylvania from the crank-case short of each 1000 miles.

There isn't enough pure Pennsylvania oil to supply everyone. But there is ample for those discriminating motorists who realize that oil can make or break an engine.

Pennsylvania is not the name of a *brand*, but of a superior grade (or kind) of crude oil found only in the Appalachian Field (Western New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Southeastern Ohio). The producers, refiners and marketers of pure Pennsylvania oil have created the emblem shown at the left. Find the man near you who displays it. It is your guarantee that the oil he sells *is* 100% pure Pennsylvania. Then, fill up! And you're off for a thousand perfect miles.

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in every stroke - - with a full set of MACGREGOR clubs

If you own a *complete set* of MACGREGOR Clubs, you will know that each club in the bag will fully do its part toward giving every shot just the result you need in relation to the one that preceded it. You will also know that the *patented features* and exclusive materials, which give your Special Face Clubs their enduring strength, cannot be duplicated in any other make.

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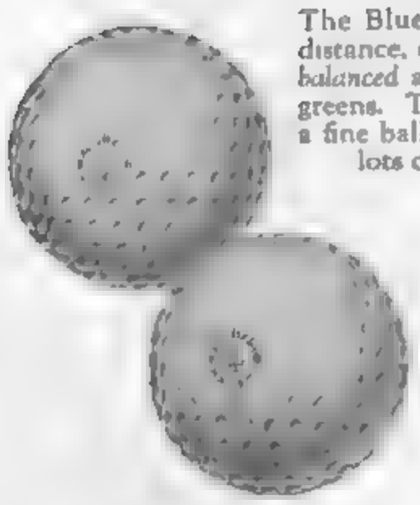

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Our clubmakers play golf on *our own course*—so they know what a club must do. They also take pride in creating the clubs with which you play the game they love.

(Continued from Page 194)

smuggler of alcoholic drink, but a smuggler of quinine, aspirin and other easily smuggled goods in his old line. Only a hundred miles away was the boundary line of Poland, now a free country separated from the Soviet Government. In a certain Polish city Mr. Petrovitch had relatives of substance who would, he was sure, finance him in his new profession. Occasional trains were running, and he gained the border and crossed under the old ruse of taking off his spectacles and passing himself off as a half-blind laborer looking for employment.

His Polish relatives were obliging, loaning him real gold with which to purchase his smuggling stock—as much quinine and aspirin as could be stuffed into his pockets and the lining of his clothes without making himself too conspicuous. Thus equipped he made his way back to the Russian border. There was a moment of fear when he approached the customs barrier, but a reasonable pourboire to the official smoothed his passage. He was again in Russia and in his old familiar line of business.

By this time the Soviet desire to make the people happy had so far relaxed that in some towns local chemists had actually been allowed to open their shops again. Not, it is true, in a free-handed manner, for they were still closely watched and if one showed evidences of doing a good business he was pounced upon and his shop taken away from him. Still, some private shops were open, and these furnished prospects for Mr. Petrovitch's sales efforts.

Was it not dangerous business, this smuggling? How did one know, when offering contraband quinine or aspirin to a chemist, if the chemist might not be a Soviet employe who would immediately place one under arrest?

Ah, such a question might be difficult for an inexperienced person, but not Mr. Petrovitch, who had all his life done business with retail chemists. For him it was very simple. Approaching a chemist shop he regarded first its outside appearance and then, loitering about the door, he scanned the interior. If the window was dirty, the floor littered, the shelves in disorder, or if the person in charge loafed instead of worked, then Mr. Petrovitch knew it was a government shop and shunned it. But on the other hand if everything was kept up to the scratch and the person in charge acted as though he had more interest in the business than merely to compel people to be happy, then Mr. Petrovitch knew him for a capitalist and a possible customer.

A Full-Fledged Smuggler

No, it was not the danger connected with his smuggling trade that worried Mr. Petrovitch so much as the hurt to his pride. That one who only a few months previously had been a big business man and respected should be reduced to petty subterfuges and sly trickery! That indeed was detestable! The detailed description of his first transaction should illustrate.

It was in a village fifty miles inside the Russian border that Mr. Petrovitch got off the train, having heard that a chemist there had been allowed to reopen his shop. Loitering about the village during the afternoon Mr. Petrovitch had no difficulty in deciding which of the two chemist shops was the capitalistic establishment, for one was very clean and the other very dirty. For reasons of caution he waited until after lamplighting time that evening before calling at the clean establishment.

The chemist was busy washing the big three-storied glass bottle in the show window when Mr. Petrovitch entered, which was to him an added proof of the chemist's capitalism, for Soviet officials did not ordinarily wash anything, even themselves. Mr. Petrovitch demanded that the chemist sell him some pills of an ordinary kind which were rather sure to be in stock. The chemist walked back to the prescription counter to get the pills. Mr. Petrovitch followed; and just as the chemist turned behind the partition, so the two were screened from the street, Mr. Petrovitch sidled up close to the other and suggestively held open the side pocket of his coat to reveal little packets of his contraband goods. At that moment Mr. Petrovitch hated himself. It was the furtive gesture of a criminal. Of a bootlegger. Of a slimy purveyor of improper postcards!

And like all those who allow themselves to be tempted into illegal transactions, the chemist reacted in kind. Quickly he glanced into Mr. Petrovitch's pocket, and then into his face to see if some treachery were intended. Then without a word he slunk farther behind the prescription counter, motioned Mr. Petrovitch to follow, and held out his hand for one of the packets. It was given him and he opened it to test the contents, his eyes shifting suspiciously between the white powder and Mr. Petrovitch's face. Mr. Petrovitch on his side was equally wary, ready at any sign of double dealing to strike the other down, snatch his packet of quinine and dash off into the darkness. Two honest men turned criminals, Mr. Petrovitch holds stoutly, because those in power insisted on forcing people to be happy.

Getting Used to America

At length each became convinced that the other meant no foul play, and a bargain was struck. Mr. Petrovitch would have liked to say in the manner of his happier days that the terms were two per cent ten days, thirty days net; but smuggling admits of no liberality, and he had to announce that his goods were exchangeable only for veritable gold and that on the nail. The chemist had a little store of gold, but it was at his house. There the two made rendezvous late that night and the transaction was closed.

Thus Mr. Petrovitch was fairly embarked on his new career, and in the course of a few months established a regular clientele in towns and villages of an entire province, for he made numbers of trips into Poland for supplies and was never questioned. So firmly, in fact, did he become established that he even went to Germany, where he could buy his chemicals cheaper, and brought them boldly through the customs barrier in satchels, only tipping moderately the officials.

As to the profits of smuggling quinine and aspirin? Well, one does not risk one's life for nothing. And profits should not always be computed on the basis of net cost or overhead, but on the service one gives one's clients, is it not so?

At one time Mr. Petrovitch entertained the bold idea of becoming a master mind and establishing clandestine relations throughout all Soviet Russia, but gave it up when he reflected how quickly he had lost the accumulations of a dozen years and how the same thing might occur again if some new group decided to force the people to be happy in some new way. Instead, he quit the profession when he had earned three thousand dollars, gold, got his wife and two little girls out of Russia and came to the United States. For a year he worked on a job in Jersey City, studying English at night. Then with what was left of his earnings he bought the grocery store in the small New York State city, where he could be quite content if he did not see so much useless waste everywhere.

Certainly one had to admit that Mr. Petrovitch was entitled to express his ideas on American business, having had so varied an experience. His decisions must be founded on sense. Why, for instance, when he decided to enter the grocery business had he chosen this particular New York State city? Had he considered it better than other places or did he just pick it at random?

Well, it was yes and no. He thought it best to be in a place of about the same size as his native Russian city because one does better in the size of a community that one knows best. Still, it was not that altogether. Before deciding he got on the train and traveled about to visit numbers of cities

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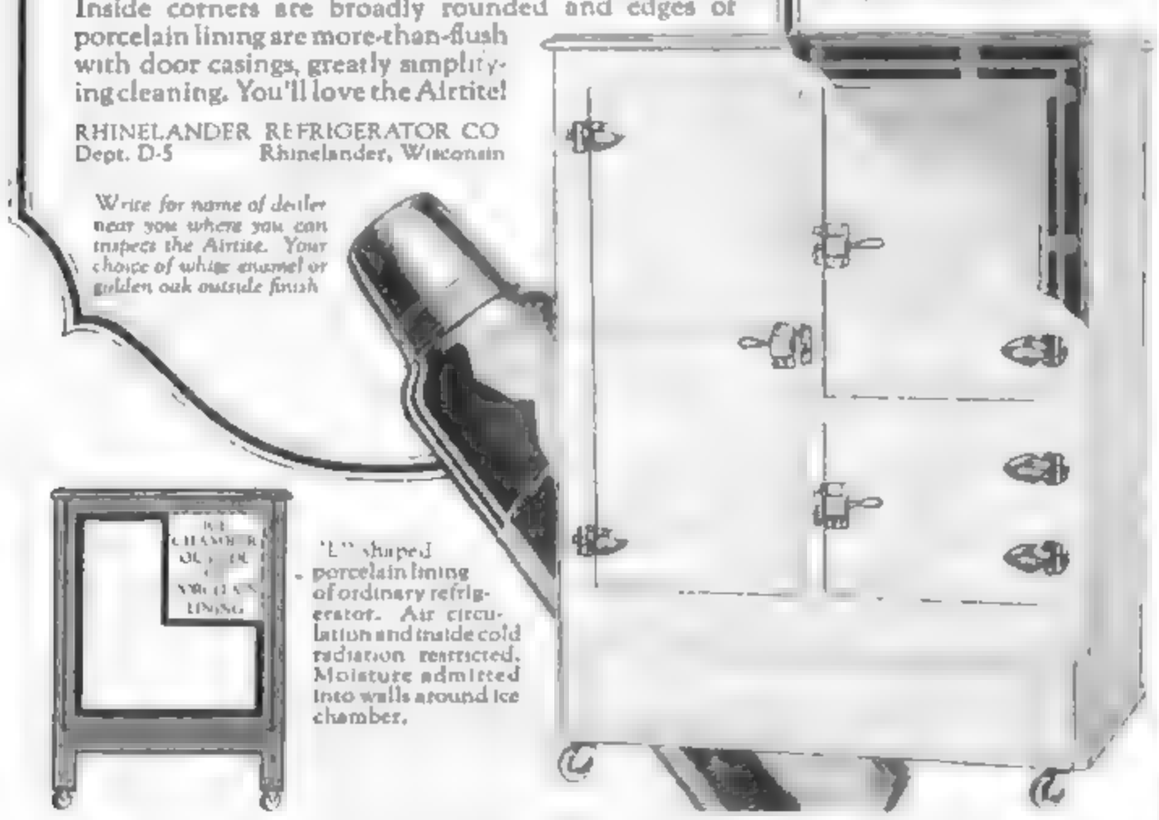

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To top the advantage to you in this plan, there are virgin wool summer fabrics of a delightful light weight—a super assortment to sell at only $21.50!

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and compare opportunities. But he might have spared the trouble because American communities are all alike. One may as well hang up one's hat anywhere. People all dress the same and live in the same kind of houses. There are the same kinds of shops with the same brands of goods in the show windows. The same extravagance, too, because it is uneconomic that goods should be made in a great factory in one part of the country and forced by advertising and by the solicitation of high-priced salesmen to be sold in far-distant parts. The gentleman who spoke to the Intelligentzia society had made that plain, if anyone was so stupid as not to see it for himself!

Doubtless Mr. Petrovitch and the Intelligentzia members had considered these things well. Still, could not Mr. Petrovitch believe there might be some economy in having the same kinds of goods in shop windows everywhere, even though it costs money to send out salesmen and to transport the goods for great distances? Articles made in great quantities can be made cheaper than in small quantities. And even the expense of distribution may be more than balanced by economies in other ways. For instance, the lady who had come into Mr. Petrovitch's own store and practically waited on herself by looking along his shelves and picking out what she wanted by means of a familiar label. She could not have done this unless she had learned to know the article by advertisements in journals and by seeing it in many other stores. Certainly there is economy when people can buy so easily. Very likely Mr. Petrovitch would have to employ two clerks instead of one if each sale required explanation and uncertain choosing on the part of the customer. And if Mr. Petrovitch employed two clerks instead of one, would he not be obliged to charge higher prices?

Mr. Petrovitch admitted there might be a certain saving in the vending of articles that are well known. But surely such a saving would be trifling. The gentleman who lectured to the Intelligentzia society had not even mentioned it. The saving must amount to a mere nothing in comparison with the huge sums that are spent by big firms in promoting their products. A little one or two per cent, perhaps?

Nationally Known Products

Fortunately, Mr. Petrovitch's question could be answered by official reports of the Government itself. In the old days before America became so commercial, and when retail buying required questioning on the part of the customer and even haggling as to price, it cost fifteen and even twenty per cent for a groceryman to sell his goods. Now, when it is possible for people to walk confidently into a shop and practically wait on themselves as Mr. Petrovitch's lady customer had done, some shopkeepers do business at an expense of ten per cent, and even less. It may safely be said that there is a saving of full five per cent, because the big manufacturers spend money to make their products known and send out hosts of salesmen to persuade the merchants to keep their products in stock. It is also fairer to everyone, because in the old days prices were not the same throughout the country. In remote sections and in little villages merchants frequently charged more for their goods. Now, when most people are educated to know all about the goods they buy, and even the correct prices, it would be a reckless merchant indeed who tried to charge more than the regular figure.

Mr. Petrovitch stated he did not know about this because it is only two years since he left Russia. Neither had anyone in the Intelligentzia society mentioned it, but that is probably because few of the members have had business experience of their own and have been obliged to gain their knowledge of economic conditions from books. Still, the gentleman who lectured did not speak of prices alone. Part of his speech against big business showed how dangerous it is that everything had become so standardized. That people everywhere try to live exactly like other people. It is, he had said, a tyranny of business that seeks to direct the lives of the people for its own ends. The gentleman compared it with the old régime in Russia, and said America might likewise have revolution if the Government did not take steps to curb the ever-increasing activity of business. Mr. Petrovitch had been much impressed by the gentleman's speech.

Ten Salesmen or Two Soldiers?

Certainly, no one would wish to argue with Mr. Petrovitch on the subject of revolutions when he had had so much experience. But it would be fair to ask him: Did he believe the violent revolution could have come to Russia if business had been free and active as it is in the United States? If, instead of each province being self-contained, big manufacturers were pushing their goods all over the country and thus creating in the minds of the people of each province a desire to have the same things and to live the same kind of lives as the people of other provinces? If eager salesmen were constantly going around to tell the merchants how their brother merchants in distant parts were fixing their show windows and how they put on clever sales stunts? Such activities tend to make people more united, more willing to believe in each other's good intentions. Mr. Petrovitch carries insurance on his grocery store? Of course he does, being a prudent man who has proved his ability by working up a big wholesale drug business in Russia. Well, may not this terrible commercialism of America that so frightens the gentlemen of the Intelligentzia society be regarded as a kind of insurance against the sort of thing that happened in Mr. Petrovitch's city on the fifth of October, 1920?

Mr. Petrovitch does not like to think of the events of that day. He looked out of his store window on the peaceful street of the New York State city where many flivvers were going up and down, some with license plates of far-distant communities. Half a dozen traveling salesmen with sample cases in their hands were hurrying up from the railroad station to call on the local merchants. Finally his eye fell on the eager young man's card that he had so irascibly thrown on the floor. He picked it up, put it carefully in a corner of his cash register and spoke his thoughts in his precise, recently learned English.

"Perhaps it is truly better," he said, "to be called on by ten, or even twelve salesmen in a day than to be called on once in a lifetime by an officer and two soldiers with rifles!"

LET 'EM HIT 'EM

Continued from Page 13

"You must remember," replies Selden, "that a large part of the power that sends a home run over the fence, for example, rests in the pitched ball. A slow ball can't be knocked far, while a Babe Ruth bat meeting a Walter Johnson fast one solidly might drive the ball two blocks. That's true, isn't it?"

"Yes," I admits.

"Very well," says Earl. "Isn't it then a simple problem in physics and algebra, with the facts that I have, to arrange for the ball to travel certain distances? I think you will find, for instance, that long drives toward right this afternoon will not get within fifty feet of the fence on the average."

"And I think," I tells him, "that you'll find those averages climbing up and biting you before the day's over."

Game's called and Frazier, a pretty fair hitter, goes to the pan.

(Continued on Page 201)

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(Continued from Page 198

"Move Grayson ten feet to the right and bring Toomey in about twenty feet," orders Earl. "Frazier should drop one of Howell's straight ones just about there," he adds, pointing.

I wigwags the instructions to the outfield and turns to the plate. The Tigers' lead-off man's been in the habit of letting the first two go by and he does so this time. Both are strikes, cutting the plate in two. The next one's another groover, but Frazier's been looking for Howell to waste one, and when he swings it's too late for a clean hit. The pop fly to first's an easy out. Selden says nothing and neither do I.

Billings follows for the Tigers. He's a mean biffer that can hit any kind of pitching, and Earl nods O. K. when the fielders go back to the fence for him. After a strike is called, however, he has me shift Grayson several yards to the left. Billings fouls the next one, but the third pitch he smacks on the kisser for a high drive into left center. If Grayson had been sitting in a chair the ball would have fallen into his lap.

"You sure guessed that one," I remarks to Selden.

"Guess?" eyebrows the lad. "Couldn't you tell by his swings where he was going to hit it?"

"Where, maybe," says I, "but not how far."

"That," smiles Earl, "is because you have never seen Billings bat against systematized pitching before."

"You don't mean to tell me," I snaps, "that he's going to hit it in the same spot every time he gets up, do you?"

"Not exactly," returns Selden. "Wind conditions change suddenly, and, after all, it's too much to expect a pitcher to keep up the same rate of speed without variation. Then, too, Billings may strike late or not meet the ball solidly; but generally speaking, he will drop it about where it fell just now. We are dealing in averages."

"Here's a boy that'll make a misdeal out of 'em for you," I remarks as Hefty Ross, the league leader, strolls to the rubber. "If he don't slam one of Howell's bean-bag tosses over the right-field wall I'm a handsome Pittsburgh matron. Shooting a straight one over the dish for that baby's just about as safe as tickling a wildcat's tonsils."

"He's far above the average, of course," comes back Earl; "but if my equation in his special case has been worked out properly, Toomey should just about pluck his drive off the wall. There it goes."

I don't see the ball hit, but I catches a flash of the right fielder running back, jumping a couple of feet off the ground and spearing the pill with the back of his meat hand against the fence. I look at Selden, kind of flabbergasted.

"Is this science," I gasps, "or just dumb, lucky guessing?"

"Well," grins the expert, "they used to put the same question when astronomers began running eclipses on time-table schedules."

"You haven't any trick averages to make the Sox work any better when they're at bat, have you?" I inquires.

"No," replies Selden. "So far I've just been studying the defensive side of the game. No doubt I shall eventually standardize the offense as well."

"What a swell indoor sport it'll be then, poor thing!" I jeers. "Won't the fans just love to dig up good jack to see a contest where every put-out is cut and dried and diagramed. What you trying to do, ruin the game?"

"Far from it," says Earl. "I'm trying to get it back to where it was and where it should be. Today every team owner is putting all his efforts into developing pitchers that can't be hit. What do you think the cash customers'd rather watch—a game where every batter was being struck out or where every batter hit the ball?"

"They like slugging," I admits, "but they want to see 'em hit where they ain't, not where they is. Isn't a happy medium the right thing?"

"Yes," returns Selden; "but the way to get that medium happy is to demonstrate that letting the boys hit don't necessarily mean that the score'll run into the hundreds. The magnates are pulling to one extreme and I'm pulling to the other, that's all. The Tigers'll make some safeties this afternoon, but the average ——"

"You bet they'll make some," I cuts in. "Wait till they get wise to the fact that every heave is coming straight over."

"That," smiles Earl, "will make it easier for me. Then they'll hit the ball solid and my figures on impact force and direction will stand up without variation."

"What," I sneers, "will happen to your figures when the Tigers start to bunting?"

"Baseball fables don't interest me," returns Selden.

"When," I inquires, "did bunting get to be a fable?"

"It always has been," answers Earl. "The notion that players can lay down bunts when and where they wish to is rot. My data show that out of every hundred attempts to drop 'em in front of the plate or along the base lines, fifty-five result in foul tips, twelve in straight misses, fourteen in pop flies, fifteen in outs at first and four are successful. At the speed I have Howell pitching, I doubt if even four would be successful. I don't worry about twenty-five-to one-shots."

"The way you talk," I remarks, "everything about baseball is a fable, almost."

"The game's cluttered with 'em," says Selden. "You read in the papers all the time about So-and-So making So-and-So pop out at first or roll a slow bounder to the shortstop. That's a fairy tale. You ——"

"How about making sluggers like Billings and Ross fly out to fielders?" I interrupts. "That a fable too?"

"No," comes back Earl. "That's based on figures. Eighty-seven per cent of the drives that get out of the infield are above the ground. Certain batters hit in certain directions, on the average. Those are facts, aren't they? Well, to them I've added a determination of the impact force at the bat and the carrying power of the ball, with allowances for wind, friction, and the like. Now you know my entire formula. Nothing fabulous about it, is there?"

All I can do is shake my head. Between calling the plays on the Tigers and his glib line of talk, he's got me winging. Back of my dome is the idea that the boy's cuckoo and his stuff is the bunk; but not having a quick answer for him, I keeps my trap shut.

While the palavering's been going on our lads have been retired without scoring and the Tigers are again up. Woods, first on deck for the visitors, slaps the first pitch on the nose down short. It's much too hot for Carlson to handle and goes through his hooks like a tramp through a free lunch. Woods gets to second under blankets.

"Looks like they're getting jerry to the straight-over stuff," I remarks to Selden.

"I hope so," he returns.

"Now," says I, "watch Sweeney drop one of those fables in front of the plate."

Sweeney's considered a sure-fire bunter and I'm all set for a quick sneer at Earl. But it doesn't come off. The Tiger pops one up in the air. Young, our third baseman, comes in quick, muffs the catch but recovers the ball in time to cut Woods off at third.

"Have that figured too?" I inquires.

"It wouldn't have made any difference if he had sacrificed him on," answers Selden. "Jacques and Spillane'll both fly out in short center and Woods'd never have scored. Slow up Howell a little. The wind's dying down."

I makes the signal we'd framed up and the pitcher gears down his flings for Jacques. The Tiger fouls the first and flies out on the next one at second.

"Should have gone a little further," comments Earl. "Speed Howell up a trifle and bring Grayson in about twenty-five feet."

The center fielder has to back a couple of yards to snag Spillane's lofter, but it's a cinch catch at that. Woods would have

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been nailed at home easy if he'd been on third and had attempted to score after the out.

"Boy," I admits, "you win the hand-knitted toothbrush."

"My system," smiles Earl, "has only done its duty."

There's no use going on with a running account of the game. Howell keeps slipping 'em over and the Tigers continue spanking 'em on the nose, but only to see 'em plop into the busy mitts of the gardeners. For put-outs in the field, that game must have set a mark to shoot at. A few of the lofters drop safe in the vicinity of the fences and six or seven of the drives in the infield are too Nurmi to handle, but in the main the ball minds Selden and goes where he tells it to. The Tigers finish up with nine hits and four runs.

As for the Sox, three scratch singles is the hitting haul for the day; but a combination of three bases on balls, a couple of errors and a wild throw to first to catch Grayson napping net us five runs in the sixth inning, enough to win the game.

"Now," says Selden, as we walks away from the park, "will you admit that hitting is not such a much when it comes to bringing in the runs?"

"I'll admit," I returns, "that such was the case this afternoon; but it takes more'n one swallow to make a souse. Tomorrow might be a horse with a different collar. Anyways, what's to prevent the other teams from doing your trick?"

"Nothing," answers Earl. "In fact I'm working on a formula that can be used by every baseball nine in the country. In about three years, I figure, the base on balls, the hit batsman and other features of the game that are not particularly interesting to the average spectator will be eliminated. I pay a dollar to see Babe Ruth hit. When I get to the ball park I find that every effort is being made to prevent him from doing the thing that he has been advertised to do and the thing that I want most to see. When Ruth is walked two or three times in a game, and struck out twice, I've been robbed of a pleasure I've been looking forward to. Suppose you went to the opera to hear Scotti and when you got there found that a man with a bass drum was trying to stop him from singing."

"There seems to be about as much connection between them two things," I remarks, "as there is between a book with a blue cover and a zebra nursing its young. The fans want to see Ruth hit, right enough, but they don't want him to make a run every time he's up."

"That's true," agrees Earl; "but they'd much rather see an outfielder run back to the fence and put him out than have him struck out or walked. Under my system they'd get both thrills—the hit and the out. Baseball'll be a game of bats."

"It'll be batty, anyhow," I grunts.

III

WE WIN the next two games with the Tigers without any trouble, although we're outhit two to one. I still think that Selden's barmy in the bean; but I got to admit that a study of the box scores shows there is something in the lad's dope about more runs being scored through errors, bases on balls and wild throws than there is through clean safeties. The victories don't seem to make the Sox happy, though.

"Listen, feller," growls Grayson, "I'm a willing workman, like you know, but I've been covering more territory in the last three days than a Texas congressman."

"Well," I tells him, "I wouldn't let myself be put out by put-outs. You made fourteen yesterday, didn't you?"

"'Teen too many for my charley horses," comes back the fielder. "Flies come so thick out in my direction I feel like a greenhouse in a hailstorm."

"Give it a look at these," cuts in Carlson, holding out his hands, palms up.

"The life line," says I, "shows that you ——"

"That's not a life line," yelps the shortstop. "That's the mark left by the seams of the ball. After a game these days, I feel like I've been holding my mitts over the mouth of a machine gun. How long is this going to last?"

"Yeh," grumbles Howell, "how long?"

"What's your kick?" I asks, surprised. "You're having it soft enough."

"Too soft," grumbles the pitcher, and strolls away.

The Lizards follow the Tigers to our ball yard and I'm all set for fireworks. The league leaders have six .300 hitters on the pay roll, old-timers that can hit 'em low, hard and often, and Selden's system's due for the tryout of its young life. It's a blue, grouchy bunch of Sox that ambles out for the opening set-to. Marlowe, who has been out of town for a couple of days, is in the dugout with me and Earl when the game starts, to eyewitness the revolution of his college pal.

As per dope, the two first Lizards fly out in deep left center, Grayson getting 'em both after short runs. Selden and the boss trade chesty grins.

"How do you figure Sewall?" I asks, as that slugger swings bats on his way to the plate.

"He'll probably hit to short," returns Earl, "and if the averages ——"

I don't hear the rest of the sentence. Sewall slaps at the first pitch and zooms a fast one at Carlson. Skippy dives for the ball, gets all tangled up with it and the next thing I sees he's lying flat on the ground. We all run out to see what the trouble is. Carlson's face is all twisted in pain and he's holding his side and groaning. Mike, the trainer, finally leads him off the field.

"Looks like busted ribs," he whispers to me over his shoulder.

"Gosh!" says I. "That sort of puts us up against it! Small's sick and Taney'll not be much good against the kind of hitting we'll get in this series—under your system."

"Very unfortunate," murmurs Selden. "Fifty-three and a half per cent of infield drives go in the direction of shortstop, and we certainly ought to have a good man there."

The game proceeds and we manages to retire the Lizards without a run. Graham, at second, does some zippy fielding in the short area. With Carlson out, it's practically up to him to cover Skippy's subdivision as well as his own.

In the next three innings nothing much happens, outside of a score made by the Lizards on what looked to me like a piece of slow fielding on the part of Toomey in right field. The blow-off comes in the fifth inning.

Sewall's again at bat in the first of that stanza. He fouls off two and then zips a steaming bounder through the pitcher's box. What happens right after that is not exactly clear to me. Graham makes a scoop for the ball and it seems like to me that he's made the catch, but the next second I pipes the ball rolling away and the infielder dancing around holding his wrist. The whole team clutters around him. When I get there his hand is hanging loosely.

"Wrist broken," mutters Toomey to me, and leads Graham away to the showers. I walks back toward the dugout and finds Marlowe glaring at Selden.

"That'll be all of the experiment," he snaps. "Jim"—he turns to me, curt—"have Howell pitch as he always did. Two of our best men is enough to pay for a wild idea."

"But," mumbles Earl, "I ——"

"Enough!" cuts in the boss. "I ought to have known better than to take a chance. It's a wonder the whole team isn't in the hospital."

Selden tries to do some more talking, but the boss won't listen. Finally the system engineer gets up, shrugs his shoulders and walks out of the dugout. With a patched-up team, our chances with the Lizards are nix and we finish up with the unpopular end of a ten-to-two score. However, nobody else is crippled from drives off of Howell's restored curves and spitters.

(Continued on Page 205)

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(Continued from Page 202)

I runs into the pitcher as I'm leaving the park. He's grinning all over.

"Selden got the air, eh?" he remarks.

"Yes," I returns, "but he sure ruined us while he was on the job. We'll do grand without Carlson or Graham."

"Don't worry about that," smiles Howell. "Skippy'll be all right tomorrow."

"No ribs broken?"

"Not even bent," he assures me.

"That helps some," says I; "but what'll I do about second?"

"What's there to do?" comes back the pitcher. "Graham'll be back on the job tomorrow."

"With a bum wrist?" I demands.

"The ball didn't even touch it," returns Howell, and slips over a wink. I'm wise.

"You double-crossing bunch of crooks!" I howls. "All framed up, huh?"

"Yes," says the right-hander, cool. "You're one of us, Jim, and I don't mind coming clean with you. Did you think we were gonna stand around and see our meal tickets yanked out of our mouths—your meal ticket too—without a tussle?"

"I don't make you," says I, puzzled.

"Listen, bo," goes on Howell. "How long do you think they'd keep paying pitchers big money for just throwing 'em straight across the plate? Marlowe could get five hundred guys for a dollar a day to do what I've been doing the last week. I got a hunch the whole stunt was a scheme of the magnates to get the pay roll down. That's why all of us went in on the frame."

"You're crooks," I repeats, still a little muddled.

"What's crooked," yelps Howell, "about trying to save a job for yourself? Say, how long do you figure they'd pay scouts good money to hunt pitchers when the sand lots are full of the kind Selden's scheme called for?"

"There's something to that," I admits. "You boys sure put your stuff over slick. I fell, hook, line and sucker. I didn't think you had that much intelligence."

"We're not such stupes," grins the pitcher, "on the average."

"You really believe then," I remarks, "that there's something in Selden's system?"

"I don't know," says Howell frankly; "but when I'm bitten by a snake, I take a drink of whisky before making sure whether its poisonous or not."

That evening I drifts down to the station to meet Grogan, who's due back from mammyland. In the waiting room, off by himself in a corner, slumped over and looking sad, is Selden. I feels sorry for the lad on account of the raw deal that was handed him and I pats him on the back.

"Cheer up, boy," says I. "No system's perfect to start with. Maybe you'll make it work yet."

"I'm sorry about Carlson and Graham," comes back Earl; "but, do you know, it didn't seem to me that those drives were too hot to handle cleanly."

"I didn't notice," I returns, evasive; "but they must have been. Both are sure-fire fielders."

"I suppose so," glooms Selden, "but I still believe in letting 'em hit 'em, and when I work over my equations ——"

"When you do," I cuts in, "don't forget the most important one of all."

"What's that?" he asks.

"The human equation," I tells him.

IF I HAD A SON

(Continued from Page 9)

And if there is any tendency to bend in at the ankles or an improper gait, a good orthopedic surgeon should be consulted. For as a chain cannot be stronger than its weakest link, so no one can be stronger than his underpinning, the very foundation.

For that matter, a thorough going over by a general physician once a year should not be considered as a waste of either time or money. At this visit the boy should not get the idea that there is something seriously wrong with him; but that precautions are being taken to keep him well, and that the Chinese idea of physicians, after all, is the right one. Doctors should be given their degrees to keep people well, rather than merely to cure them when sick of a disease that might have been prevented.

As for smoking, which he will surely try sometime, it is probably best to educate him into the principle of moderation primarily. It is utterly foolish to try to persuade him that the habit is wrong; but wiser to get him to know that it is a habit; and that, after all, means something of a ball and chain for most men. If for the sake of athletics and general bodily fitness he can be persuaded to put off the use of tobacco until he is twenty-one, so much the better. If not, train him to limit himself strictly, and to watch himself carefully lest he overstep the limit. Boys have a sense of humor and proportion, and they will laugh at you if you preach abstinence, particularly since few of us practice it ourselves.

In all this study of the ways of handling a youngster we have been laying down blanket rules; still, those already mentioned, I am sure, can be applied without danger to every boy. But in some things the individual must be studied carefully before putting any theory into practice—in the line of exercise, for instance. And since some boys are more frail and more excitable than others, some of them cannot stand the amount of exercise and hardy sport a parent too anxious to harden his boy will prescribe. And often a boy will not let on when he has had too much; for sometimes the weakest in body has the most courageous spirit. You do not want to curb that spirit; but you do want to watch out. It was this excess of ambition that made the President's son, Calvin, Junior, a plucky boy with a weak frame, try to keep up in everything with his more rugged schoolmates. He had outgrown his strength, was run down by too keen participation in competitive sports, and when attacked by an infection did not have the reserve strength to resist it.

But if both exercise and sport are carefully regulated and graduated under a watchful parent's or teacher's eye the boy will grow stronger until perhaps he is able to compete with the strongest. If not—and that, after all, is not the most desirable object in life—he will at least have a sound, well-functioning body, ability to take pleasure in outdoor sports to some extent, and a mind freed of the cobwebs spun by physical inactivity.

It would seem as though I must have given by now all the advice or tips of which a man of my experience is capable; but there are one or two points that I perhaps have overlooked or not dwelt on sufficiently. One is the importance of reading with him, jolly good books full of fun and wholesome adventure; another the importance of keeping tabs on his friends, at all stages of his life—in early and middle boyhood, in his youth, and even when he goes to the polls and is called a man.

And, deep as your affection for the boy is, do not overload him with gifts or fill his pockets with too much money. Teach him the value of money; that money is with most people hard-earned. Get him to save a little, while still young, and, better still, to earn something, and not by too easy a task. Give him some unpleasant jobs, too, around the place, and some he must sweat over.

Boyhood is the time for play and recreation and he should have an abundance of both; but it is the time, too, to learn just a little about work, at least the foundation principles—that no one can get on without it in this world, and that if we sometimes do the hard and unpleasant things the hours of pleasure will be the more appreciated.

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respect for a man for what he, John Smith, is, and not the sizing him up according to a label.

Show him that a man with a rattly old flivver may be twice the man that the fellow in the shiny high-powered racing car may be; and also that it may be true the other way round.

And never let him show any disrespect for another's religion. As for his own, that is beyond me to advise anybody. The best way, perhaps, after instilling in him the foundation principles we have spoken of, is to let him find his own. But impress on him the fact that every man must have deep within himself something to hold on to when the hour of trouble comes. A man, to my mind, without any religion, is in an unfortunate way, and will realize it before he is through. They all do, you know, in the last fight—with the grim opponent, the oldest and most dreaded of all.

Finally, and most important of all, is the truth that we cannot—I hate to say preach to, so lets put it advise our boys, unless we practice ourselves. You can get away with it sometimes before men; but not with the boy. No one is so keen, so quick to detect hypocrisy as he. If we would make him fit in body, sound in mind, we must first make ourselves fit and sound—or at least make a whole-hearted stab at it. For how far do you think any father would get in talking moderation, when he himself is not a moderate but a chain smoker, lighting cigarette after cigarette from the preceding butts? And how can he ask his boy to be square when he himself is evasive and side-steps the truth?

By this I do not want to seem to be suggesting a ban on human and more or less innocent amusements. To all of them I think this principle of moderation is the only answer. But I do believe that in this present careless age, leaving aside all questions of the state and law, a man should be careful for the sake of our youth. I have seen too many families—respectable ones, too—going the limit in these things, with children in the house; heard too many children joking over the old man and mother taking too many cocktails. And though I personally believed in light wines and beers as a halfway step, I do think we can forget all about personal liberty and all that, and settle this much-discussed question by one test: What effect is my conduct and physical condition having on my boy and my neighbor's boy? On the youth of America, its physical condition and, above all, its standards, America depends. And on the physical fitness and standards of its parents the youth depends.

No rules, no laws, no bitter wrangling, it seems to me, are necessary to settle these disputes which have stirred up so much bitterness lately, but just that simple question: What is good for the boy?

After all, it is quite a job, that of being a father. Sometimes, I'm glad I'm not, in this changing age, when old laws and conventions seem to go so quickly by the board. And I see so many faults in myself that I'd hate to have reproduced in my boy. And yet—and yet, I'm sure I'd take the chance. It would be fine, now that I'm in my fifty-ninth year and getting along—though I don't look it, they tell me—to have a companion, a pal to keep me young, to fool around with; some young life to make existence more worth while for my wife and myself while we are still here, and to be genuinely sorry when we pass on.

No success, no great estates, nor the biggest bank balance can make up for that. And to you who are more fortunate than I, let me say this, from the bottom of my heart, that no dividends you ever earn will bring such rich returns in happiness as the sacrifices you make, the time you spend on him. I know how I would spend it if I had a boy of my own.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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All roll-film as well as Ansco Speedex Film is based on the original Ansco patents. Ansco film fits all cameras; it comes in the red box with the yellow band.

Taking pictures is the most fun in the world: pictures of your kiddies, your games, your friends, your travels—that is, if you get *good* pictures, it's fun. And you're *sure* of your pictures with Ansco Speedex Film.

You don't have to worry about the light and you don't have to be an expert, either, if you use Ansco film. It is made for you as you are and the light as it is. It has a "wider range of exposure," which means that you don't get black shadows and flat whites (both of which are *so* unflattering!) when the sun is at its brightest, and when it's behind clouds you'll get amazingly good, clear pictures with Ansco film.

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(Remember these are merely printed reproductions of the real photographs.)

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And the Dollar Ansco—the little marvel of the camera world.

You fit in one of these classes—which?

I. *You use some other film*, but get only fair pictures. Well, try Ansco for a while, use ordinary picture-taking sense, and you'll be surprised at the results.

II. *You've put your camera away on the shelf.* Well, that's too bad. Taking pictures adds a lot of interest to life. If you could get *good* pictures, wouldn't you take down your camera, dust it off, load it with Ansco Speedex Film and *shoot?* Of course you would—try Ansco and add to your fun.

III. *You use Ansco film already.* Oh well, nothing more need be said. You *know* what it does under all conditions—so please your friends by passing around this tip.

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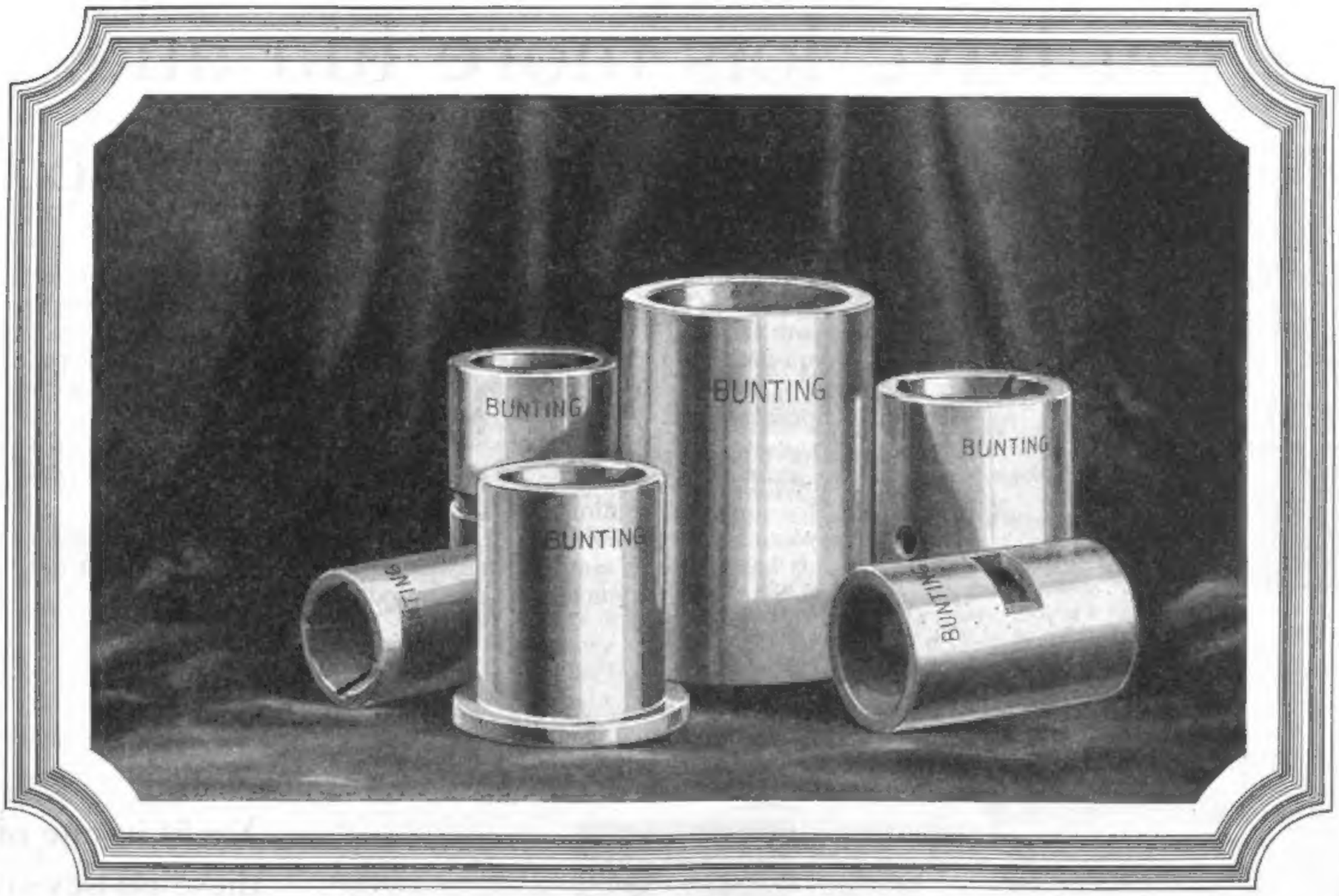

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